Saturday Evening Post · October 22, 1966 · 35c

POST

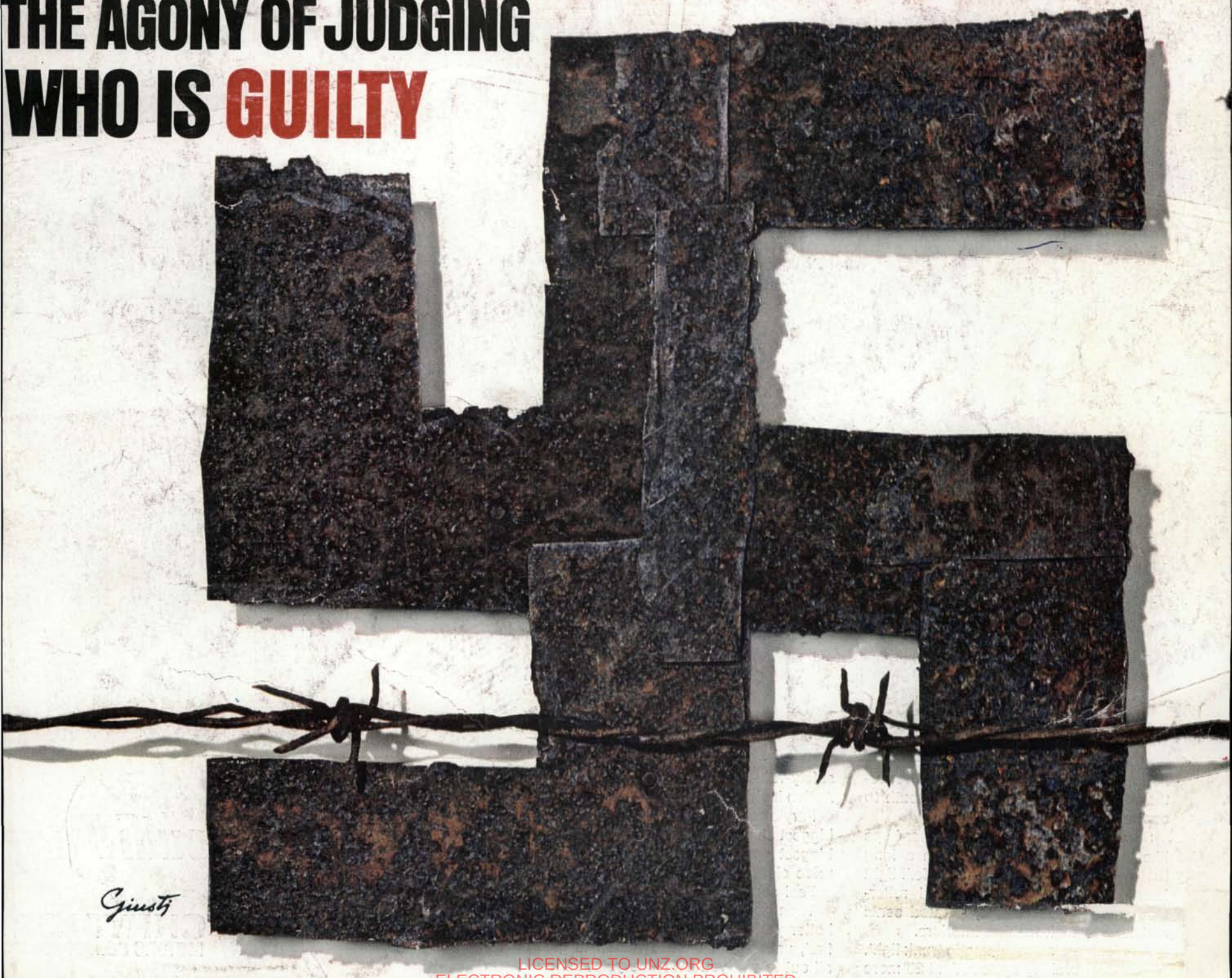
Night spots that make you feel like
LSD

An old pro fights for his job in
FOOTBALL

A European tells why he likes
AMERICA

Historic trial:
AUSCHWITZ

THE AGONY OF JUDGING WHO IS GUILTY



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Facts about listed stocks...are they sound investments for you?... 4 guidelines to wise investing...new Exchange booklet.

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—*—

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—*—

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—*—

Of the estimated 20 million U.S. shareowners, some 12 million own shares of these 1,200 companies. (In the first seven months of this year, on the average, 7.9 million shares were reported to have changed hands on the Exchange each trading day. This supply and demand is one reason investors usually can buy and sell listed stocks so easily.)

—*—

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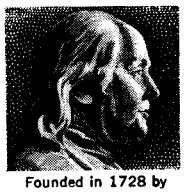

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About this issue

Sybille Bedford

The Auschwitz trial, one of the longest in history, was covered for the *Post* by the distinguished writer SYBILLE BEDFORD. Herself a would-be law student, she is the author of *The Faces of Justice,* a study of the legal systems of Europe, and *The Trial of Dr. Adams,* considered a small classic of its genre. She has also covered the Stephen Ward trial, which grew out of the Profumo scandal of 1963, and the Jack Ruby trial in Dallas. Perhaps best known for her novels, *A Legacy* and *A Favorite of the Gods,* Mrs. Bedford now divides her writing time between novels and her own brand of law reporting. . . . ABRAM CHASINS, author of the article on Vladimir Horowitz, is one of the most versatile figures on the musical scene, having been a composer-pianist, author and teacher. Chasins became music director of the radio station of *The New York Times* in 1943 and retired last year to write and lecture. . . . LARRY L. KING worked for 10 years in the political field and served on Lyndon Johnson's staff during the 1960 campaign. His first novel, *The One-Eyed Man,* was published this year. / Cover designed by GEORGE GIUSTI.

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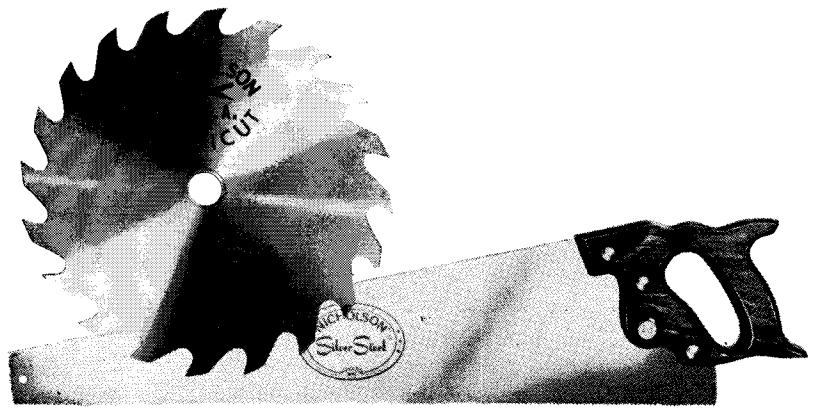

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Letters

White and black

Gentlemen:

"We are all, let us face it, Mississippians," you say. [A NEW WHITE BACKLASH? editorial, September 10]. Nothing could be further from the truth. The white people of Mississippi are at least honest in their convictions, and brave enough to state them, and if necessary fight for them. For sniveling, deceptive, two-bit Yankee cowards to compare themselves to Mississippians, or any white Southerners is ridiculous.

HENRY C. PITTS JR.
Tallahassee, Fla.

To the Editor:

I will never be able to accept that label, "Mississippian"—a person who shoots at marchers, a person who defies court orders, a person who uses words other than Negro to describe those who are colored.

JIM SCHERLIS
Owings Mills, Md.

Gentlemen:

My favorite magazine has done it again. Come up with some honest words on the whole racial problem, without obviously "taking sides" one way or the other. There is much in your editorial of benefit to both whites and blacks.

ANN ELIZABETH BALDWIN
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Your editorial was very moving, but it is a pathetic picture of "your side." The sad, reluctant admission that you "are all Mississippians" conveys a mood of resignation and helplessness. And, indeed, this could be "disastrous to all of us." One's best cannot be done in a halfhearted way.

The hand extended "grudgingly and patronizingly" is rightfully refused. Besides, we don't ask for your hand and your heart—but for your reason and your justice. If these are given, we will feel respect for one another, and from there perhaps we can love.

BONNE J. NESBITT
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Very seldom have I seen White America face the truth about itself as candidly as you have in the September 10 issue.

P. HESTER
Newark, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

What you are witnessing now in Chicago and elsewhere is the black backlash. Be assured that all revolutions are *not* crushed. After all, we are only demanding our birthright, and it is not to be doled out at the whim of "Mississippians." We have tried that road, and we found out that under "white power" we did not receive even minimum rights.

We are imperfect men asking for our place in an imperfect society. We shall be satisfied with nothing less.

E. CLARK
White Plains, N.Y.

Edward Brooke

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed (among other things) your profile of the up-and-coming young Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke [THE BLACK MAN LEADING A G.O.P. MARCH ON WASHINGTON by John Skow, September 10].

I have to admire his strategy in becoming the epitome of well-bred, upper-class Black Brahmanism. He is doing more for his people, simply by setting an example of what they can accomplish if they abandon violence and turn instead to education and moderation, than all the Stokely Carmichaels in the world could do.

ANDREA SERLIN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

You only mention Attorney General Brooke's record briefly, and I don't blame you. In my opinion it is terrible. When you consider the tax dollars spent by the Massachusetts Crime Commission to gain evidence for the Attorney General's office, and compare it with the number of convictions, it was a waste. Voters who know the difference between *indicted* and *convicted* will agree that Ed Brooke has a record that can almost match that of District Attorney Hamilton Burger on the *Perry Mason* show.

MARY K. BIGGIO
Winthrop, Mass.

Man with a dream

Letters Editor:

Harry Jones's story about the eccentric Polish sculptor is wonderful, but too short, and I am unable to spell or pronounce his name [A DREAM AS BIG AS A MOUNTAIN, September 10, and his name is Korczak Ziolkowski]. I am planning a vacation trip to include South Dakota where I hope to perhaps meet him personally.

LYMAN HILTON
Sandusky, Ohio

Dear Sir:

Both my wife and I saw his work on the Chief Crazy Horse monument about five years ago, and have often wondered how it was proceeding. Thanks again for publishing this article.

JACK BEST
Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen:

The dream is that of a younger man, yet this graybeard toils for its realization. We are not now destitute of worthy heroes.

C. LEWIS PRITCHARD
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Let the dying die

Dear Sir:

I couldn't agree more with Paul Moor's plea to allow a person with an incurable disease to be relieved of his suffering [LET THE DYING DIE, September 10].

JOHN S. GRIFFIN
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Editor:

Victims of cancer gratefully and willingly undergo major surgery and intensive radiation not for a cure but for a desperate chance to live just a little longer. How fortunate we are that our fate is not decided by the whim of a younger brother or relative. Let the living live.

IDA E. WALTER
Huntington, N.Y.

Continued on page 6

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Letters

Dear Sirs:

Unfortunately, euthanasia (voluntary or involuntary) is just a nice word for mercy killing. Regardless of the tribulation or agony involved, the decision to terminate life must be God's alone.

RICHARD T. KENNEDY
Reading, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

In spite of the moral implications, only those who have gone through such an experience are qualified to say what they would do under the same circumstances. My mother passed away last month after a year and a half of dying. More than once she begged her family to end her misery.

Her physicians made sure she had the best of everything—intravenous feeding, blood transfusions and the like—all the things that continue the process of living.

We have nothing left now but fond memories and fantastic debts.

PATRICIA CARTER
Seattle, Wash.

Re: LET THE DYING DIE:

Tender and touching and heartbreaking, LET THE DYING DIE will never be forgotten by those who read it. And should the decision ever be mine, I firmly believe I would choose mercy above righteousness, and I would pray for understanding on the part of humanity and forgiveness from the Supreme Power.

PEGGY LONDON
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Physicians and theologians have spoken out in recent years regarding dysthanasia, which differs from euthanasia in that the former implies *permitting* rather than *helping* death to occur in the hopelessly ill and dying.

I believe that in the medical profession there are many who would agree that the "quality" of life is more important than the "quantity" of life.

J. ALBERT SCHAEFER, M.D.
Cazenovia, N.Y.

The magnificent Mick

Dear Sirs:

An excellent article on one of the greatest if not the greatest ballplayer, sportsman and idol of our times! [TROUBLED TIME FOR A WOUNDED HERO by Bil Gilbert, September 10.]

HARRY D. MEYER
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Gilbert seems to have the attitude that since everyone praises Mantle, why not be different and try to bring back the old image of an unintelligent, indifferent ballplayer? Well, it won't work because Mickey Mantle is more than an American hero. There will always be baseball superstars, but never again will there be one like Mickey.

ALTHEA FOLEY
Simsbury, Conn.

Tax scandal

Ladies and Gentlemen:

You deserve a walloping pat on the back for the lead article in the September 10 issue titled WHEN I LOOKED IN THOSE FILES, MY EYES POPPED [by James Phelan]. It takes moral courage to do a job for the people like that. That's great reporting!

ELMER E. MCMURRAY
Ravenswood, W. Va.

Gentlemen:

Thank you for publishing your most revealing article on the terrible tax situation in California. I don't think that people, even in this state, were aware of the tremendous loss of income that we, as taxpayers, have had to assume because of dishonesty and corrupt officials.

Two hundred million dollars is worth speaking about!

PHILIP LESTER
Garden Grove, Calif.

Letters to the Editor:

Hoorah for the mortal man who dares expose a segment of crime anywhere. 007? Batman? I'll take Norman Phillips anytime.

MAXINE HOOVER HALL
Muskogee, Okla.

Gentlemen:

I have lived a long time and am aware that all is not well in California or in any other state. However, I was not aware that in all our great country there lived any man who would deliberately throw his own employer to the wolves.

W. D. POST
Union City, Mich.

Dylan defenders

Gentlemen:

I became quite angry on reading the "love him not" letters about Bob Dylan [September 10]. I wish letter writer L. Albert Fisher would take a look at what a force this "expendable little misfit" is.

WILL BETZ
Utica, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The main concern of most men in America is to get a pile of money and soft, cushy lives. Bob Dylan would rather express his feelings about what's wrong with the way we live. That does make him a misfit. Socrates was a misfit, too. As for being little, Lawrence of Arabia was barely five-foot-six.

NIKKI PATRICK
Pittsburg, Kans.

Gentlemen:

In the words of Dylan's own *Ballad of a Thin Man*, "Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"

RIC A. ZIOLKOWSKI
Bay City, Mich.

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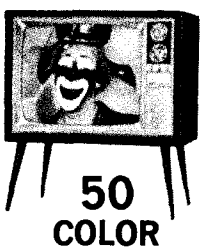

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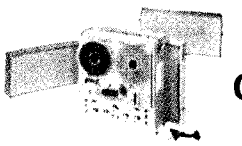

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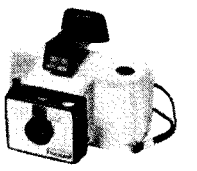

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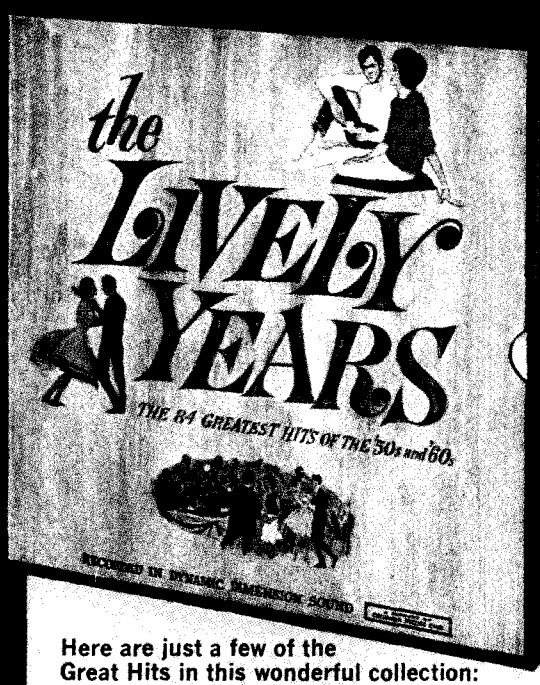
The 84 Greatest Hits of the '50s & '60s

exciting songs brought to you in sparkling new arrangements as modern as tomorrow



Here are just a few of the Great Hits in this wonderful collection:

I Wish You Love	Never On Sunday	Oh, Lonesome Me	Theme from "Exodus"	Young At Heart
Dear Heart	Chim Chim Cheree	Ramblin' Rose	Autumn Leaves	Alley Cat
My Love, Forgive Me	The Girl From Ipanema	Wives And Lovers	Cotton Candy	Stranger On The Shore
Goldfinger	Everybody Loves Somebody	Deep Purple	Walk Right In	I Left My Heart In San Francisco
I Could Have Danced All Night	Fly Me To The Moon	Moon River	My Coloring Book	Charade
		Washington Square	What Kind Of Fool Am I?	A Taste Of Honey
			The Good Life	Dominique
			Blowin' In The Wind	Three Coins In The Fountain
			Downtown	Be My Love
			Days of Wine and Roses	Sentimental Journey
			Shangri-La	
			Hey, Look Me Over	

BIGGEST RECORD BARGAIN!

less than 16¢ per selection!
less than $1.87 per record!

Imagine getting truly superb high-fidelity 12" long-playing records for as little as $1.87 each! Well, that's exactly what you receive on this bargain offer, because the complete 7-record set is only $14.95 — and you also get the special record described below FREE . . . in short, a total of eight records for only $14.95! And these eight records contain 96 great hits in all — about 16¢ per selection! It's the best record buy around!

NO CLUB TO JOIN! NO OBLIGATION TO BUY!

A MAGNIFICENTLY ALIVE AND VIBRANT RECORD COLLECTION in one truly luxurious 7-record album! Assembled by the Board of Editors of Columbia Musical Treasuries (a special division of the Columbia Record Club), this set contains the 84 greatest hits of the past decade. Here in this one collection, are the Academy-Award winners, the best-loved Folk and Western ballads, the most famous Pop and Show tunes, songs that will be as popular ten, fifteen, or twenty years from now, as they are today.

If you like music, you're sure to love "The Lively Years." But you can decide that for yourself, because we're willing to send you the complete set on a 10-day free trial! Play it, listen to it, enjoy it for 10 days at our expense. There's absolutely no obligation to buy!

84 HITS FOR YOUR LISTENING . . . DANCING . . . SING-ALONG PLEASURE. Just name your mood — and "The Lively Years" will match it! Enjoy a good show tune? — there's *Hello, Dolly!; Goldfinger;* etc. Dig Dixieland? — there's the finger-snapping *Mack The Knife; Java;* etc. Wanna dance? — there are swaying arrangements of *Desafinado; Wonderland By Night;* etc. Like lush music? — there are full orchestral arrangements of *Calcutta; More;* etc. Folk buff? — there are guitars galore in *Blowin' In The Wind; Walk Right In;* etc. Sophisticated piano music, swinging choruses, big bands — they're all here!

SOUND-ENGINEERED BY COLUMBIA RECORDS IN BRILLIANT "DYNAMIC DIMENSION SOUND"! To bring you the best of today's sound, these 84 great songs were recorded in New York, London and Nashville. Furthermore each record is made in the Columbia tradition of "sound" leadership . . . and the entire set is handsomely boxed, with an index slip case. It's a priceless collection indeed . . . one that you just can't buy anywhere else — at any price!

LISTEN TO "THE LIVELY YEARS" FOR TEN DAYS FREE! As mentioned before, you may enjoy this fabulous collection in your own home for 10 days free. (We will also send you the gift record, "As Time Goes By," described at the right — which is yours absolutely free whether or not you decide to keep the set!) If "The Lively Years" does not meet — or surpass — your expectations, just return it at our expense and that will end the entire matter.

On the other hand, if you decide to keep "The Lively Years" (and we suspect you will), you may have it for only $14.95 (available in stereo for only $2.00 more), plus a small shipping and handling charge. What's more, if you wish, you may pay for it in three convenient monthly installments. And remember, there is no club to join — no additional purchases required.

SEND NO MONEY NOW — just fill in, detach and mail the handy postage-paid card provided, which bears your Columbia Musical Treasuries Lucky Number. By doing so, you automatically enter our exciting $250,000 Sweepstakes and receive "The Lively Years" for a 10-day free trial . . . and also receive the free gift record. (Note: if you do not wish to receive "The Lively Years" at this time, check the "NO" box on the card. You will, of course, still be eligible for all prizes.)

Plus this exclusive new FREE GIFT RECORD

IT'S YOURS TO KEEP — ABSOLUTELY FREE — WHETHER OR NOT YOU DECIDE TO RETURN "THE LIVELY YEARS" AFTER YOUR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

This 12-inch long-playing record contains

12 FAVORITE LOVE SONGS

Yes, just for agreeing to listen to "The Lively Years" in your own home for a 10-day free trial, we'll give you this fabulous new record ABSOLUTELY FREE! And fabulous, indeed, it is . . . for it contains twelve of the greatest love songs ever written: *As Time Goes By; Stardust; Laura; September Song; Because Of You; Misty; Body and Soul; Blue Tango; Jealousy; La Vie En Rose; Reverie; Clair de Lune* . . . a dozen love songs that have lived through the years — and will live forever! And in this exclusive new record, you'll hear these songs in bright, fresh, lush new arrangements — recorded in brilliant "Dynamic Dimension" Sound! Remember! — this record is yours to keep *absolutely free* . . . even if you return "The Lively Years" at the end of 10 days!

$250,000 SWEEPSTAKES, Dept. 3605
P.O. Box 954, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808

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WITH GM DEALER QUALITY SERVICE

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CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • OPEL KADETT • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK

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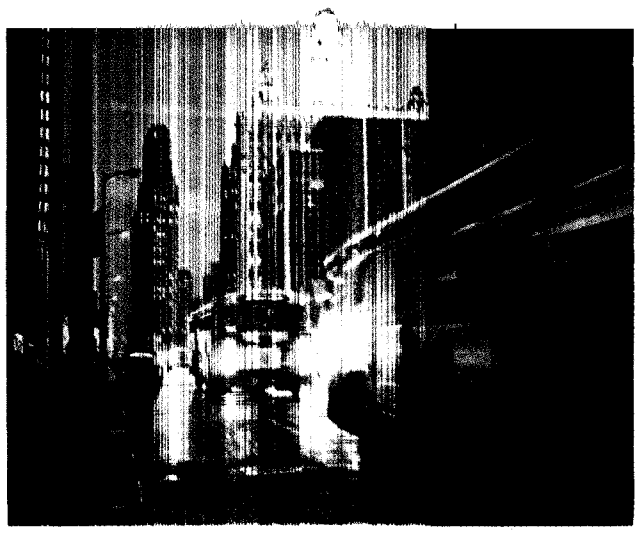
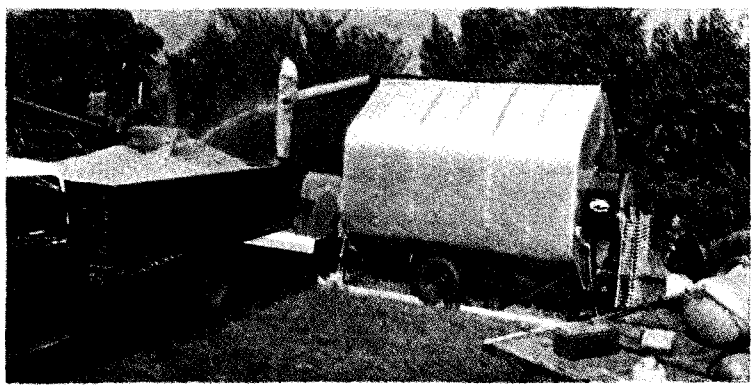
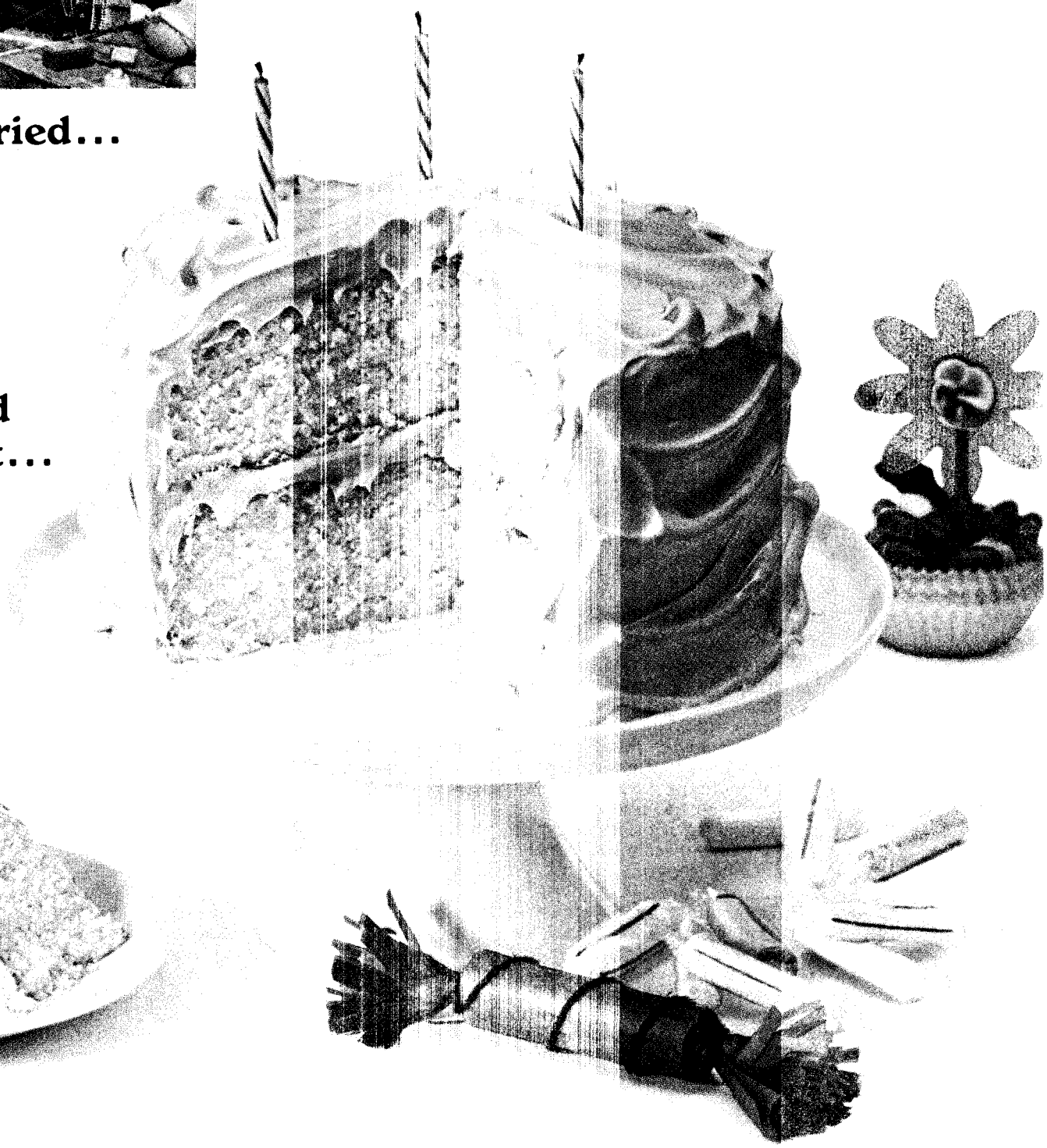
A city's air is cleaner...



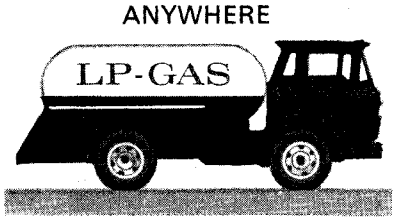


a crop is quickly dried...

a cake is baked light and moist...



FOR HEAT AND POWER ANYWHERE



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Of America's great sources of energy, only LP-gas serves you in so many ways.

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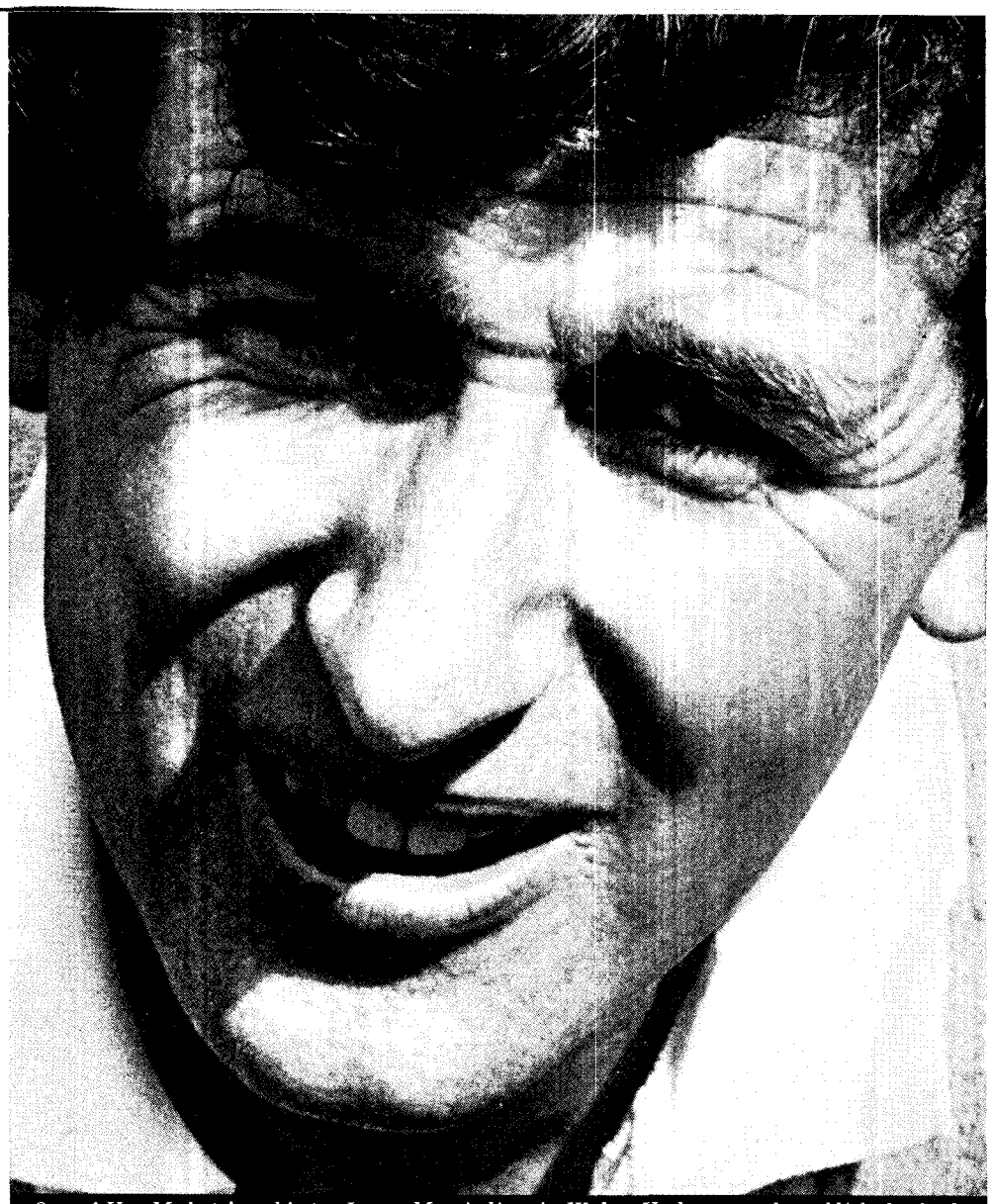
Speaking Out

PSST! I LOVE AMERICA

BY JAMES MORRIS



One of Her Majesty's subjects, James Morris lives in Wales. He has recently published a book about Oxford and is now writing Pax Britannica, *an account of the British Empire at its height. Mr. Morris has worked in America and many other countries of the world as a foreign correspondent.*

Psst!
This room bugged?
Listen closely then.
I wish to make a dangerous revelation.
I am a member of an atavistic, almost
treasonable minority cult.
I am pro-American!

Pro-American! The whisper sizzles, for in the world of the 1960's there is nothing much more dubious to be. Square—over 30—bourgeois—status symbolic—reactionary—pro-American! Thus runs the syndrome, and if ever a new inquisition started prosecuting heretics, I rather fancy myself a lonely defendant. I am pro-American in a rooted, almost folksy sense. I love those things about America which still represent, behind the blarney and the blast-off, the original glory of the American ideal. I love the rags-to-riches theme. I love schmaltzy immigrants' reminiscences; looking out of windows with tycoons watching new skyscrapers go up; immensely rich, determined audiences at gala theater performances; the Stars and Stripes vast on the quarterdeck as the carrier pulses beneath Brooklyn Bridge; Monticello; the Super Chief to Santa Fe; watching the Mississippi towns go by; and discussing emotional problems with slightly sozzled suburban matrons in secluded corners of Sunday-evening cocktail parties. America still means to me a place where the pretense drops off, where a man can start from scratch, and the original sin of the nations receives its absolution.

It is a naïve and guileless conception, I know, a young man's interpretation that I have never grown out of. What makes me dangerous is my unshakable conviction that it is still perfectly true—that all this is America still, that my America really does exist, obeying her old convictions despite her problems, her enemies and, above all, herself.

Do you remember that bitter taunt of America's World War II allies—that Americans were "overpaid, oversexed and over here?" Those epithets summed up, as in a parable, the reasons why modern America is not loved. Overpaid stands for envy: Of course the world envies a prodigy so uniquely rich and strong. Oversexed stands for fear: the fear that America will overcome the gentler strains, Americanizing the world in its own brash image. Over here stands for resentment: the feeling that America intrudes into everything, imposing her views, her policies and her shareholders upon everybody else.

Nowadays it is not only foreigners who talk like this. Half the Americans I meet seem to have been mysteriously brainwashed into believing it all, and of all the anti-Americans in the world, nobody is more virulently anti than the Americans themselves. But what do they know, those bearded oafs, maligning their patrimony to the strumming of lugubrious guitars?

They don't seem to know, for a start, that no power possessed of so much muscle ever flexed it so moderately. Consider: In the years after the Second World War, American power flooded half the earth, like a runny pudding in a bowl. American arms shielded the entire West. American money rescued whole continents from insolvency. American diplomacy kept Stalin on the right side of the Iron Curtain. The U.S.A. was ubiquitous, indispensable, omnipotent. There seemed to be Americans down every alley in Europe, in every prime minister's back office, commanding the National Guard of Pogostan, transcribing the myths of the Ibo tribespeople, marrying the Mir of Hunza. It was a kind of instant empire.

And what happened? So lightly did America lay its authority upon a prostrate world that the nations have never stopped thumbing their noses at her. Hers could hardly be a more ramshackle hegemony. The alliance the Americans fashioned in Europe threatens to crack apart at the whim of a crotchety, pensionable general who is the head of the most consistently unsuccessful army of our time. The Americans' special relationship with the British has degenerated into a sporadic, wan and unconvincing exchange of neo-Churchillian sentiments. The Americans' diffident policies toward the South Americans have earned them little but burned-down information offices and rude editorials. The Americans' efforts to impose a *Pax Americana* in the Far East have kicked back so ironically that they are landed in the most vicious of wars, for which half the world abhors them. The black, brown and yellow peoples whose emancipation America did so much to hasten taunt her now with racialism, and splash their front pages with her Negro riots. The dollar, once almighty, fluctuates moodily down the years. The American flag, once so coveted, is regularly spat on, torn up, burned and put to unsuitable uses by froward demonstrators across the world.

Well? To be loved is not the end of greatness. "Do right and damn the odds" might be an American motto, and to my mind all this shambles, pathos and humiliation has added only to the real stature of the United States. Despite appearances and self-criticism, American policy has generously honored the traditions of my old America. It has been straightforward, sometimes even

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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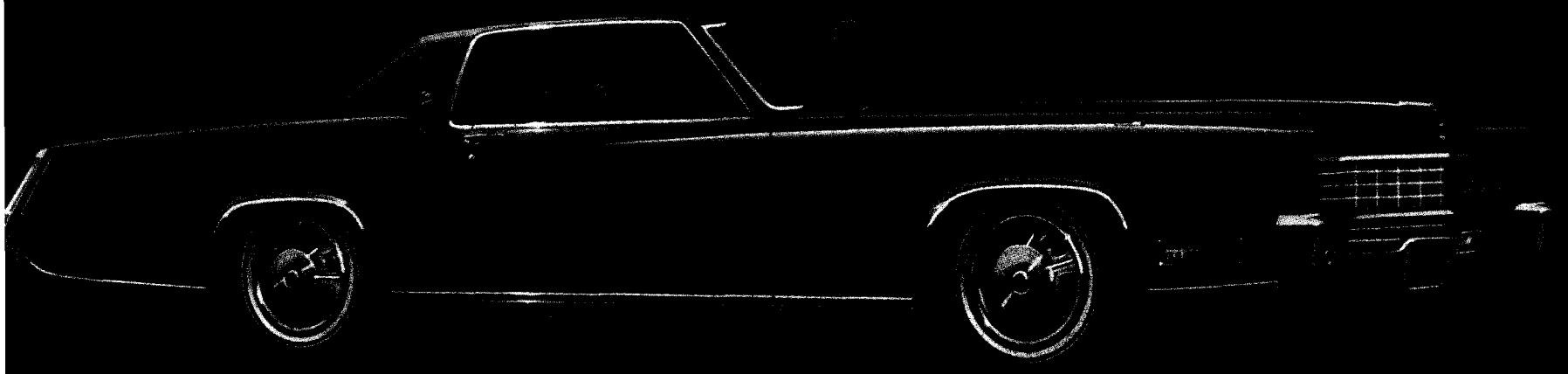
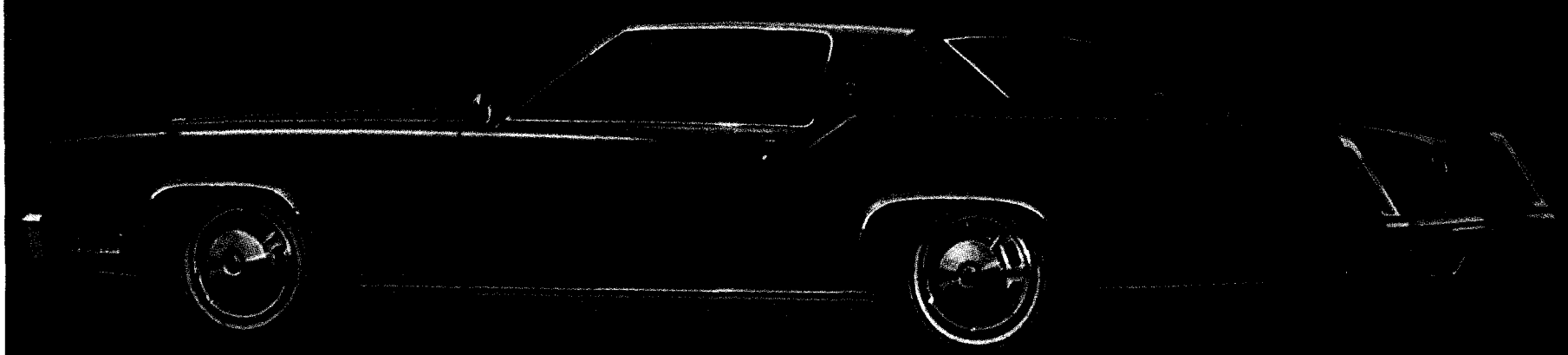


INTRODUCING

THE WORLD'S FINEST PERSONAL CAR



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This is the Fleetwood Eldorado—a totally new kind of personal car that introduces a totally new kind of personal motoring—a unique creation that combines the spirit and action of a performance car with the comfort and graciousness of a luxury car—a blend of power and poise, of elegance and excitement, of daring and distinction. Eldorado is a styling masterpiece—long, low, clean and classic. Its spectacular hood...its daring roof lines...its concealed headlights...its dramatic rear styling...are unlike anything the world has ever seen. Its interiors are luxurious, offering remarkable five-passenger spaciousness and a rich choice of colors, fabrics, leathers and options. The Eldorado is the first automobile in the world to offer the precision of front wheel drive with the disciplined maneuverability of variable ratio power steering and the balance of automatic level control. The Eldorado is breathtakingly new—but it is also completely a Cadillac in size and stature, in comfort and luxury, in safety and convenience, in quiet and quality. You owe yourself an early appraisal of this dramatic new concept in the world of luxury motor cars. Fleetwood Eldorado—the world's finest personal car.

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Surprisingly New! Superbly Cadillac!

Who else but Cadillac could introduce a personal car as fabulous as the magnificent Eldorado—and at the same time offer you eleven more of the newest and most exciting luxury motor cars ever created! One glance tells you these are by far the most beautiful Cadillacs of all time—with new forward-sweeping front end . . . with clean new side contours that present single, flowing line from front to rear . . . and with dram cally new rear design. And with this new Cadillac look com a host of truly significant Cadillac advancements—includi the richest, most luxurious interiors in history . . . an impressi array of new fabrics, leathers, colors and finishes . . . a total

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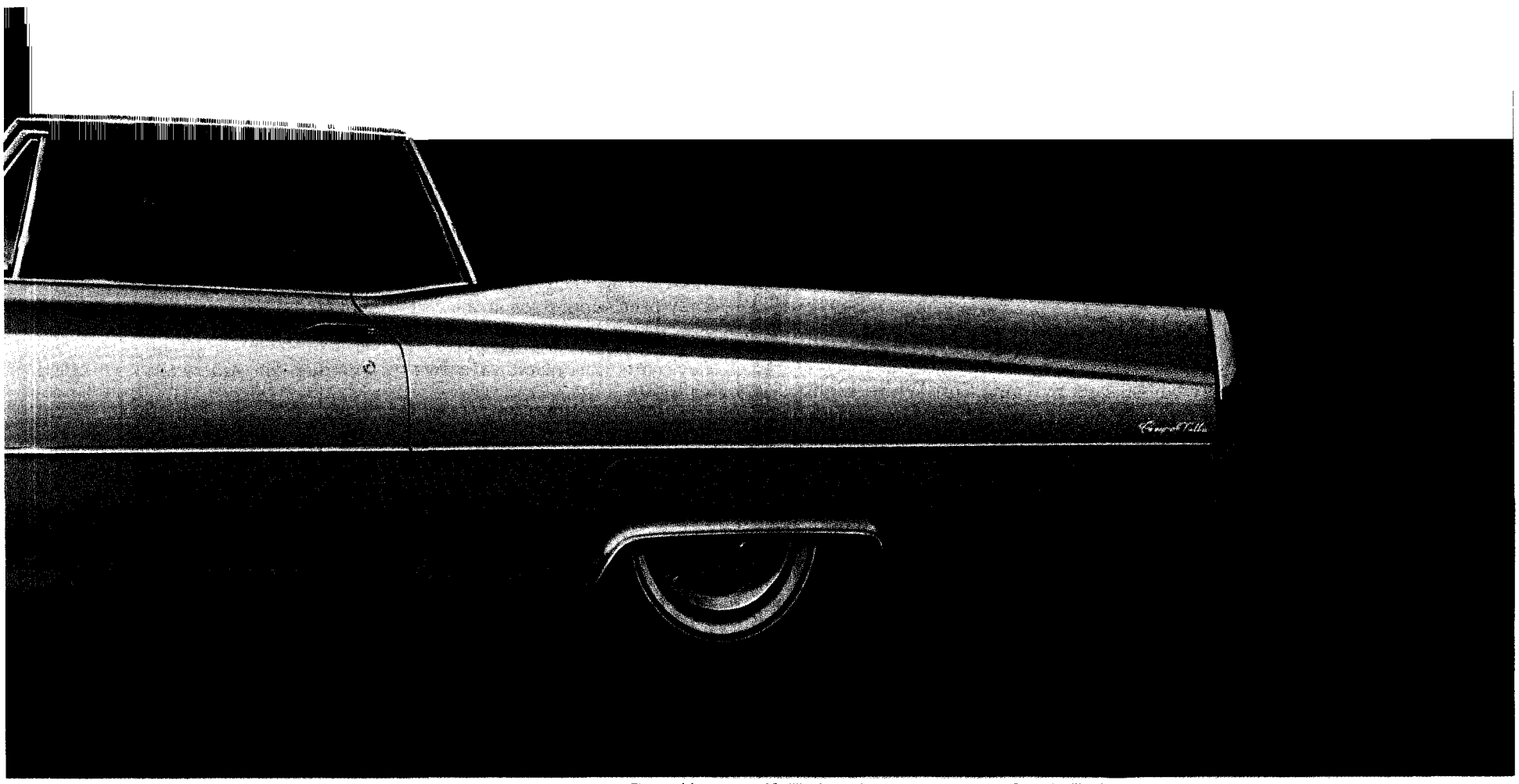

The surprising newness of Cadillac for 1967 is elegantly expressed by the Coupe de Ville, above, and the Fleetwood Brougham, shown below.

The Standard of the World for 1967

new, more generously padded, fully recessed instrument panel enhancing driver visibility and convenience . . . an even smoother, more responsive Cadillac engine . . . improved Turbo Hydra-Matic Drive and variable ratio power steering . . . automatic folding seat latches . . . and a new General Motors-developed energy absorbing steering column. These are but a few of the many Cadillac achievements that provide incomparable comfort, unmatched performance, unexcelled safety and convenience, and a sense of owner pride and satisfaction that can be found with no other motor car. These extraordinary 1967 Cadillacs are now at your authorized Cadillac dealer's. See and drive them as soon as you can.

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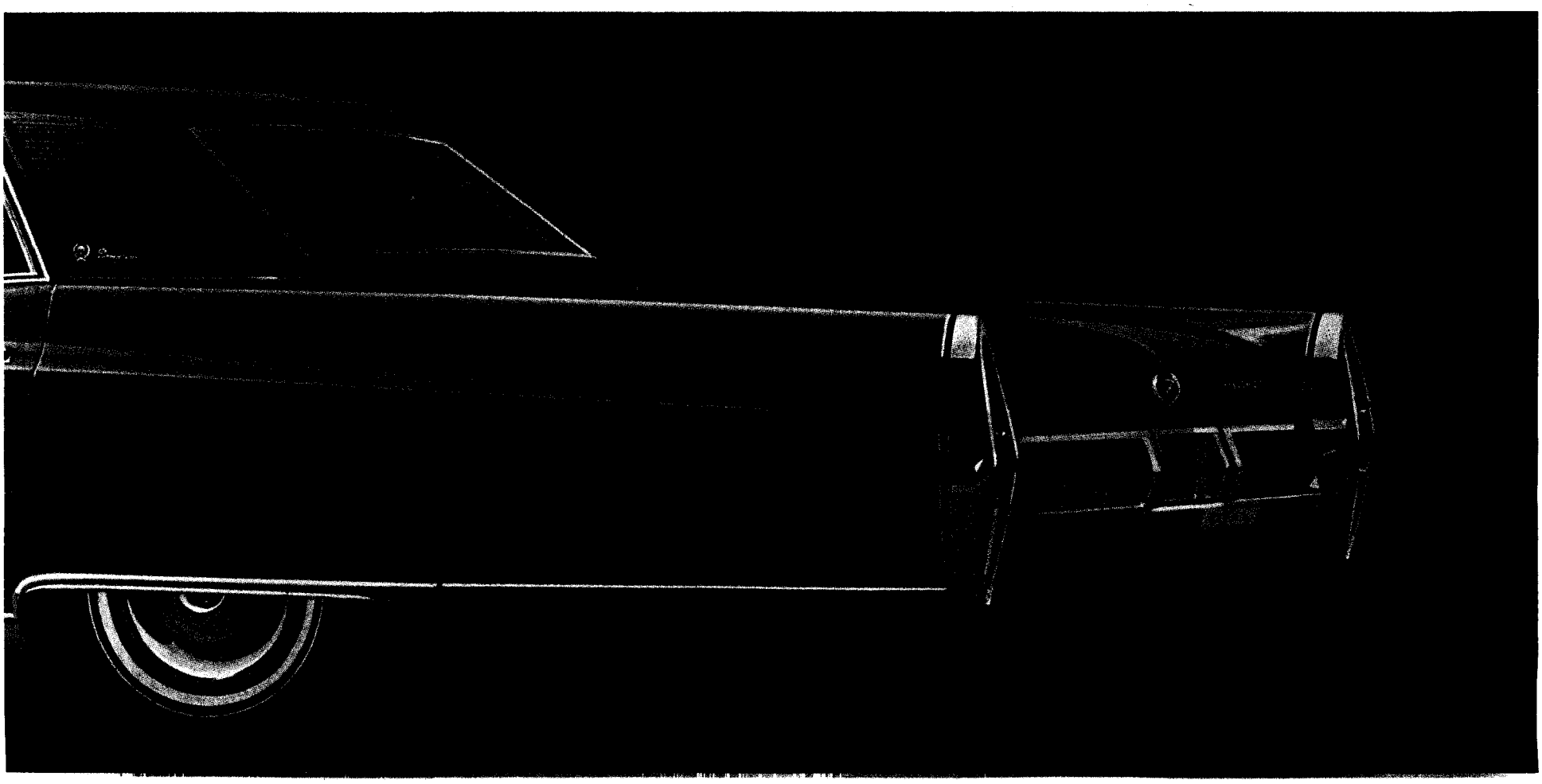
MARK OF EXCELLENCE



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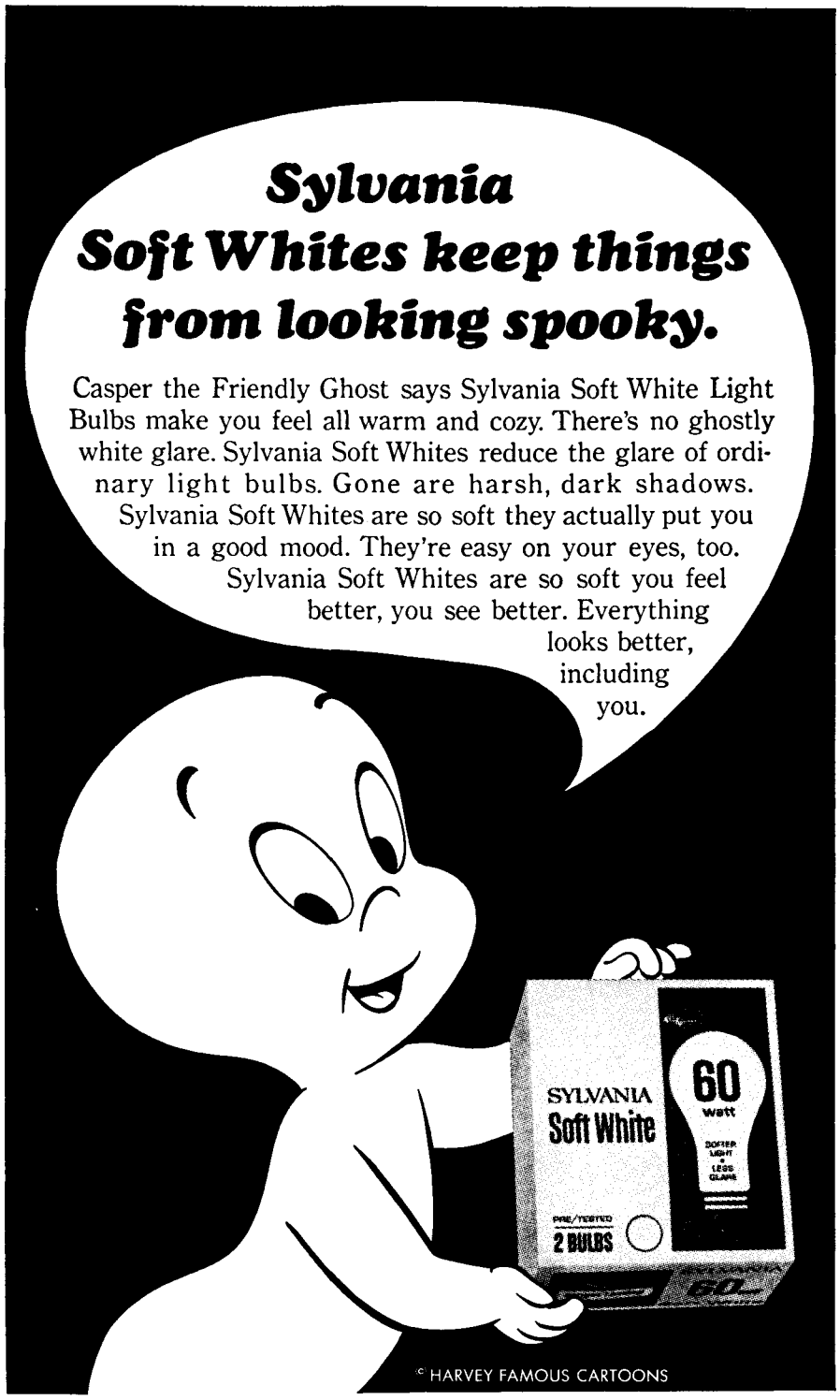
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Soft Whites keep things
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Casper the Friendly Ghost says Sylvania Soft White Light Bulbs make you feel all warm and cozy. There's no ghostly white glare. Sylvania Soft Whites reduce the glare of ordinary light bulbs. Gone are harsh, dark shadows. Sylvania Soft Whites are so soft they actually put you in a good mood. They're easy on your eyes, too. Sylvania Soft Whites are so soft you feel better, you see better. Everything looks better, including you.
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**For $1 you get 2 Casper Mugs.
And your kids will drink their milk.**

Sylvania will send you two insulated Casper the Friendly Ghost mugs for hot or cold drinks. Just $1 with the outer sleeve from any package of Sylvania Light Bulbs gets you a red mug and a blue one.

Your kids will think milk is fun. Because friendly Casper is on their mug—as white as a ghost. The mug's 4 inches high, has a handle to keep it from slipping, is safe and shatterproof. It's so tempting it's hard to say whether kids or mothers will drink more milk.

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Send me ____ mug set(s). I'm enclosing an outer sleeve from Sylvania Light Bulbs for each set, together with my check or money order. ($1 for each set ordered.)

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50

Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer good only in U. S., void where restricted by law. Offer ends Feb. 28, 1967.

innocent, in its pursuance of what seemed to be the right. Some of the troubles have arisen from the effort to be fair to everybody. Others could have been avoided by the scrapping of a principle. When America has been stubborn, it has usually been in a good cause, and so far her wild men have generally been suppressed in the end—Gen. Douglas MacArthur by the President, Sen. Joe McCarthy by the Senate, Barry Goldwater by the electorate.

Is President Johnson wicked for sticking to his bombs in Vietnam? He is not the sort of President I personally go for, and I detest the new streak of militarism in American life, but I cannot see that the American ordeal in the East is anything less than tragically heroic—a miserable national burden of whose necessity I am not competent to judge, but whose motives seem to me staunch and proper. Has the world a right to sneer at America's racial torments? The hell it has! Of all the countries with a really desperate color problem, only the United States is still trying to solve it by means which are magnanimous and progressive. There is much nobility to the racial agony of America today, the clash of intellect against instinct, of law against prejudice, the gradual, majestic progress of good versus evil—for slowly, slowly, riot by riot, justice is emerging from it all. One day, perhaps, the Americans will reach that plane of desiccated statesmanship which the British defined long ago—"no lasting friends, no lasting enemies, only interests." But the Americans are not there yet, and there is still blood and warmth to their policies (if you can ever hear what they are, above the howling of the folk songs).

As for the Americanization of foreign countries, so horrific a process to Cassandras home-grown and abroad, half of it is illusory, and another quarter is quite fun. In my family we have an icebox, a dishwasher, central heating, a taste for Joseph Heller and his book *Catch-22*, and a pretty general crush on Dick Van Dyke, but that hardly makes us Americanized. It merely means that, like most people anywhere, we gratefully accept good new things from anywhere—and many of them happen to come from the U.S.A. We eat snails, too, when we can get them, and pop off to Venice when we can afford it, and there's an excellent German blender in the kitchen, and a case of pickled Brazilian insects in the pantry. We are all being globalized, and most of the American contributions to the process strike me as very handy, especially Sellotape, the greatest invention of the age unless you count frozen peas.

And there are many ways, in any case, in which most of us can with benefit Americanize ourselves. There are particular American qualities which the world is foolish not to emulate. The Americans, mind you, can learn a good deal from the rest of us. But still, a bit more American elbow grease would do the British no harm, a little American disrespect might well help the French, and the Germans might better make friends and influence people if they cultivated the subculture charm of the American teen-ager. Even now there still issues from America some of the freshness and vivacity that so enthralled susceptible Europeans in the youth of the United States—not so freely nowadays, as age solemnizes the Great Republic, but still in an intermittent gush. Last summer an American boy called Matthew Spence came from Cranbury, N.J., to stay with us in Wales. He was like a shot in the arm for all of us, so eager, so original, so dedicated to miscellaneous causes and so exceedingly funny that we are chuckling gratefully in retrospect still.

A sense of guilt, I gather, oppresses some Americans when they contemplate the gulf that separates their country from the poor states of Africa and Asia. This is the result of half a century of pseudo-Freudian claptrap, only now being exploded—too late, alas, to spare our entire generation from its baleful influence. They feel guilty because they have read somewhere that they ought to. And yet what is there to feel guilty about in a nation that has done more for ordinary human happiness than any other in the history of the world? Which has, so far at least, achieved its accomplishments not with chauvinism or bombast, but as representative of us all. For we are all Americans, in part of us. America sprang out of our common past, and fulfills aspirations that nearly all of us share. What's more, if America had not, since the early days of the Marshall Plan, poured out her treasure to help less-fortunate countries, she might have achieved her Great Society (if you know what that is; I don't) 50 years ahead of time. I don't believe in national guilt. There are guilty men, but not guilty nations, and if ever a country was entitled to feel some proper pride in what it has done for the world, what it has stood for consistently down the years, it's the good old U.S.A.—to recoin an almost forgotten phrase.

Be brave, O America! Thus the prophet saith! The peoples mock you and abuse you, but mostly out of pique. They envy you, in their deepest emotions, the grand responsibilities and opportunities of power, the marvelous prizes and the terrible duties. They fiddle about with petty criticisms, knocking you here, deriding you there, because they are subsidiary to the great design. They see you astride the world like a self-doubting Colossus, and they resent both your supremacy and the fact that, in this supreme moment of your history, you still have the decency to squabble about what's best. They think they could do better: But, by God, just let them try.

James Morris

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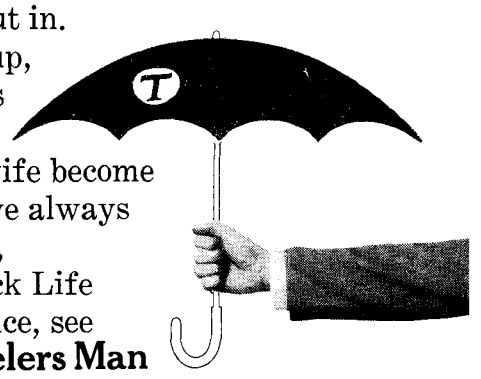
That the kind of traveling you want to do some day? Talk to your Travelers man now. He can show you how you can afford it, how you can be your own beneficiary. He has Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance that can return even more money than you put in.

While your children are growing up, Money-Back Life Insurance protects them. But when they are no longer dependent, you and your wife become independent... to do the things you've always wanted to do. (If you don't like golf, try a bridge cruise.) For Money-Back Life Insurance and every kind of insurance, see



Your Travelers Man

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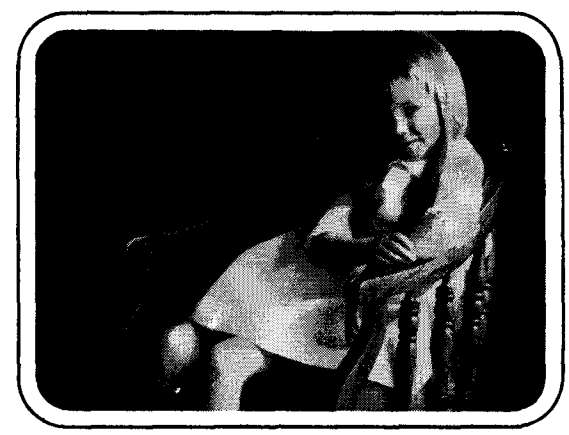
Ironing's a drag. We'd be delighted to help.

RCA WHIRLPOOL washers and dryers have special settings to keep wrinkles out of permanent press clothes, plus a special cool-down process that gradually cools rinse water to prevent the shock that causes wrinkles. Now, no-iron clothes (permanent press and such) are really that—thanks to these great engineering ideas.

3 separate speeds. Flexibility to wash almost everything your family will wear! Delicate, lacy things . . . right up to shag rugs and sneakers. Even a special low speed to do your hand washables.

Get extra dirty clothes clean. RCA WHIRLPOOL washers have Super Wash—a special setting that gives extra dirty clothes a pre-wash and soak, followed by the regular cycle, all automatically.



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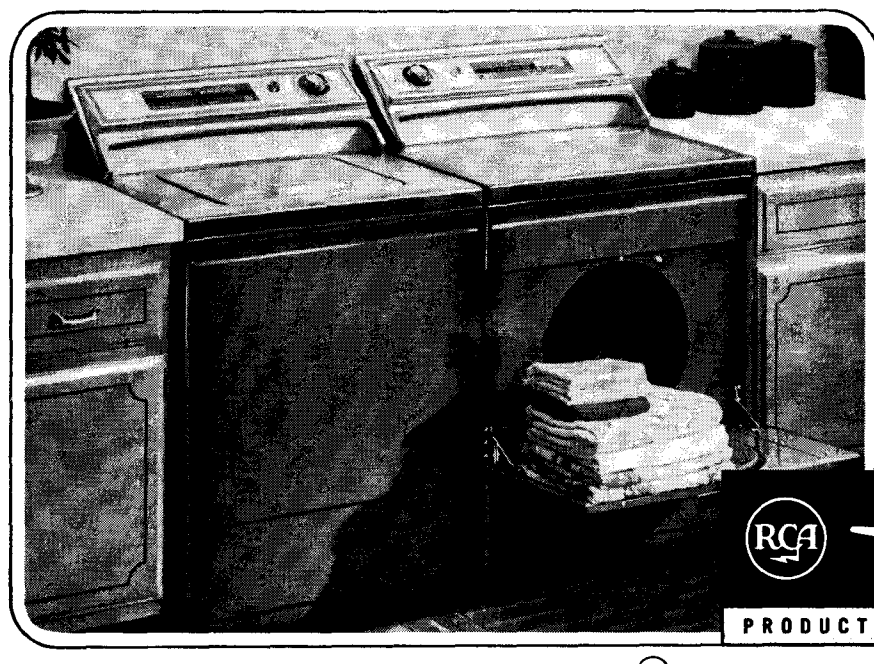

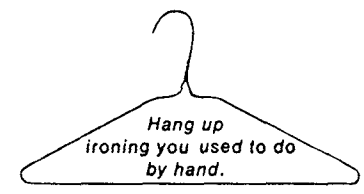

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

'It's like running against God'

DETROIT:

People who dislike Lyndon B. Johnson say that he looks "like a Mississippi riverboat gambler." People who dislike Richard M. Nixon ask: "Would you buy a used car from this man?" These two scurrilous political clichés are a measure of the importance of personal appearance in the television age. They also suggest an important reason why George Romney, governor of Michigan, has an excellent chance of being the Republican presidential candidate in 1968. No one has ever said that Romney looks like a riverboat gambler—he looks more like a well-preserved Horatio Alger hero. And you would buy a secondhand car from Romney with happy confidence.

Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson are the two most visible obstacles between George Romney and the White House, which is where Romney certainly wants to go. In this respect, the appearance of the man, the impression he gives, the earnestness, sincerity and just plain goodness which Romney fairly exudes, are vital assets.

He has other assets, and he faces other obstacles. The most immediate obstacle, which looks quite surmountable, is a sharp-faced, combative labor lawyer named Zolton Ferency, whom the Democrats rather oddly chose to run against Romney in his bid for a third term as governor. Very few people can remember Mr. Ferency's name, and those who can are not sure how to pronounce it. Ferency nevertheless stoutly maintains that he can beat Romney, if only he can establish "credibility as a candidate." Just about everybody else in Michigan believes that the only questions are how big a majority Romney will get, and how many Republicans he can carry into office with him.

Both questions are important. In 1962, when he first ran for governor, Romney carefully disassociated himself from the Republican Party, and in 1964 he was even more careful to disassociate himself from its presidential candidate, Barry Goldwater. Both times Romney was elected while other Republicans were defeated in droves. As a result, many Republicans darkly suspect that Romney is not a "real Republican" at all. Barry Goldwater, who heartily detests Romney, and who will have a substantial bloc of staunch followers at the Republican Convention in 1968, will do everything he can to prevent Romney's nomination.

This year, to prove that he is indeed a "real Republican," Romney is publicly and enthusiastically embracing every Republican candidate in sight. He is also working an 18-hour day, starting at dawn (quite literally, for Romney always arises with the sun), in order to "win big"—his goal is at least 60 percent of the total vote.

Winning big and proving the reality of his Republicanism are not wholly compatible objectives in a state that is normally Democratic by at least a three-to-two margin. This is why Ferency stubbornly insists that he can win—all he has to do, he says, is to reconvert the Democrats whom Romney has "bamboozled."

To de-bamboozle these strayed Democrats, Ferency constantly attacks Romney as a "faker" and a "phony." Ferency's dislike of Romney is quite obviously genuine, which is one reason for the intensely personal nature of his campaign.

"He's a political Elmer Gantry," Ferency says. "Sure he looks like a President—so did Warren Harding." Another reason, as Ferency acknowledges, is that he wants to make Romney mad—the Romney skin is supposed to be extra thin. As this is written, the effort has failed—Romney greets Ferency's attacks with silence or small jokes. But there is a third reason for Ferency's personal attack—the fact that there are no really deep-cutting issues to use against Romney.

Michigan was a mess, fiscally and in other ways, when Romney became governor four years ago. The state treasury now boasts a healthy surplus. Democrats claim that the surplus is a matter of luck, not good management, reflecting the great boom in the automobile industry, but more objective observers agree that on the whole Romney has been a first-rate governor.

Luck has no doubt played its part, for Romney is a lucky man. "He'll trip himself up and fall overboard," says a friend of long standing, "and come up clutching a string of pearls." He is a handsome man too, and a healthy man. He is a devout Mormon, and Mormonism holds that the body is "the temple of the spirit." Romney's spiritual temple is remarkably well-maintained. He neither drinks nor smokes, and he exercises regularly—on the day this reporter interviewed him, he had arisen at five in the morning to drive four golf balls around nine holes, for what he calls a "compact thirty-six." At 59, he is a year older than President Johnson, and looks at least five years younger.

George Romney is also an intensely moral man. He can expatiate at length, with passionate earnestness, about "the decline in family life" or the "decline in moral and religious commitment." Romney's political opponents, like Zolton Ferency (and possibly Barry Goldwater too) find this quality in the man infuriating. "It's like running against God," Ferency says plaintively. But no one who knows Romney well doubts the reality of his "moral and religious commitment."

In a sense, his religion is the key to the man. When he became president of American Motors in 1954, the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. One day, when Romney was talking with ebullient confidence about the future of American Motors, an executive interrupted him to ask: "But George, what's going to save the company?"

"God," said Romney, without a moment's hesitation. "God always helps decent people who are trying to do the right thing."

As a potential presidential candidate, Romney certainly still regards himself as a decent person who is trying to do the right thing. But throughout his career, Romney has also displayed a strong belief in the old dictum that "God helps those who help themselves."

Romney is cagey on the subject, especially with reporters, but those who know him best are sure that after November he will go all out for the presidential nomination. They expect him to set up a national delegate-hunting organization, to travel widely abroad in order to overcome the charge that he knows nothing about foreign affairs, and to enter the primaries when the time comes.

Richard Nixon has been hard at work for months hunting delegates, and Charles Percy of Illinois and Ronald Reagan of California are other potential obstacles. Even so, it is easy to see why John Kennedy told his friend Paul Fay Jr., in the spring of 1963, that "the one man I don't want to run against is Romney." And there is a special reason why George Romney seems a very good bet for the Republican nomination. He is the ideal antithesis to that formidable figure, Lyndon B. Johnson.

As every political pulse-feeler agrees, Lyndon Johnson has one paramount weakness—the undercurrent of suspicion that he is a "manipulator," a tricky fellow, a practitioner of black political arts. No one is better equipped to exploit this suspicion than George Romney, a deeply moral man who is also deeply convinced that God is on his side.

Stewart Alsop

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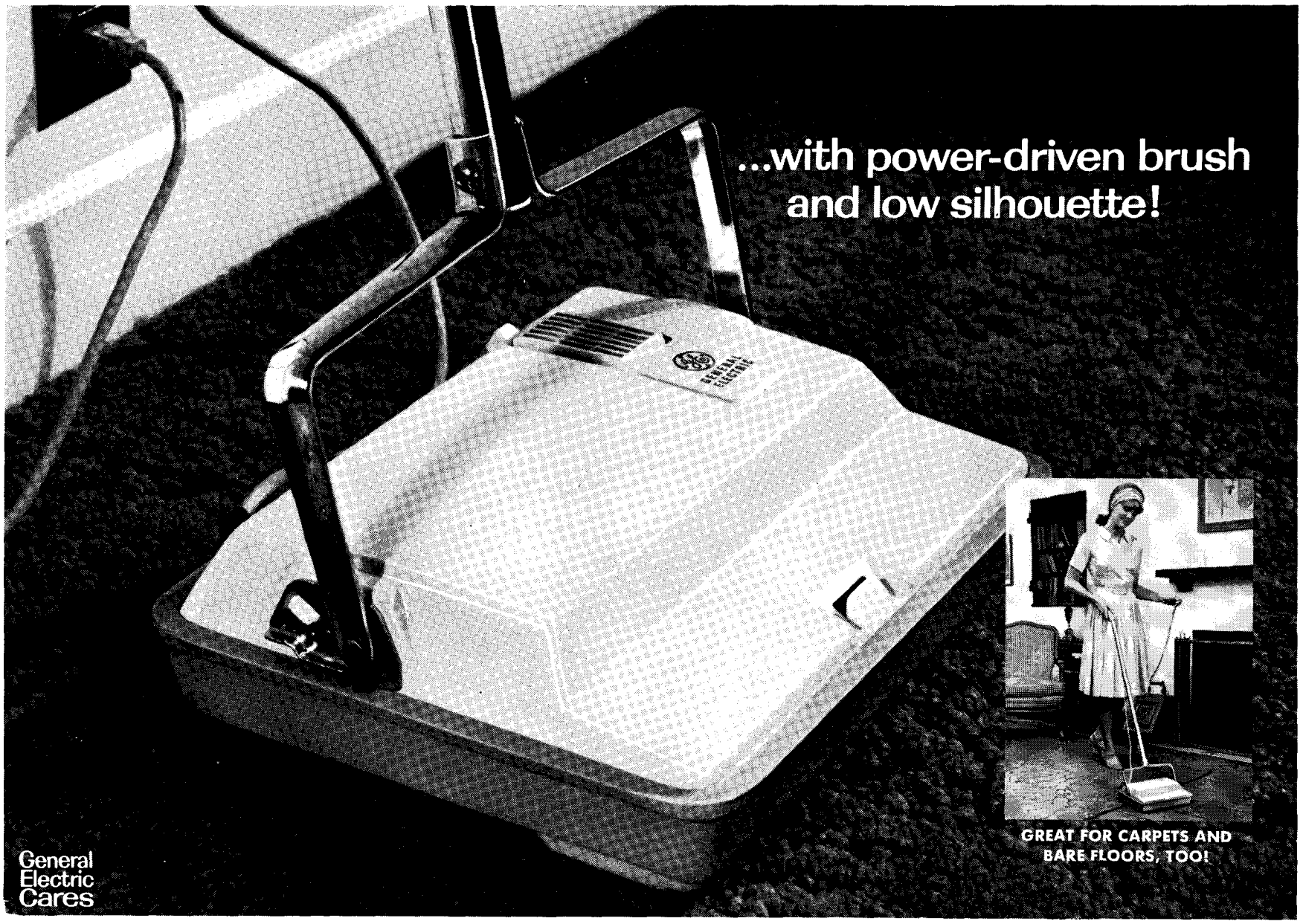

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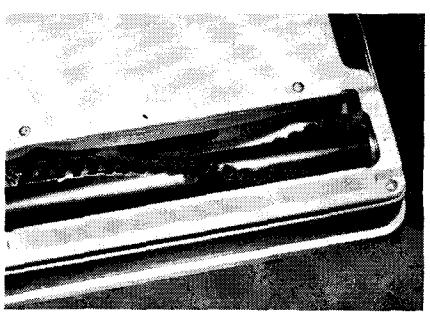

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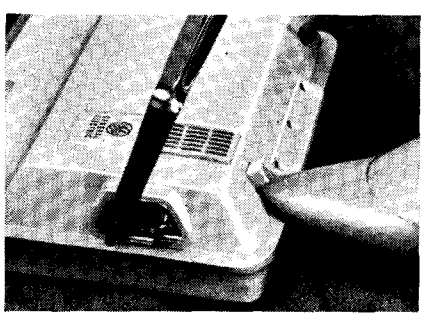

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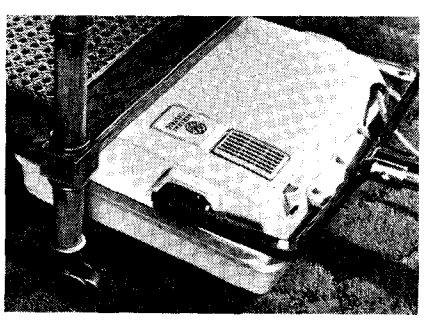

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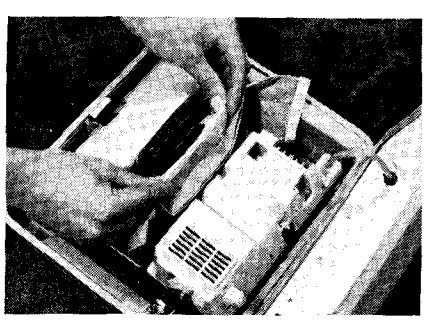

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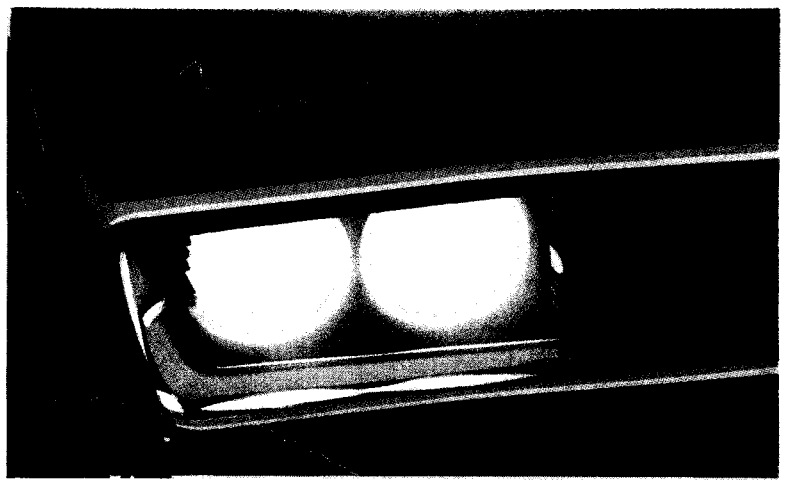
What's the biggest news since Pontiac's Grand Prix? Pontiac's '67 Grand Prix. Of course.

You doubtless already know that Grand Prix is Pontiac's most perfect Pontiac. Well in 1967 we've made it even more perfect—if that's possible.

We've given it hideaway headlights so that its classic split grille looks even more classic. We've removed the vent windows on the hardtop and added elegant monograms in the glass. And as a crowning touch we've added a Grand Prix convertible! The usual Grand Prix extravagances remain, of course, but the fabulous new 350-hp 400 cu. in. engine is new.

There are more new standard safety features, like the energy absorbing steering column developed by General Motors, folding seat back latches, and a four-way hazard warning flasher.

New options, like eight-track stereo and front-wheel disc brakes. The road-hugging security of Wide-Track. And the newest engineering feature of the year—disappearing windshield wipers. Only Pontiac has them. That alone makes it worthwhile to own a Pontiac this year. (But who needs a reason?)



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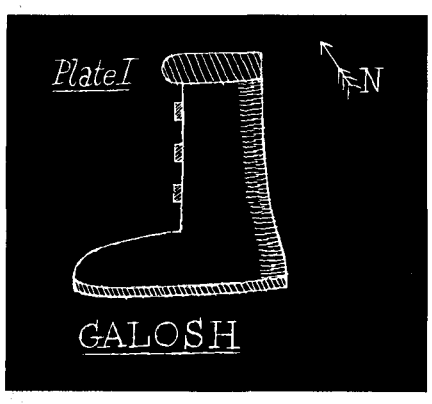
By John Slate

Build your own home atom-smasher

Everything around us—our beds, cigarette holders, galoshes, etc.—is made of atoms (See Plate I). What is more, each of these atoms has a nucleus that deserves to be split no



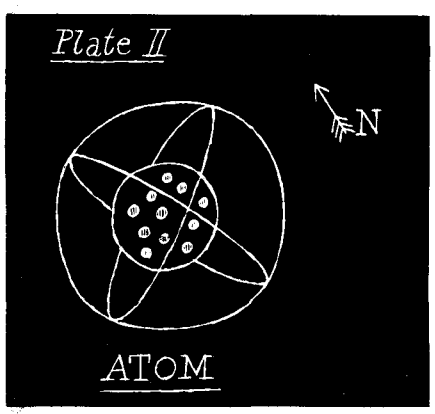
whit less than the nuclei in government laboratories. Yet the man in the street is actually afraid to try this sort of thing without federal assistance. It is high time that nuclear fission be restored to its rightful place in the home.

Despite the enervating effect of big government, the author believes that an *informed* citizenry can once more take the initiative, and do for themselves what the State has been doing to them. By following the instructions given below, each homeowner can set up his own nuclear facility. Apartment dwellers, too, can take part with a little ingenuity and microminiaturization. Atoms are *everywhere* and belong to *all*.

A. Selecting the Atoms

Collect some atoms; just look around the house or outside. However, always use top-grade ones. As is so often the case today, your cheaper item may cause trouble. Thus, an atom that is bent or broken will not fit properly.

Fresh atoms taste better, but dehydrated ones will do almost as well. Simply add water. In thawing frozen atoms, be sure to watch the heat. Wax,



for example, will melt and dirty up the stove if you don't keep an eye on it.

Wood atoms are best for splitting. Get straight-grained wood without knots, which are impossible to untie once clamped into the synchrotron (Part D, below).

Hydrogen atoms are plentiful in most neighborhoods.

B. Dismantle Atom

Plate II depicts an atom in schematic outline. The nucleus is in the center. The dots inside the nucleus are nuclear dots. The other things are only electrons and should always be stripped off *before you begin*.

Whole atoms can be stored in Compartment A of Plate III, nuclei in the middle, and electrons at the far end. This way you can simply reach in and get whatever you want when you want it. Some tips worth remembering:

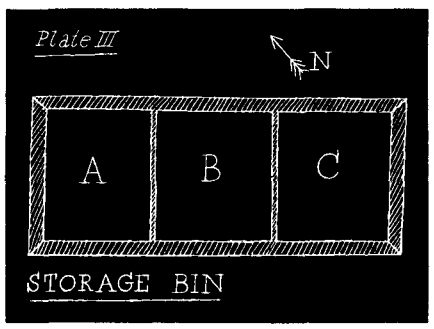
Do not throw away the electrons. They will be needed later on.

Plate III is not drawn to scale. Nuclei are smaller than whole atoms, so Compartment B can be as narrow as you want to make it.

Always keep a goodly supply of atoms, etc., on hand.

C. Reassemble Atom

Since the nucleus is inconveniently small, you will need a nucleus holder. It has been found that the most effective holder is the atom itself. So take a nucleus and surround it with electrons. Place the completed atom in the atom



clamp shown in Plate IV. This is known as the Target Atom (T.A.).

D. Make Synchrotron

Once you have the T.A. fixed firmly in position (facing *out*) you will need something to split the nucleus with. It is customary to "bombard" this with atomic particles. Since these normally behave at random, they must be speeded up and then guided in a suitable direction—usually from left to right.

For this purpose you should have an alternating-gradient synchrotron. To assemble one you will need some wires, magnets, transistors, coils, switches, diodes, regulators and—last but not least—a generator. Arrange components so as to impel the atomic particles against nucleus of the Target Atom with sufficient force to split it.

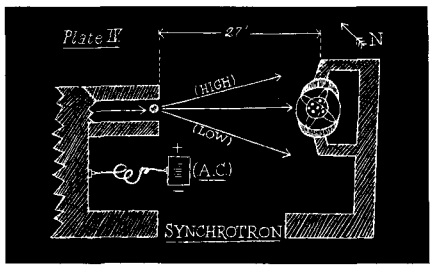
The synchrotron at the Brookhaven atomic laboratories is laid out in a circle having a diameter of one mile. A moment's reflection followed by application of the formula $C = 2\pi r$ shows that this device is 3.1416 miles in circumference. For this reason, although you may eventually want a Brookhaven-type installation, it is better to start out with smaller atoms, working up to the large size some other time.

E. On/Off Switch

Insert atomic particles in the particle hopper as shown in Plate V. Move the On/Off Switch to the "Off" position. Particles will be fed into the synchrotron, and you're "off and running."

F. More

The instructions above outline the method for splitting a single nucleus.



However, as your enthusiasm mounts, you will want to split more and more. So here's what you do: Make as many synchrotrons as there are nuclei, and hook them up in parallel. This will require additional wires, since there are more atoms in the ordinary marshmallow, say, than marshmallows in the Empire State Building. In fact, a pile of marshmallows as high as the Empire State Building would weigh only 2,387 pounds, whereas a pile of atoms this high would have the same weight as the Empire State Building itself.

G. Safety First

Thirty-seven percent more accidents occur in the home than elsewhere. You should take care lest nuclear fission add to these already intolerable hazards.

The first and most obvious need is for a method of protecting against indiscriminate fission. You must first decide which nuclei are to be split, and then make sure that it is these, and only these, that actually *are* split.

For this purpose you should mark the selected nuclei in some way—for example, with a dab of paint. Another way is to remove all *other* nuclei from the area. Then the remaining ones can be split without much bother or fuss.

H. No Cataclysm

Don't overlook the fact that Critical Mass (C.M.) also involves a safety problem. In other words, although some atoms are fine, don't have *too* many.

Since you will not necessarily want a cataclysm, you could attempt to control the cataclysm-producing factors. C.M. is one of these. Your fission project should therefore be confined to sub-critical masses. A little experimentation will indicate how far you can go along these lines.

I. Keep Smiling

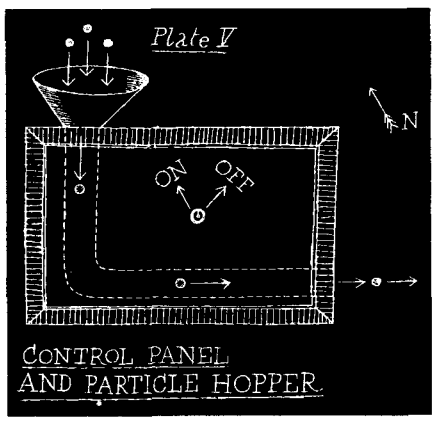
Finally, the dangers of radioactivity have not been sufficiently appreciated even by the self-styled radioactivists. The most recent case which has come to the author's attention was that of a woman whose health was impaired as a result of eating wristwatches.

Hence, if you stockpile any fissionable material, you should safeguard yourself and your loved ones from the gamma rays and other items that will emanate from the storage bin. So in addition to those signs (popular with so many hobbyists) reading MEN AT WORK and KEEP SMILING, why not post one saying KEEP OUT?

J. Fusion Out

Don't confuse fission with fusion. Here's why: The former is OK but the latter is *out*. Nuclear fission has already been explained. Fusion is just about the reverse and is a very nasty "customer" indeed, as anyone who has been inside the sun would agree.

The best way to avoid fusion is to use only the heaviest elements, since these are more likely to get light than heavy. You can tell how heavy an element is by weighing it. Plutonium is



just about tops. However, as it is poisonous, it should on no account be left in the medicine cabinet. In fact, the heavy elements generally are, on the whole, too dangerous to work with.

K. Edison

Do not let yourself get discouraged. The main thing is to persevere. Just remember, Thomas A. Edison didn't invent electricity right off the bat. First he worked on the train and got a box on the ear. □

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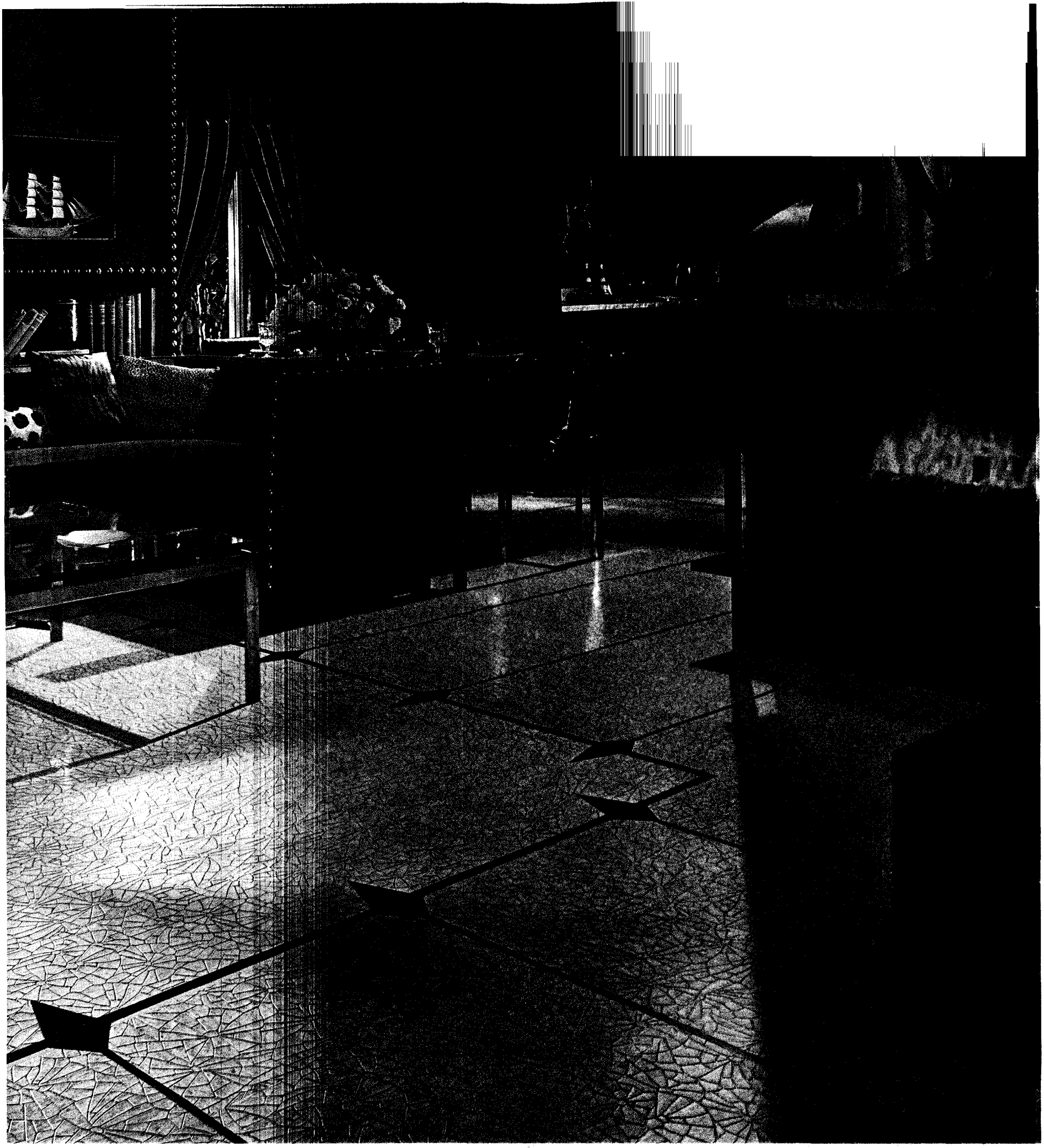

Family room and kitchen floor: Kentile's new Berkshire textured vinyl asbestos tile. Individual 12" x 12" tiles permit quick, easy self-installation. Colors: 5. Shown with feature strips and KenCove® Vinyl wall base. Interior by James Childs Morse, A.I.D. Your Kentile® Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

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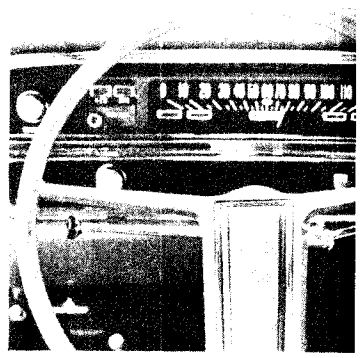
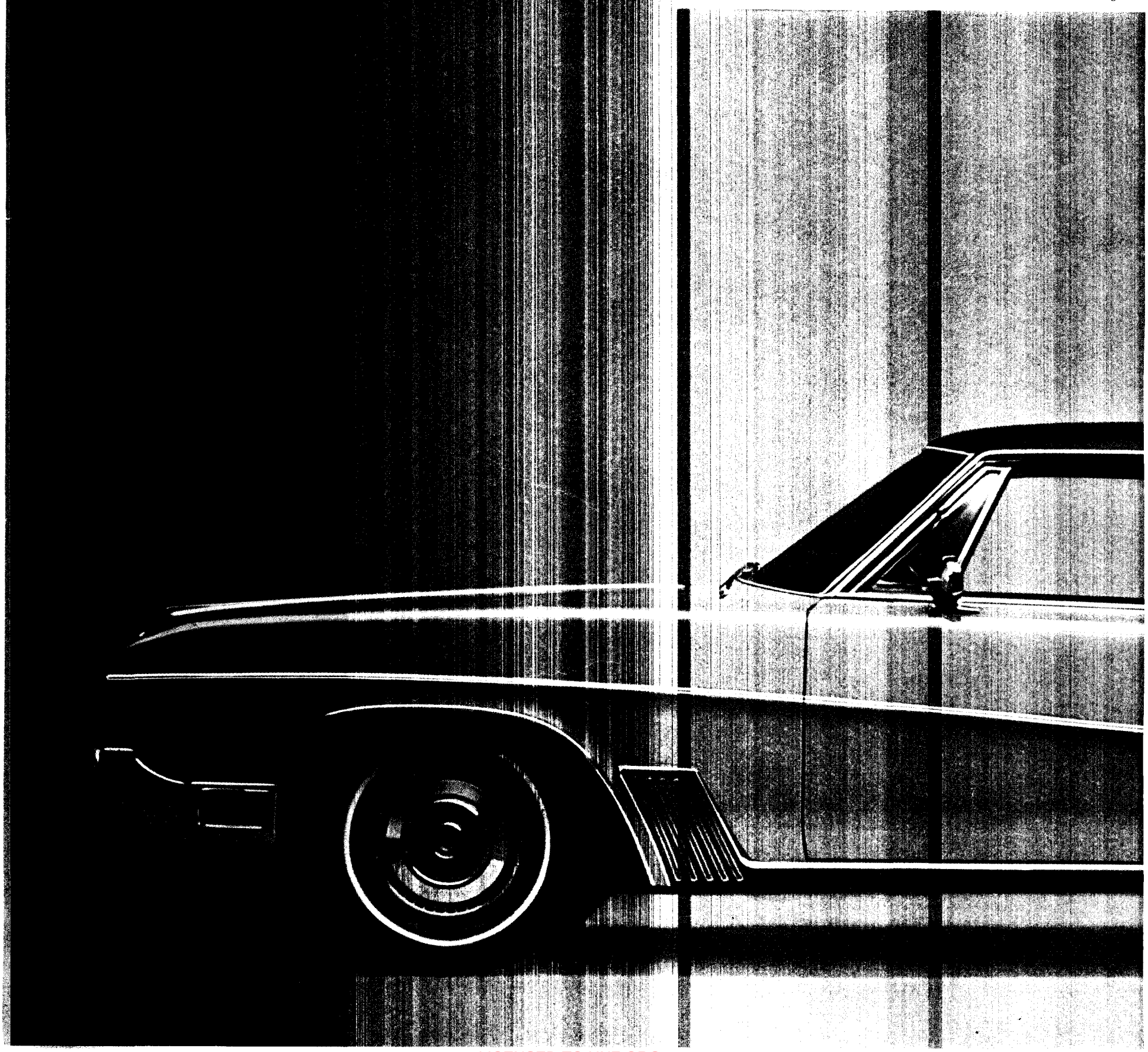
BUICK '67
THE TUNED CAR

It takes a new year of Buicks to improve on Buick. So the tuned car for '67 means even closer attention to your wants. As in a latch that keeps coupe front seats firmly upright.



And an energy-absorbing steering co —a General Motors development reassuring indeed. And the thickly pa visors and instrument panel. An course, famous Buick handling.



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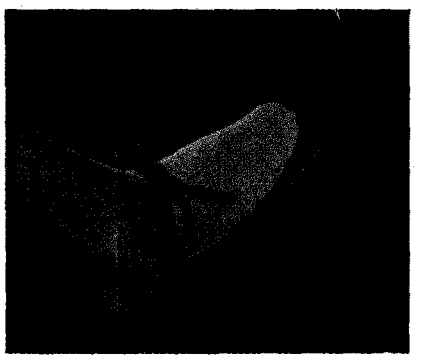
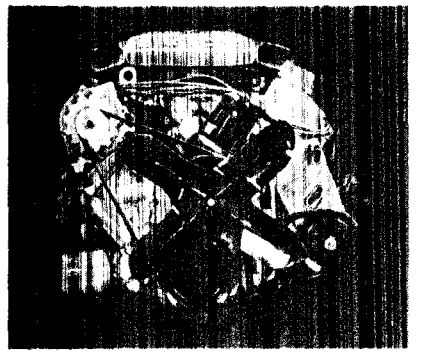
ıe vinyl-coated, day-night mirror, and ıtside rear-view mirror. And the lane-ing signal. (So you'll know where you nd everybody else will know where going.) All standard.

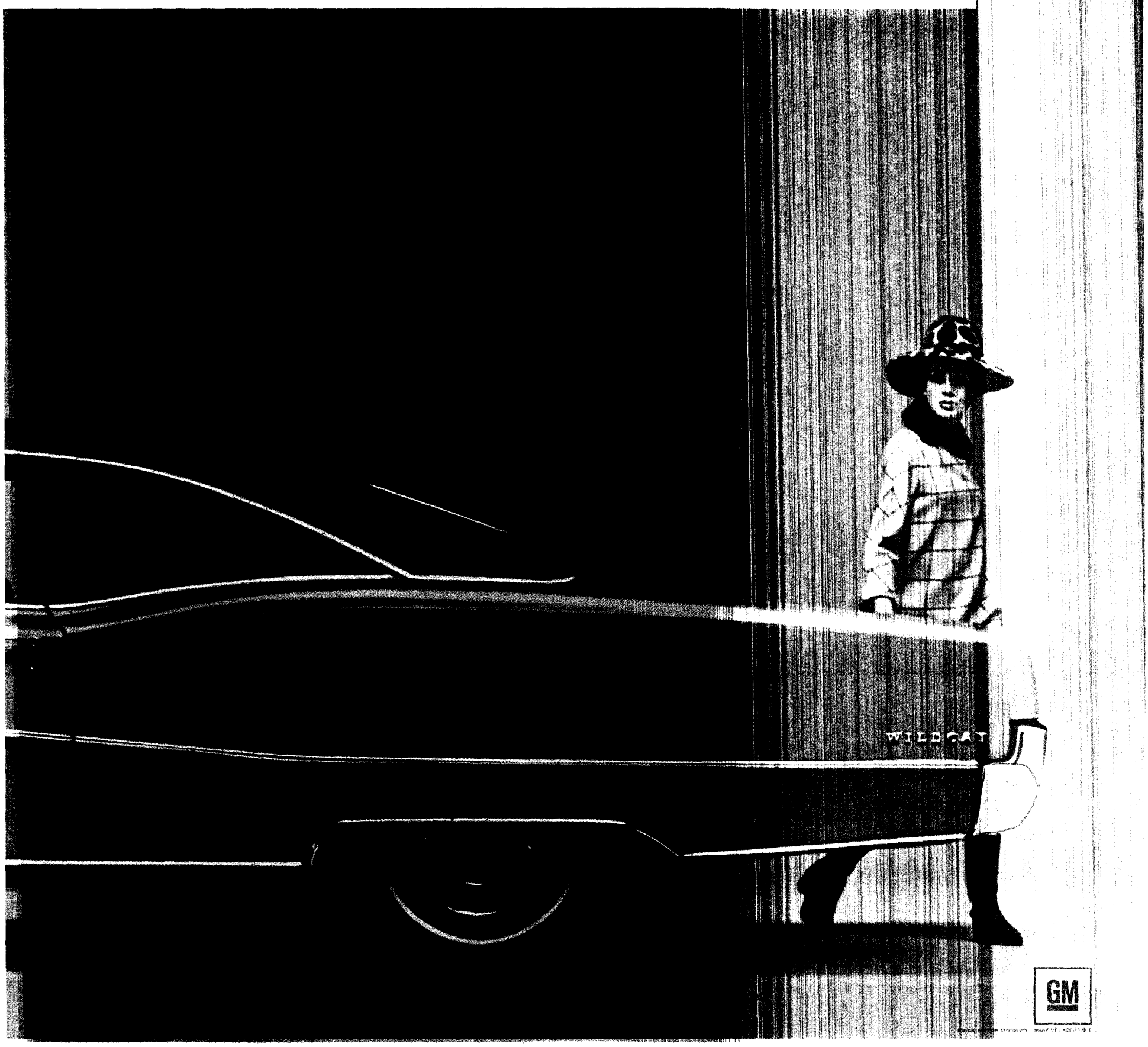


And the new dual master cylinder brake system with warning light. And the seat belts with push button release, front and rear, that come in every Buick. All standard.

And the attention shows in the hazard-warning flashers that come with every Buick, and the flexible coathooks, and the flat control knobs, with rounded edges, and all the touches that make a Buick a Buick.



This is a new year for the tuned car, and this Wildcat comes in with a 430-cu. in., 360-hp V-8 and Super Turbine automatic transmission. How easily can it be your Buick year? Ask your quality Buick dealer.



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New Marlboro Menthol Green

Now there are two—
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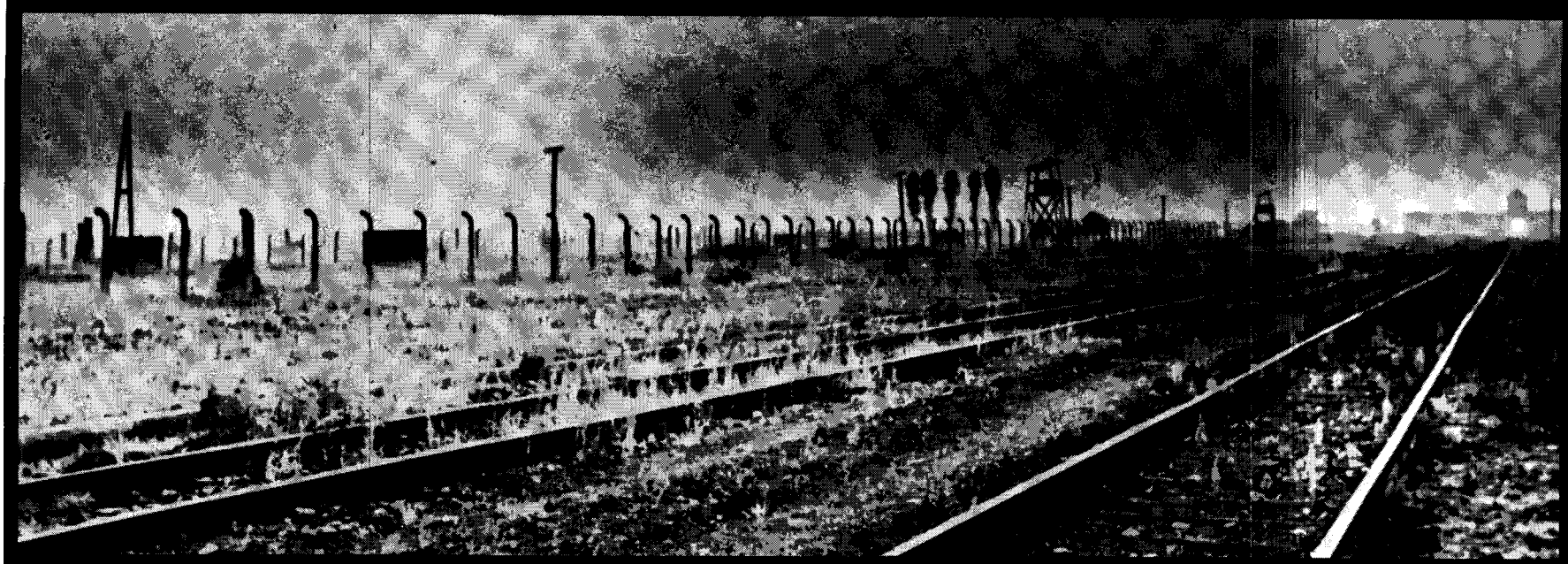
The Saturday Evening POST

THE WORST THAT EVER HAPPENED



The extermination camp of Auschwitz lies in bleak desolation beside railroad tracks that carried millions to their death.

It is known to this day as 'the holocaust,' the awful consequence of the awful idea that a great people could be put to death. There were many Nazi concentration camps, but the most monstrous of them all was Auschwitz. For a quarter of a century men have puzzled over how this horror could have happened, who was really guilty, how they could be punished. Finally, in Frankfurt, a German court tried to solve that puzzle, and here is a celebrated writer's account of the anguished attempt to judge a crime that is beyond judgment.

By Sybille Bedford

On December 20, 1963, there opened in the high court in Frankfurt, Germany, the trial of 22 former members of the staff of the concentration camp Auschwitz. The name on the record was *The Trial of Mulka & Others;* in history it will go down as the Auschwitz trial. It was the first large-scale case of its kind tried by Germans, before a German judge and jury; the charges were murder and collective murder.

There was snow on that first winter morning, and it was still dark outside. One did not know who was walking beside one in the street. A temporary court had been rigged in the town hall—the regular courtrooms were not large enough to hold the press—a tribune, benches and, for the accused, four rows of wooden school desks. Each desk bore a white cardboard square with a number: 1 to 22.

On an easel stood a board with a large plan, something between a map and an architectural print, which was to become grimly familiar to us throughout the months: It was the ground plan of 8,000 acres in southern Poland, KZ Auschwitz (Main Camp) and KZ Auschwitz II (Extermination Camp Birkenau). Nobody knows exactly how many people were killed at Auschwitz between 1940 and 1945. The estimates were between two million and four million dead.

By 8 A.M. the accused men began to file in. There is an intense desire to look at their faces; to see, to know, to find perhaps a key to deeds that most of us on this earth have heard about and are haunted by or try to belittle or forget or choose not to believe. A few of the men here look inscrutably ordinary; the faces of the rest are dreadful—pinched, closed, hard; carved by cruelty, brutality, vacuity.

Meanwhile the floor has filled with waves of lawyers in black robes; they are defense counsel, 18 of them, middle-aged men, for the most part, with reputations of considerable experience. One of them—a tall, theatrical figure—is Dr. Hans Laternser, who defended members of the Wehrmacht High Command at Nuremberg. Facing this massed defense corps, the forces of the prosecution, seated on a raised platform of their own, look frail and few. Four blond young men.

We rise and the judges walk in, followed by the jury, and take their places together on the tribune. Three judges and six jurors, three of them women, and at this stage they are still unknown quantities. The presiding judge, Hans Hofmeyer, swiftly opens with a brief ritual, and (after half a dozen defense lawyers have jumped up with motions on points of form) the first phase of the trial is under way. This—according to German criminal procedure—is the judge's examination of the accused.

A microphone and a single chair have been set out below the tribune.

Accused No. 1, Robert Mulka, former *SS-Obersturmführer* and Camp Adjutant, takes the floor. He is a silver-haired man of 68, dressed in pinstripe trousers and black coat, and he looks like a not undistinguished clergyman in mild distress.

"Please, sit down," says the judge.

Mulka is led through his life history, which, like all of their histories, is bound to that of our times. Born in Hamburg. Commercial training. Volunteered in First World War. 2nd Lieutenant. 1919: joined a Baltic formation "to fight Bolshevism." 1920: employed in an agency. Same year: sentenced to 8 months in prison for embezzlement. (Here he showed some agitation and protested his honor as a German officer.) Dismissed from the Army Reserve. 1931: founded his own import-export business. World War II: volunteered for the Waffen-SS. Sent to Auschwitz from early 1942 to March, 1943. Adjutant to Camp Commandant Rudolf Höss from May, 1942. 1945–48: interned by the British. Subsequently sentenced to 1½-year prison term for "knowledge of events at Auschwitz." Sentence quashed on appeal. Resumed his business career.

Mulka is married, has two children. He was

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'Did it never dawn on you that there was something wrong at Auschwitz?'

On trial (right), defendants sit beside their German guards in Frankfurt courtroom. Wilhelm Boger is in foreground; Viktor Capesius wears dark glasses.

Left (clockwise from top): Oswald Kaduk, Josef Klehr, Franz Hofmann and Stefan Baretzki, all accused of murder, said they only followed orders.

arrested, on the present charges, in 1960, and is now at liberty on bail of 50,000 marks ($12,500).

The charge is complicity in mass murder. It is alleged that in his capacity as adjutant he was instrumental in carrying out the Nazi extermination program: He was responsible for the construction of gas chambers, supply of poison gas, organization of transport.

He now denies that his functions at Auschwitz had been anything of the kind. He just sat in his office and did his paperwork. "It may sound unbelievable," he says, "but I never set foot inside the actual camp." (Mulka's fellow accused put on cynical grins.)

THE JUDGE: Did you ever make any attempts to find out about the sixty thousand human beings locked up in there? Did they have shelter? Did they have food? Was there a water supply?
MULKA: (*Compressing his lips spinsterishly*) I never heard of any complaints.
JUDGE: (*Suddenly stern*) Who was *able* to complain? *Whom* could they complain to?
MULKA: (*Remaining stubborn and cool*) No one was allowed inside. It was punished by death.
JUDGE: Did it never dawn on you that there was something very, very wrong at Auschwitz?
MULKA: I asked no questions. I was careful.
JUDGE: What did you do when people were beaten to death?
MULKA: It did not come to my knowledge. . . .
JUDGE: But *you* were supposed to be the right ear of the commandant?

MULKA: I did not enjoy the commandant's confidence.
JUDGE: Then why were you assigned as his adjutant?
MULKA: I have no answer to that.
JUDGE: How did your men live?
MULKA: Like all soldiers. Off duty they sang and played cards. We had a band. A magnificent band. [Recruited, it appears, from prisoners who had been in the Warsaw Philharmonic.] It played outside Villa Höss on Sunday mornings. And we had entertainments, a play or some sort of a show at least once every other week.
JUDGE: Herr Mulka, what did you think these camps were for?
MULKA: Protective camps. Where enemies of the Reich were being re-educated.
JUDGE: Did you see the lists with arriving prisoners' names? Did you know that some names had a black cross put against them?

Defendant Franz Lucas revisits Auschwitz during trial.

MULKA: I seem to recall that.
JUDGE: Did you know what the black cross meant?
MULKA: No.
JUDGE: It meant Return Undesirable. *Rückkehr Unerwünscht.* Did you know about the Black Wall? About the standing cells? The Gravel Pit? Block Eleven? Did you know that the rations were calculated to keep a man alive for a maximum of three months?
MULKA: No. No. No.
JUDGE: When you were working in Supply, did you ever request delivery of Jewish Resettlement Material, the code name for Zyklon-B gas?
MULKA: I, personally, never arranged for Resettlement Material.
JUDGE: Did you know there were gas chambers?
MULKA: (*Long silence*) Yes. But I had no occasion to speak about them.
JUDGE: Never to your commandant?
MULKA: Commandant Höss was a strange, unapproachable man. I avoided asking him questions.
JUDGE: Did you know that there was a standing rule that all children under sixteen were to be gassed with their mothers?
MULKA: I never saw any children.
JUDGE: And what did *you* think of the arrival of those thousands of people at the camp?
MULKA: (*Weakly, an old man not sure of his ground*) One wanted to liberate the Reich from the Jews.

Next came Karl Höcker, No. 2, who was Adjutant from May, 1944, until January, 1945. (Age 52. Elementary education. Unemployed 1930–32. Assistant cashier. Joined General-SS in 1933; Waffen-SS in 1939. Sent to a chain of concentration camps: Neuengamme, Majdanek, Auschwitz. Interned by

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British. Sentenced to 9 months by a German court in 1953. Obtained post as chief cashier; dismissed June, 1963. Currently living on unemployment relief. Married, two children.) The charge is complicity in mass murder. Höcker, too, is out on bail. He looks neither good nor bad, bright nor stupid, maintains he gave no orders, saw nothing, knew nothing. The judge asked him whether one of his duties had been the keeping of a secret diary.

HÖCKER: On principle, all decisions over the life and death of a prisoner came from the Führer, and all orders for executions or punishment were secret. I never read them. I merely entered their completion into the secret diary.
JUDGE: Did you ever have doubts as to the legality of such orders?
HÖCKER: Whatever came from the Reich Security Office was a lawful order.
JUDGE: Did you know that no one is obliged to obey a criminal order?
HÖCKER: I didn't study law.

He had no idea, Höcker presently tells the judge, that women and children had been killed "on purpose."

JUDGE: Then why did you think they were sent to Auschwitz?
HÖCKER: Well, we thought they were a public danger.
JUDGE: You believed that innocent children were killed in order to protect the public?
HÖCKER: Well, they were Jews.

The 22 defendants were not the men who created and ruled Auschwitz. Hitler and Himmler committed suicide at the end of the war, and Commandant Höss was hanged by the Poles in 1947. Richard Baer, the last commandant of Auschwitz, was finally found and arrested in December, 1960, but he died of heart disease while in custody, before this trial began. Of at least 6,000 men who worked at Auschwitz, many of whom have never been identified, there were only these 22 defendants. They fell roughly into two categories: The middlemen of death, the officers and administrators and doctors, who did their jobs by delegation, from behind their desks, keeping up an appearance of detachment; and the troopers, the ruffians, who did the dirty work with their own hands and did more of it than they were asked, and liked it. The most feared names were Boger, Hofmann, Kaduk, Baretzki, Klehr. And here is Wilhelm Boger, the No. 3 man, the SS investigator who invented the Boger Swing, a kind of trapeze that held the victim upside down while he was beaten, which, Boger boasted, kept the escape rate down (a model of the unspeakable thing is exhibited in court). He now refuses to speak himself. "My decision is unshakable," he declares self-importantly. His lawyers concur, "We have weighed the pros and cons most carefully."

Now another one stumps up to the tribune, clicks his heels, draws himself to attention, then grasps the microphone and begins to bellow, "I was sentenced to death by the Soviets! Proceedings against me here are illegal ——"

Judge Hofmeyer—who is beginning to reveal himself as a man of patience and authority—cuts quietly into the shouting. "We know about that, Herr Kaduk, and shall deal with it in due course Meanwhile we want to learn something about yourself."

The defendant's hysteria is punctured; he admits to being born in Silesia, primary education, 57 years old, butcher, fireman and male nurse by occupation. Volunteered for the SS in 1940? "Yessir!" "What were your reasons?" "Not political . . . politics don't interest me . . . the chess club . . . all the comrades were in the SS." He was put through a special Unterführer course, promoted and sent to Auschwitz. "Just like that?" asks the judge. "Had you applied?"

Kaduk says, "An order is an order, isn't it?" (The prosecution later produced evidence showing that assignment to concentration camps was highly selective.)

"And what were your functions there as block guard?"

Kaduk barks, "Quiet, order, cleanliness."

The charges against this man, Oswald Kaduk, are frightful. He is accused of trampling a young boy to death because he overslept; he is accused of throttling two elderly prisoners one night, when he was half drunk, by laying a walking stick across their throats and standing on the stick. Once the rope broke during an execution, and Kaduk was seen to flog the condemned man first, then hang him up again. Once more we have to ask, what does such a creature look like? Is there a special mark? Yes; up to a point. The face is sly, brutish, shut. But there are limits to what flesh and bone are able to convey.

Now Kaduk holds forth. "*I* had a breakdown. (*A laugh*) Why? If *you* had seen such things—I never drank as much in my whole life as I did at Auschwitz." It must not be thought that because the accused is not silenced that the bench is not in

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control. German legal procedure allows an accused man to have his own say in his own words; he is, in fact, allowed a good deal of rope.

"Why did the Russians sentence you to death in 1947?"

KADUK: (*Contemptuously*) This Auschwitz business. Former prisoners denounced me. [The sentence was commuted to 25 years' hard labor. Kaduk served 9 years in East Germany, then was released. Now he is off again]: . . the *inhuman* treatment . . . comrades died like flies . . . and now *we* are being reproached! I should have stayed in the East. They warned me. They'll persecute you in the West, they said to me. I chose the West—and bitterly regret it. I never dreamed of such injustice!

When he is asked about the crimes he is accused of, Kaduk, like Boger before him, stands on his legal right not to give evidence.

Franz Hofmann, a stoker, talks a good deal. A brother had been in the SS, so there was a spare uniform hanging in the closet. "I didn't have any expenses, see? I was unemployed." Hofmann was sent to Dachau in 1933, and, regularly and rapidly promoted, served in concentration camps for 12 years. "Let me tell you something, when my wife and children joined me at Auschwitz, I applied for domestic help and got permission to employ a prisoner. We had the girl to live with us. We gave her clothes (*impressive pause*). She was fed (*another pause*). Why, we treated her like a real, like a free, human being."

This Hofmann—57 years old—is already serving a life sentence for murder. Two murders, we learn, committed at Dachau. He is round-headed, double-chinned, stout and nervous. He looks like a low brute, a common thug, less crafty than Kaduk, and very stupid.

"The gas chambers were terrible, of course," he says easily. "But those who weren't gassed had a real chance to survive."

One by one, day after day, through those winter months, these nightmarish figures took the floor. Each one was asked if he would like a chair; all were given the *Herr* before their name; all were treated with detached politeness. Some killed by injecting disinfectant into human hearts, others by making people stand in freezing water, others operated the poison gas. Some used pistols or clubs or an empty bottle or their boots. Some are truculent or surly, some show themselves cooperative and brisk. Many are given to bureaucratically precise details about dates and figures. All are evasive as to their own part. Not one—so far—has shown a sense of proportion; there has been no sign of understanding or repentance, no spark of pity.

Yet it is through these men that the immeasurable suffering that was Auschwitz is taking on ever clearer and more unbearable shape Through Stefan Baretzki, No. 11, we get the sense of hunger. We knew about the impossibly low calories: Now this uncouth little German-Romanian with the rodent's face makes it real. Summer or winter, rain or snow, the prisoners stood for roll call in the yard at dawn; if the count didn't come out right they might have to stand for two hours, three hours, more; then they were marched to work. Marched for miles, on feet wrapped in rags, or bare feet in wooden clogs, to work a 12-hour day in stone quarry or gravel pit. For breakfast they had been given a mugful of brownish ersatz coffee. Bread? "No bread . . never bread in the morning . . . nothing solid not during the day . . . bread was at night after they got back [after another march, another roll call] . . . soup and bread . . . margarine sometimes." For the rest of the 24 hours: nothing.

Through another accused, Bruno Schlage—once warder in Block 11, now a janitor in civil life—we get confirmation of that fiendish invention, the standing cells. These cells were shaped like an upright coffin and so narrow that a man could just stand in them. There was no window and no door. Only a hole near the bottom through which the prisoner had to crawl in on all fours.

JUDGE: People did die there of exhaustion?
SCHLAGE: Not that I know of. Well, maybe somebody fainted now and then. . . .

Schlage is an old man with a game leg. His face is wooden. One of the prosecutors asked him, "Did it ever occur to you to make a prisoner's life a little easier for him?"

"No. I thought that someone might tell on me."

Through Dr. Franz Lucas, Defendant No. 14, we learn of still other things. Dr. Lucas, a gynecologist who joined the SS in 1937, is a heavy, middle-aged man, gray suit, gray hair, who moves slowly and speaks in a low, unhappy voice. He is the first of the defendants who does not speak the language of the oppressor. Sent to Auschwitz in 1943, "I was entirely unprepared . . . I remember the ghastly sight of the first prisoners . . . The overcrowding, the sanitary conditions were bestial. Everyone was seriously undernourished. There were people who suffered from a frightful disease called noma which only attacks patients whose resistance has sunk to the lowest point. This disease eats a hole into the

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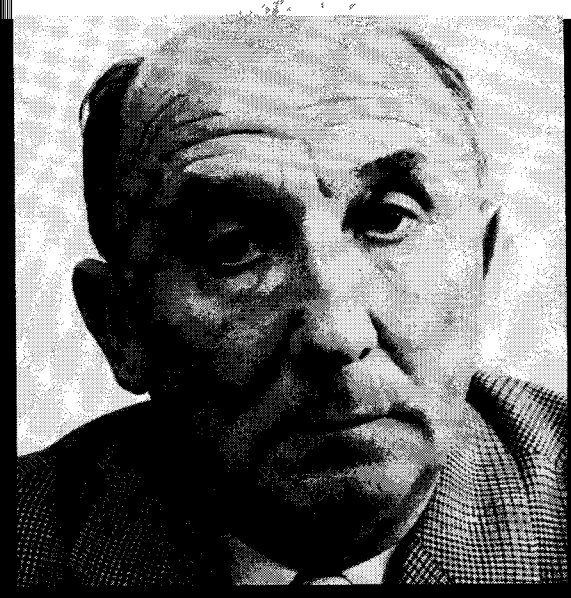
To keep the death list, seven typewriters clacked day and night.



Camp survivors (right, clockwise from top) Helene Goldmann, Nathan Jakubowitz, Ella Lingens and Emil Martini testified to murders they had witnessed.

Wartime photograph (left) shows arriving prisoners. Those judged fit to work stand at right; women, children and infirm men were led to the gas chambers.

cheeks so that one can see the teeth. I have never encountered it in civilian life.

"In the evening I was invited to drink a glass of schnapps with my colleagues. I was asked if I had any idea of what was going on at Auschwitz. Had I already heard of gas chambers? After I had been enlightened, I told them that as a physician it was my duty to preserve life, not to take it. I wrote to my superior officer; he answered that orders were orders, and besides, we were in the fifth year of war." Lucas then went to seek advice from the Bishop of Osnabrück, who happened to have been a schoolmate of his father's. "The bishop told me that an amoral order should not be obeyed, but that resistance should not go so far as to endanger one's own life."

Dr. Lucas is accused of complicity in collective murder by having carried out selections on the ramp, where arriving prisoners were divided into two groups—those who would work and those who would die. He denies the charge. He always avoided, he claims, going on duty when the transports came. "I faked stomach trouble, colics, that kind of thing." He was transferred to another camp and in 1945 was threatened by a German court-martial; with the help of a Norwegian, a former prisoner, he managed to escape and remain in hiding until the end of the war.

Another defendant who stands out from the pattern is Emil Bednarek, who was not a member of the Nazi elite but a prisoner himself. A Pole, by birth if not by language, he was arrested by the Gestapo on suspicion of belonging to the Polish resistance movement. The camp authorities made a practice of using prisoners of suitable mentality to act as their assistants; these were made block prefects, *capos*, and enjoyed considerable privileges—more food, no health-breaking work, power. *Capos* survived. They were usually recruited from professional criminals rather than from political prisoners. Bednarek, however, became a *capo*, and even by camp standards an exceptional one. He clubbed his wards to death, the charge sheet says, and made elderly, exhausted people do exercises until they collapsed and died. "Ridiculous," is his answer. "All lies."

Klehr—Josef Klehr, age 59, carpenter and male nurse—was head of the Gas Commando and a member of the SS Sanitary Corps.

JUDGE: What do you have to say to the charge that you pushed living people into an open fire? [Corpses, during one period, were burned in pits.]
KLEHR: Untrue.
JUDGE: There will be witnesses who will testify that you did.

Prisoners drag gassed inmates to open fire for cremation.

The judge speaks of two women, mother and daughter; one of them had been selected for the gas chamber, and they clung to each other, not wanting to be separated. Klehr was seen to make an end of it by coming up from behind and knocking both women into the fire pit. He denies this. He does admit that he administered a number of phenol (carbolic acid) injections "by order."

The prosecution exhibits a photocopy of a written demand for five kilograms (11 pounds) of *Phenolum purum, pro injectione*, signed by Klehr. A member of the court remarks that a prescription for phenol for injection must be pharmaceutically unique. The judge calculates: 5 kilograms=5,000 cubic centimeters=enough to stop the lives of 1,000 human beings.

Klehr's victims were hospital patients. During an epidemic or when the beds were getting full, there would be a selection. The doctors walked through the wards, and on their way out they simply left the registration cards of the superfluous on a table. Their names would be copied on a list and sent to the Political Division to be OK'd. In due course the list would be returned, accompanied by the completed individual death certificates. The cause of death entered on these certificates was changed every eight days. One week pneumonia; heart failure the next. All were signed by an M.D. Afterward the victims would be delivered up to the male nurses.

Klehr used to do his work in a room marked DOCTOR'S OFFICE. He sported a white coat he had had especially made. (*Continued on page 86*)

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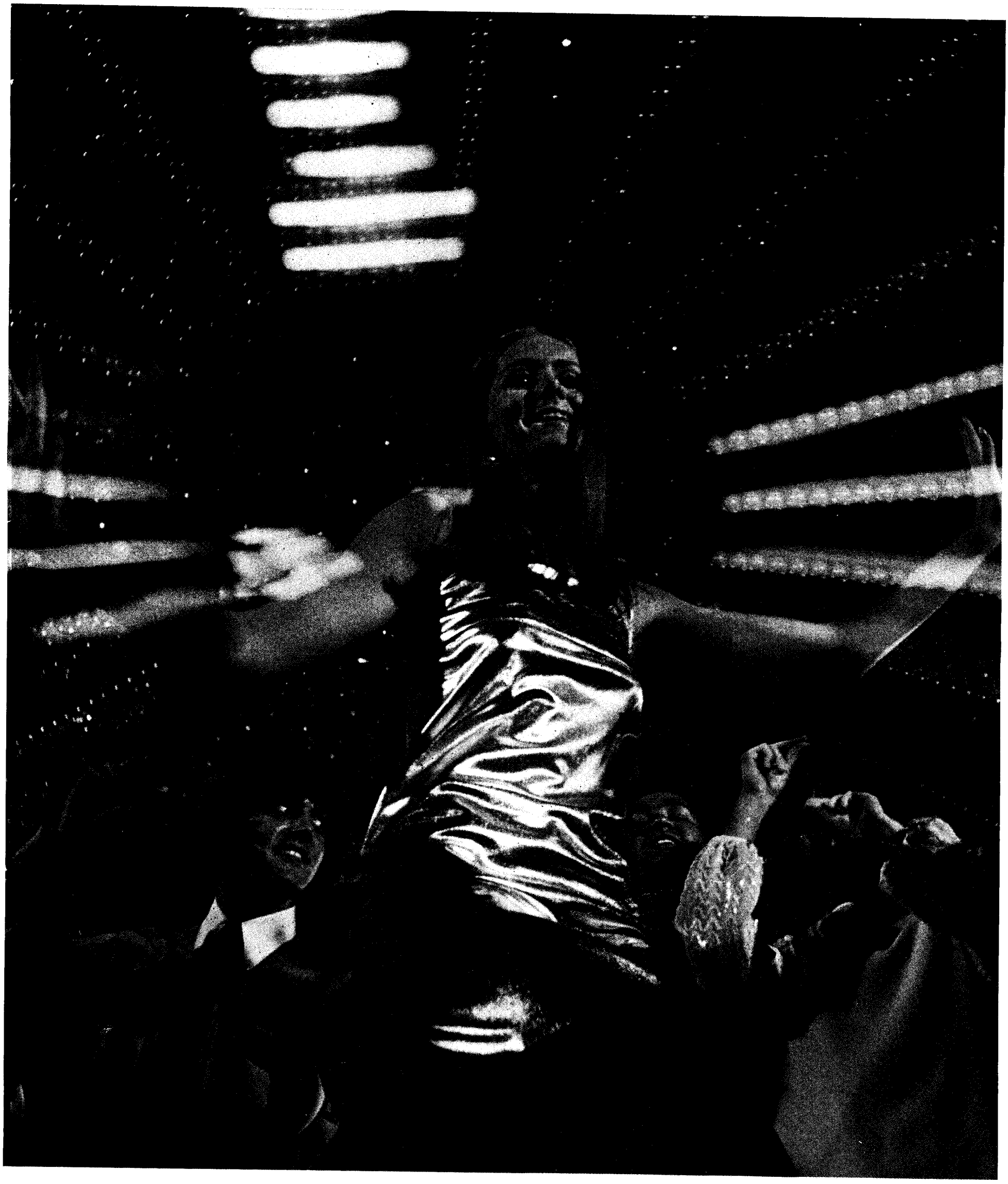

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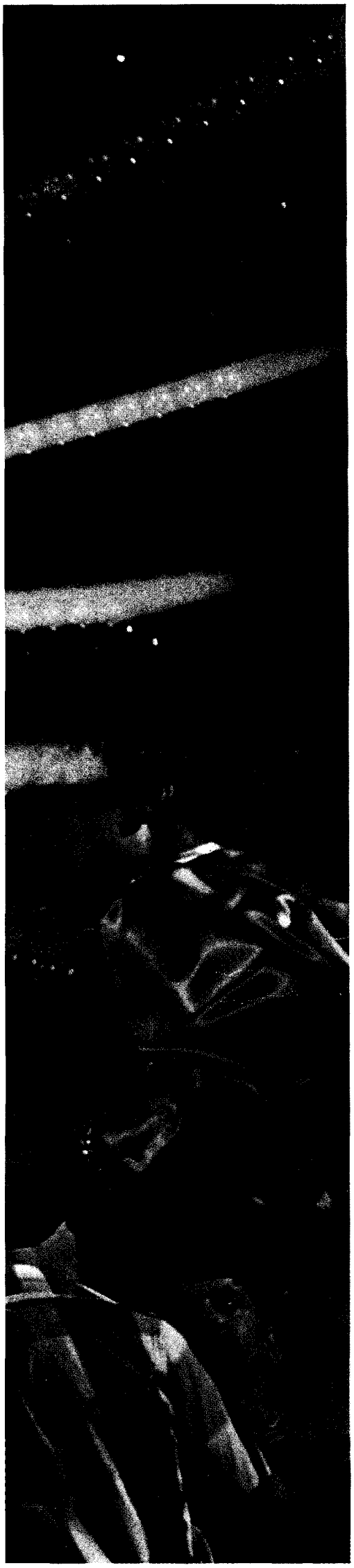

Totally with it, a blonde frugs under the lights at Cheetah, a huge, blasty new club in New York.

The new thing for swingers is the total-environment nightclub, where you can dance to flashing colored lights and movies, wear a fluorescent mini-skirt, see yourself on TV, and generally explode your mind.

A NIGHT ON THE WIGGY SCENE

By Thomas Meehan

Isn't this *wiggy?*" my wife Karen shrieked, gyrating furiously and shouting to be heard above an electronically amplified rock-'n'-roll group called the Yo-Yo's.

"Flippy!" I hollered back, leaping vigorously about in an approximation of the Jelly Belly, the latest teenage dance. We were in the thronged center of the dance floor at Cheetah ("It's *now*, it's *wow*, it's *kicky!*"), an enormous ballroom at Broadway and 53rd Street which is New York's newest "in" night spot. All around us some 1,500 fellow swingers, most of them in their late teens and early 20's, were writhing energetically, while 3,000 tinted lights flickered and flashed, 50 undulating vinyl sheets, hanging from the ceiling, reflected wildly all over the place, and something called a depth-perception machine projected seven-colored light patterns on the floor, the walls and the ceiling. I felt as though I were Jelly-Bellying inside a giant combination of a jukebox and a pinball machine.

Cheetah is a "total-environment" nightclub, a new-

Photographs by John Launois

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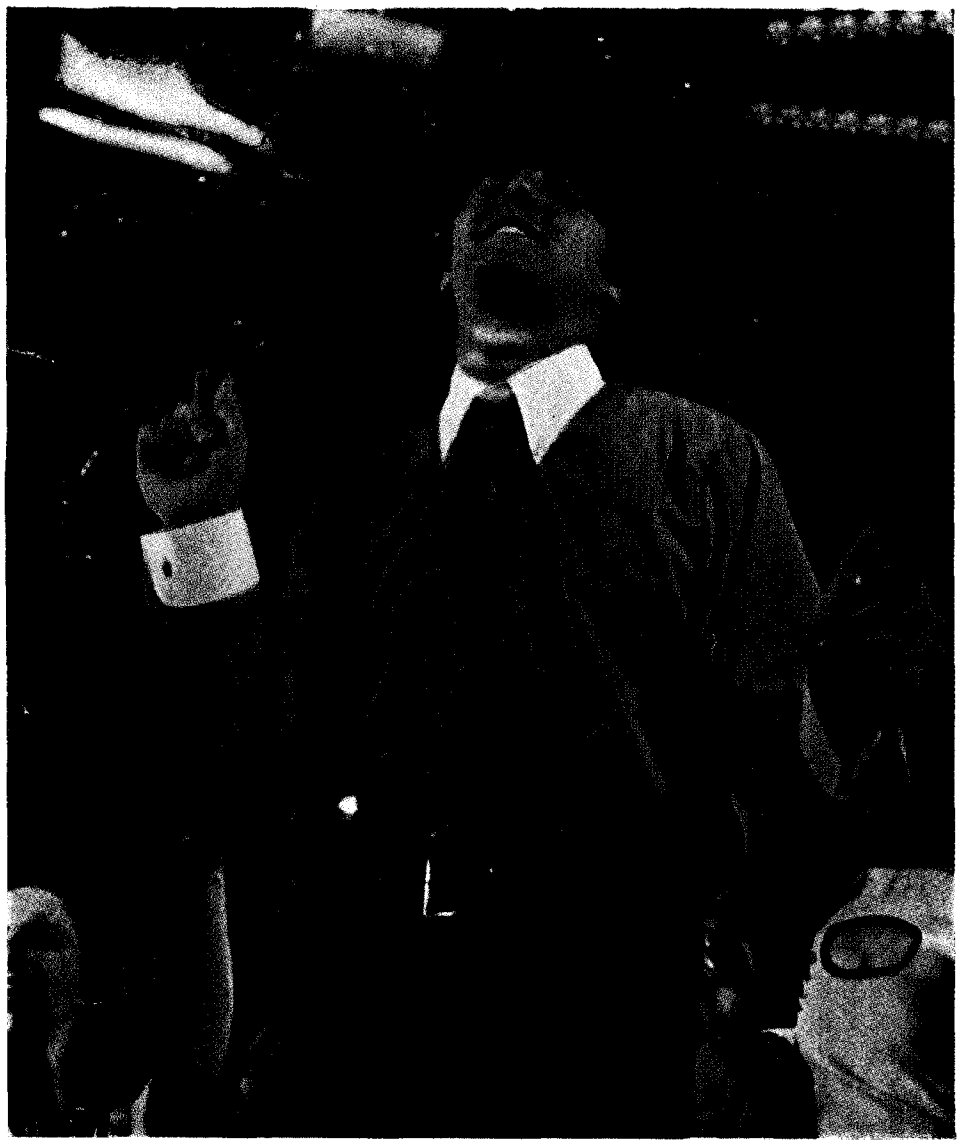
At one big New York club, a girl can sport the latest style by buying Mod clothes, for $



A Cheetah employee shows off the Carnaby Street look, imported from England.

THE WIGGY SCENE

style, nonalcoholic dance hall *cum* pleasure-dome where—in kaleidoscopic combinations that vary from club to club—flashing lights, movies, slides, closed-circuit TV, colored smoke and deafening rock 'n' roll are frantically combined to simulate the feelings one supposedly has after taking a psychedelic drug, like LSD. I've never done that, but I felt I was getting into the spirit of the thing. At least I was getting dizzy. I managed to flag down Karen, and we took a break at one of the tables.

I was visiting T-E clubs at the invitation of my brother Jack, who, at 24, is 10 years my junior and thus a member of a different generation—the "Take-Over Generation," or "New Kids," who invented T.E. Cheetah was to be the first stop on my tour.

Total-environment, or mixed-media or multi-media, nightclubs, I had already learned, made their appearance in New York late last winter and started a trend that has spread rapidly all over the country. In New York City alone there are now a half dozen such places. The World, on Long Island, has been set up inside a converted airplane hangar at Roosevelt Field, accommodating 3,000 dancers, flashing lights and 21 movie screens which simultaneously show 21 different movies—everything from underground films to newsreel clips of the Miss Teen-age America contest to live color-TV shots of The World patrons themselves. At Le Bison, a private club in Chicago, the special attraction is a psychedelic light painting called the Translator. In Los Angeles you have the Groove Corps ("Psychedelic Treats and Trips"). Before LSD was made illegal, Groove Corps customers were served a beverage called Electric Kool Aid—reportedly Kool Aid spiked with small amounts of LSD. In San Francisco, at the Fillmore, a group called the Jefferson Airplane wails out "psychedelic-trip songs." Scores of other T-E clubs are being planned, including branches of Cheetah in Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Montreal, Mexico City and London.

Clothes, of course, are part of any total environment, and Cheetah has insured that its clientele will be properly dressed by setting up its very own boutique, right inside the entrance. The shop is run by a Swedish model named Lillemor Roy, and it features $15 mid-thigh-length Mod shifts, purple corduroy pantsuits, green suede jackets and red plastic helmets. The boutique has been a smashing success, and it has become the habit of a number of restless young New York women to show up at Cheetah in ordinary garb, check into the boutique, and then go storming onto the dance floor in glittering red vinyl space-age outfits for their pseudo-psychedelic experience.

"Right now, the girls who buy my kookier clothes wear them only here or maybe to a far-out party—to turn people on," Lillemor Roy said recently. "That is, they're not yet wearing the clothes to school or to work. In London, though, the girls wear the maddest things everywhere, and I think that this is soon going to happen here. The whole teen-age and campus fashion scene is going to go wilder this fall and winter than even *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* ever dreamed of."

What had lured me, a comfortable, old-hat married man, to this swinging scene was an intriguing handbill sent to me by Jack, a Greenwich Village painter, who had offered to take me and Karen on a night of orientation. "Come to Rock Flow and blast your hang-ups away!" the handbill had exhorted us. "Cheaper than analysis! Safer than LSD! A Rock Flow is a controlled environment, a time-space, a magic universe theater that bombards you with so many flippy exploding beautiful things to see hear touch taste sense that you have to go with it, you have to have a blast! A Rock Flow is fun! Come be young, chase polka dots, live fairy tales, dance, laugh, explode, look, listen . . . all the arts in one!"

Since Karen and I live in a wildly uncontrolled environment in the country in Connecticut, we had accepted eagerly.

The last time I had seen Jack he had crewcut hair and an Ivy League suit, and I was unprepared for his appearance. His hair was halfway to his shoulders, and he was decked out in a blue corduroy Dutch-boy cap, a polka-dot shirt, a red vinyl vest, a tight-fitting set of black-and-white bell-bottom trousers and a pair of Cuban-heeled cowboy boots. He said this was the Carnaby Street look, from England. His date, a blond model named Gretchen, was wearing something that she called a Betsey Johnson pantsuit—a light-reflecting silver motorcycle jacket with purple crepe evening pants.

At Cheetah, having paid four dollars to get in, I discovered that similarly far-out Mod getups, including aluminum wigs, plastic helmets, vinyl dresses and mini-skirts, were the uniform of the day. Feeling virtually mid-Victorian in her knee-length basic black, Karen had fled into the boutique, to emerge a few minutes later in a skimpy flower-printed Mod shift. The dress had set me back $15, but I had to concede that she looked smashing. Meanwhile, trying to get into the spirit of things, I had loosened my Countess Mara tie, and we had made a quick tour of the environment. We discovered that Cheetah serves soda pop at 25 cents, 40-cent wedges of pizza and 50-cent hot dogs, and also offers Scopitone (a jukebox with pictures), TV and continuous showings of underground movies in a tiny second-floor theater. After our first bout of stomping, we took a breather at the underground movies, watching a 12-minute film of a man shaving.

"Hey, come on, it's time to leave," whispered Jack at around 1 A.M., as a movie starring a pair of pliers was coming on.

"Leave?" I said. "I don't want to leave. I'm going back to perfect my Jelly Belly."

"You can perfect your Jelly Belly downtown," he said. "We're going to Harout's in Greenwich Village—to the Rock Flow."

In the cab on the way to the Village, Jack filled me in on Rock Flows, which, like Cheetah, use the total-environment technique, but for more serious artistic effect. "Traditional art forms, like painting, the theater, movies, music, even TV and radio, are reacted to passively," he explained. "Looking at a Cézanne or seeing *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is, after all, only a vicarious experience. Millions of Americans have been going through their lives having nothing but vicarious experiences—huddled in front of TV sets watching *What's My Line?* In the total-environment nightclub, one is an active part of the art, one's movements contribute to the over-all artistic effect. Just as in life or in dreams, you are at the center of things, and everything is happening around *you*. This is no fad—it's too early to say, but inter-media could be the twentieth century's most important contribution to art."

When the cab arrived at Harout's, on Waverly Place, I eagerly led our party down a flight of precipitous steps into a dank, low-ceilinged room where, after paying two dollars apiece, we found the Rock Flow in full swing, as a raucous rock-'n'-roll group called the Insanities was clanging away at "You can't get no satisfaction." At least I believe they were; none of us could actually see the Insanities, because the room was filled with colored smoke which billowed out of a pair of

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nd up, right on the premises.

theatrical fog machines and was turned alternately red, blue, green and purple by a battery of moving spotlights placed around the edges of the room. The clothes were even wilder than they'd been at Cheetah. Gretchen pointed out Botticelli halter dresses, Mary Quant corduroy pant-suits and Tiger Morse fluorescent-taffeta shifts, all worn without self-consciousness. The Insanities aside, the Rock Flow reminded me of a dream sequence in a 1940's Technicolor musical—I half expected Cyd Charisse to come slithering out of the fog. The several dozen participants were bumbling into each other like pedestrians in a pea-soup London fog, and the manufactured smoke had a peculiar reek to it, like smog, causing a certain smarting of the eyes. Everyone seemed nonetheless to be having an enormously good time. If there is any one trait that characterizes the New Kids, I reflected, it's their enthusiasm, their capacity for enjoying themselves. I'd almost never before seen an American nightclub crowd having such a free-and-easy good time as everyone at Cheetah and the Rock Flow was obviously having.

"It's, like, a different universe," cried one young lady, doing the Watusi at my elbow. "I mean, like, a Rock Flow frees you from your hang-ups—you're able just to have—well, fun!"

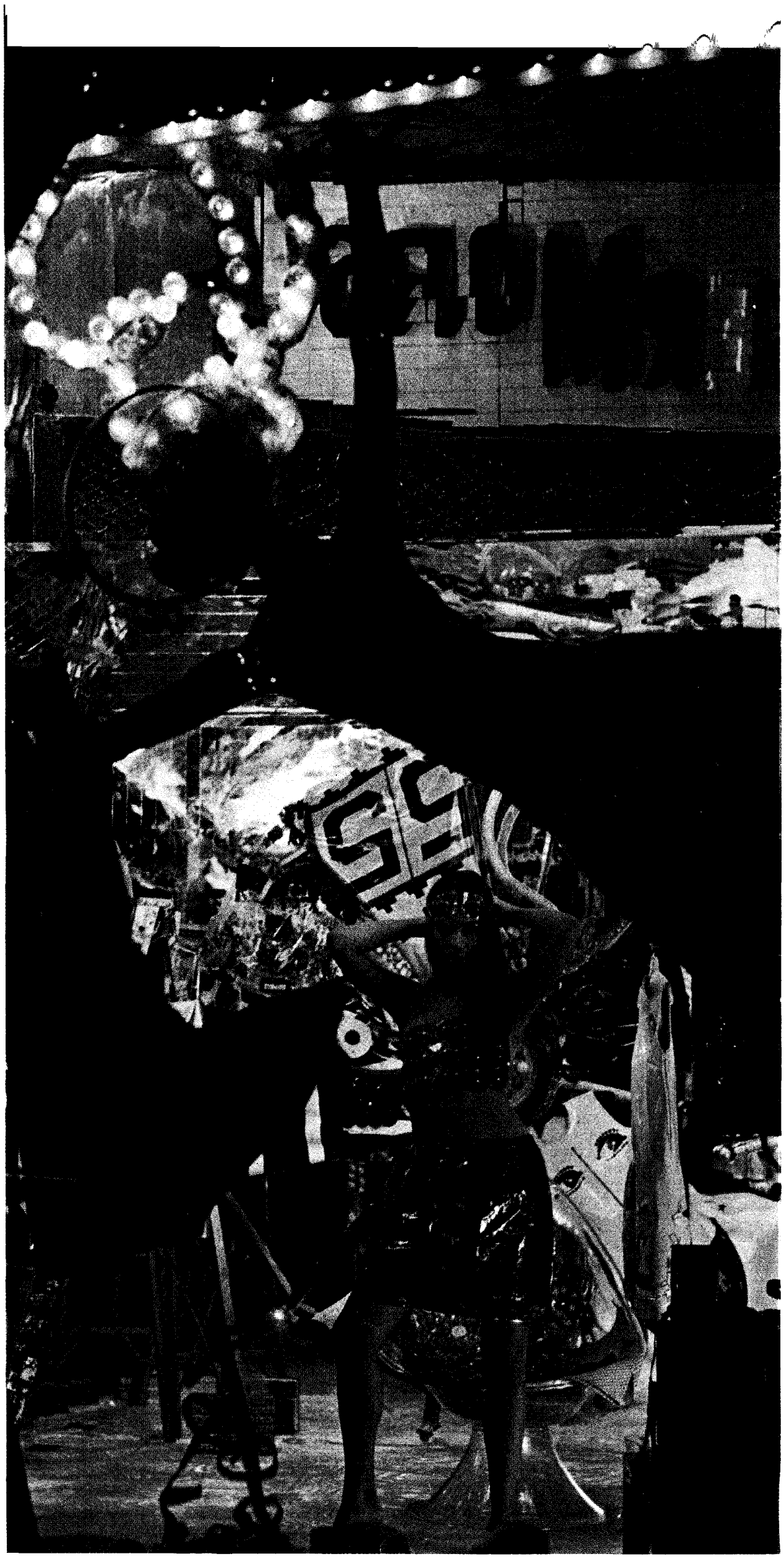
"So, let's swing!" I announced, and grabbing for Karen's arm, I danced wildly away. Ten minutes later, as the purple fog momentarily lifted, I saw that my dancing partner wasn't Karen at all. It was a hefty, lantern-jawed redhead, wearing a skimpy outfit and looking like Flash Gordon's girl friend. The getup consisted of brightly colored iridescent plastic discs strung together on wires and hung on her considerable frame by silvered chains, and the dress was topped off with a crimson plastic helmet. Gretchen, dancing nearby with what I took to be Jack, informed me that the outfit was the work of a far-out French designer named Paco Rabanne. The helmet, she said, was Rabanne's trademark.

"Well, pardon me for living," said the redhead huffily, jangling off into the fog when I told her I'd been under the impression that she was my wife. I found Karen swinging with a hawk-nosed post-adolescent who she'd thought was me.

Around 2:30 A.M. we took a coffee break in the smokeless and relatively serene restaurant above the Rock Flow, and Jack introduced me to Harvey Kramer, a 25-year-old Village painter who is the originator of Rock Flows. I asked Kramer to explain the difference between a Rock Flow and other T-E clubs, and he eagerly obliged.

"Basically, The World, Cheetah and others like them are old-fashioned dance halls using the psychedelic thing as a come-on," he said. "In the first place, they're too big. To get a genuine psychedelic effect, the art must be practiced in a fairly small, enclosed area, where the participant is entirely surrounded by conflicting media." Kramer said that he puts on his Rock Flows at Harout's only once a month or so, but that he was soon to do special Rock Flows for the Jewish Museum, for a pop-culture show at Lincoln Center, and for a Village sequence in an M-G-M movie. "Any number of theatrical producing companies have approached me about taking Rock Flow companies on the road," he said in a conspiratorial whisper, flashing the nervous smile of someone who sees big-time success just around the corner. "That is, you see, we'll go into a discothèque or nightclub, set up our fog machines and other equipment, and put on a Rock Flow—with

At The Teeny Weeny, a boutique featuring "man-made fibers," a girl tries on bust shield and vinyl mini-skirt.



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'This is no fad. This may be our century's most important contribution to art.'

In a satirical sequence on dictators, at L'Oursin on Long Island, slides of Julius Caesar and Juan and Eva Perón are flashed on to song SWEET TALKIN' GUY.

THE WIGGY SCENE

maybe three groups touring at once, we'll hit every major town in the country, especially college towns, where Rock Flows should go big."

The evening's Rock Flow, Kramer said, had been one of his most successful, but he still wasn't satisfied with the environment. "The ideal place to stage a Rock Flow," he said, a visionary gleam in his eye, "would be inside a small gasoline-storage tank, like one of those tanks you see along highways in northern New Jersey. Like, that's what I'd call total environment—the sound and the smoke and the lights in there would be crazy. Art."

"Hey, we're moving on!" Jack announced. "There's a party at Bob Goldstein's Lightworks."

"Moving on?" I said. "It's after three-thirty. Everything is closing."

"Not the Lightworks," Jack said. "It's a private setup in an apartment—it goes all night."

In the cab Jack told me that Goldstein was a 30-year-old songwriter who had turned the living room of his bachelor apartment into an experimental laboratory for inter-media art, where, once a week or so, he gave all-night Lightworks parties. In fact, although there was some dispute over the matter, Goldstein appeared to be the inventor of inter-media art. A little before 4 A.M. we arrived at a highly unfashionable address on Christopher Street, and after climbing up a long, narrow flight of stairs, we entered Goldstein's apartment. In a darkened, high-ceilinged room about 35 feet long, 20 or so Mod-Carnaby Street couples were dancing to the overpowering hi-fi sound of the Supremes singing *My World Is Empty Without You* while hundreds of colored lights were flashing all over the room. Instead of having all the media going haphazardly, Goldstein programs his effects to keep emotional time to the music, so that when *My World Is Empty Without You* was on, the movies and slides were projecting images of lamenting women on two screens. A Technicolor movie of a go-go dance scene was being projected on a third screen; something called a light organ was changing colors and becoming brighter or dimmer according to the mood of the music; and overhead a rotating crystal ball, of the sort one used to see years ago at summer-resort dance halls, was showering multicolored polka dots all over everything.

These changes were being programmed by a wild-eyed young man fiddling frantically with several rows of knobs on something that resembled the control panel of a jet. Wearing a white duster with the words "Bob Goldstein's Lightworks" stitched in red on the back, he was doing a nervous, shuffling dance to the music, and he reminded me of a mad scientist in an old Wolf Man movie. He turned out to be Bob Goldstein himself, at the controls of what he calls his Tower of Power.

Unlike Cheetah or the Rock Flow, the Lightworks was tranquilizing, hypnotic, almost dreamlike. From the Supremes, the hi-fi—accompanied by the slides, film and changes in light—went on to Rodgers and Hart, *Hello, Dolly!* and Brahms,

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although everyone nevertheless kept grinding away at contemporary dances.

About 5 A.M. Goldstein took a break from the Tower of Power to have a fast ginger ale in his kitchen and told me that he'd started the Lightworks about a year and a half ago merely as a hobby. He had written an enormously successful folk-Dixie song titled *Washington Square*, and he put his profits, more than $15,000, into an elaborate hi-fi system, lighting equipment, automatic slide projectors and movie projectors, saving money by making do with Christmas-tree bulbs, dozens of extension cords, and window shades that served as movie screens. For months Goldstein experimented with what he thought might be a new entertainment/art medium. Then, about 10 months ago, he had started giving weekly Lightworks parties, inviting all sorts of people, whether he knew them or not. The parties became New York's most "in" events of the season, attended by people like Stephen Sondheim, Mike Nichols and Eugenia Sheppard. A couple of months after he gave his initial party, Goldstein said, the first total-environment nightclubs began to open in New York, all using many of Goldstein's techniques and all started by people who had been visitors to the Lightworks. One of those who had been an early guest, claimed Goldstein, was Andy Warhol, the king of Pop Culture. It was Warhol who opened history's first total-environment dance hall, called the Exploding Plastic Inevitable, in New York's East Village.

"Since I don't charge admission, I've been losing stacks of money on the Lightworks," Goldstein said. "But now I'm getting commercially into inter-media." This summer he moved his Lightworks setup into L'Oursin, a discothèque in Long Island's super-chic Southampton, and his shows were the hit of the season. "Now I'm about to convert the Garrison, one of New York's most popular discothèques, into a Lightworks club. And I'm planning to send Lightworks units on the road, mainly to play one-night stands, like college proms." But, Goldstein said, commercial clubs like Cheetah and The World are giving the new form a bad name. "An inter-media performance shouldn't be a shattering assault on the senses," he said. "It should create inner tranquillity, happiness, a sense of floating and being joyously out-of-self."

Goldstein went back to the Tower of Power, and I went back to my Jelly Belly, but a few minutes later the music was cut off and Goldstein quietly let it be known that, since it was 6 A.M., the Lightworks was officially closed for the night.

We filed downstairs to find that it was almost daylight outside. The New Kids hailed a cab, but, still feeling full of energy, Karen and I decided to walk to our hotel, a distance of 50 blocks, and we set off hand in hand singing a medley of the WMCA Good Guys' top hits. The dawn was coming up across the East River, pink light played on the Empire State Building and early-morning delivery trucks honked and jostled here and there. "It's T.E., baby," I whispered softly. "And we're happening."

"Wow," Karen said. □

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Conclusion

LYNDON B. JOHNSON:
The Exercise of Power

By ROWLAND EVANS AND ROBERT NOVAK

Jubilant over his landslide victory, the new President faces the twin problems of war abroad and revolt at home.

By the spring of 1964, a half year after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson was well advanced in his plans to run for President and to prove, once and for all, that the nation would give him the awesome power of the Presidency on his own, that he really deserved the office that had fallen to him through the vagaries of politics and an assassin's bullet. But in that spring he still searched for some way to symbolize his Administration with the kind of catchy slogan that had been so helpful to other Presidents in the past—Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal, Harry Truman and the Fair Deal and Jack Kennedy and his New Frontier.

For a while, the slogan "Better Deal" popped up in a few of the President's speeches, but it did not take hold. The absence of a slogan was symptomatic of Johnson's failure at that time to achieve a distinctive post-New Frontier image for his Administration. And until he did this, his full power as President would be incomplete.

Johnson's most important collaborator in finding both a slogan and an image was, ironically, not an old Johnson hand at all but a young man who epitomized the New Frontier. Precocious, impudent and iconoclastic, Richard Goodwin had taken his law degree at Harvard in 1958, clerked for Justice Felix Frankfurter, served as an investigator in the 1959 House hearings on television-quiz scandals, and written speeches in the 1960 campaign for Sen. John F. Kennedy before emerging as Latin American policymaker, first at the White House and then at the State Department.

Called upon in March to draft a speech for Johnson, Goodwin wrote of the challenge for America to resolve such problems as the poverty hidden beneath middle-class prosperity, and to move forward not just toward a rich and powerful society but to the "great society"—a phrase and a concept frequently discussed by social theoreticians of the past half century.

Johnson did not deliver the Goodwin speech, but he never forgot its key phrase. On April 23 he told a Democratic fund-raising dinner in Chicago: "We have been called upon—are you listening?—to build a great society of the highest order, a society not just for today or tomorrow, but for three or four generations to come." During the next month Johnson mentioned the "great society" in 16 separate speeches and statements.

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Lyndon Johnson had found his slogan, but it was not recognized as such until Goodwin wrote the President's May 22 speech for the University of Michigan graduation exercises. It began by saying:

Your imagination, your initiative and your indignation will determine whether we build a society where progress is the servant of our needs or a society where old values and new visions are buried under unbridled growth. For in your time we have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society, but upward to the Great Society.

The Great Society rests on abundance and liberty for all. It demands an end to poverty and racial injustice, to which we are totally committed in our time. But that is just the beginning.

The Great Society is a place where every child can find knowledge to enrich his mind and to enlarge his talents. It is a place where leisure is a welcome chance to build and reflect, not a feared cause of boredom and restlessness. It is a place where the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community. . . .

But most of all, the Great Society is not a safe harbor, a resting place, a final objective, a finished

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work. It is a challenge constantly renewed, beckoning us toward a destiny where the meaning of our lives matches the marvelous products of our labor.

The Great Society was not simply what Dick Goodwin's words prophesied. Like the New Deal and the New Frontier, it was the badge of *this* particular President and *this* particular Administration, of the uninhibited Johnsonian style, of the restless quest for new ways in which to use the presidential power, of the search for consensus, of Government programs made by Johnson, as distinguished from those inherited from Kennedy. And of those programs, none was so much a symbol of the Great Society as the War on Poverty.

The general outline of the anti-poverty program had been planned by Kennedy, but he had been hesitant about confronting a rebellious Congress with a new proposal that had undergone no gestation period. For that reason (as well as the need for budgetary restraint to create the proper atmosphere to cut taxes) Administration officials thought that the anti-poverty proposals would be included in the Kennedy program for 1964 but would not be pressed very hard. Rather, they were to become a major talking point in the 1964 campaign. Johnson, moreover, soon became enthusiastic about the anti-poverty program. He began looking at the plan as potentially *his* program, quite distinct from the programs inherited from John F. Kennedy under the transition pledge of "Let Us Continue."

On paper the poverty program had all the right political ingredients. It coincided with Johnson's visceral sympathy for the problems of the poor. Yet, as he envisioned it, the poverty program was scarcely revolutionary. It could be sold to the business community as a sensible step toward building the Great Society, with abundance—including profits—for all.

In his State of the Union Address on January 8, Johnson told Congress:

This administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America. I urge this Congress and Americans to join with me in that effort.

It will not be a short or easy struggle, no single weapon or strategy will suffice, but we shall not rest until that war is won.

Such well-meant but high-flown rhetoric continued through much of the year, exciting vast expectations of help among the poor—particularly the impoverished Negro in the slums of the big cities. But Johnson's War on Poverty was more a slogan, a concept, a laudable desire than a carefully structured plan of action.

The package consisted of measures to set up various programs—the Job Corps, for example—intended to train, educate and, in general, raise the living standards of poor Americans. Johnson insisted that this package be passed by Congress before the 1964 election, and he employed every technique of pressure to rush its passage, for this was *his* bill, not Jack Kennedy's. He needed it now, in the summer of 1964, to put the Great Society imprint on the Administration and to dramatize his consolidation of power.

Passage in the Senate was no problem, but a close vote loomed in the less pliable House in the first week of August. Republican congressmen from Pennsylvania were incredulous when Stuart Saunders, board chairman of the Pennsylvania Railroad, personally telephoned them to solicit support for the poverty bill. President Johnson, of course, was the voice behind Saunders's voice. He had recruited a powerful phalanx of industrialists, businessmen and newspaper editors to telephone reluctant congressmen and urge them to vote for the poverty program. None of these amateur lobbyists had the vaguest idea of the highly debatable contents of the program, but Johnson had convinced them that something, *anything*, must be passed in this field.

In his furious lobbying for votes, Johnson did not even hesitate to turn against one of the chief planners of the program in order to get it passed by Congress. The planner was Adam Yarmolinsky, an exceedingly able but abrasive and tough liberal intellectual who had left his job as special assistant to Secretary of Defense McNamara to work on the plan with Sargent Shriver, President Kennedy's brother-in-law and the head of the Peace Corps, who had been put in charge of the program. Although Yarmolinsky had impeccable anti-Communist credentials, he had been the victim for years of a vicious right-wing smear charging him with being a subversive. During the crucial week of debate on the bill in the House, a kangaroo court on Yarmolinsky was held in the office of Speaker John McCormack. With Shriver present, conservative Democrats from North and South Carolina delivered an ultimatum: They would vote "no" on the key vote the next day unless they had absolute assurance that Yarmolinsky would be excluded from any part of the new program's administration.

Yarmolinsky, who was the administrative dynamo behind Shriver, was slated to be Deputy Director of the new Office of Economic Opportunity. But Shriver, at the congressmen's insistence, made a phone call to Johnson, and the President then and there agreed to sacrifice Yarmolinsky to get the votes. After the bill was passed, 226-184, Johnson refused even to admit that Yarmolinsky had ever worked on the program.

On August 15 during a press conference in the White House Rose Garden, after two newspaper columns by these authors had appeared recounting the whole sordid business—Johnson asserted: "Mr. Yarmolinsky is employed by the Defense Department. . . . No one, to repeat, to emphasize, no one at any time, any place, anywhere, suggested to me anyone for any of these places [in the anti-poverty program]. The first information that I had that Mr. Yarmolinsky was, in effect, appointed to one of these places that did not exist was the columnist rumor that you talked about. . . . We [do not] plan to make any assignment because some columnists think we ought to."

Yarmolinsky was only one of many sacrifices that Lyndon Johnson was willing to make to secure the first big bill of the Great Society. The excruciating problems of exactly how the poor could best and most systematically be lifted from the rut of poverty were glossed over in the mad rush to put a program on paper and hurry it through Congress. The high priority on quick approval subverted intelligent debate in Congress, which might have improved the program. But even more significantly, the President seemed willing to mortgage the future by planting among the poor hopes and expectations of such magnitude that they could not be met.

Yet these sacrifices did produce results of considerable value. The scope of the poverty program passed by Congress exceeded any level that could have been adopted in 1964 under Kennedy. Public awareness of poverty in the United States, virtually nonexistent a year earlier, was now pervasive. But most important, Johnson had made the War on Poverty part of the national consensus. It was not only bad politics but quite immoral to question the propriety of the Government's attack on poverty. And finally, the poverty program indelibly stamped the imprint of Johnson's Great Society on the Government.

In the presidential election year of 1964, what soon came to be known in the Johnson White House as The Bobby Problem commanded more attention and consumed more energy and raw emotion than any other single concern of state. It *was* a matter of state, transcending the old and deepening conflict of personality between Lyndon B. Johnson and Robert F. Kennedy. In his heart Johnson regarded Bobby Kennedy as the one possible obstacle to his complete take-over of the Democratic Party, and unless he could assume control of the party in his own right and on his own terms, he could not feel secure in exercising the full powers of the Presidency.

Johnson made no secret of his determination to cut down Bobby Kennedy. Bobby stirred more controversy and engendered less affection than did his older brother, and ran well behind the new President in simplistic Gallup Poll competition. But Bobby was the symbol now of the emotion and sentimentality that swept the country after Dallas. He was custodian of the Kennedy dream.

The President spent hour after hour discussing The Bobby Problem in the early months of 1964. If he took Bobby Kennedy on the presidential ticket with him, he told friends, his Presidency

(Left) Democratic nominees Johnson and Humphrey, with their wives and (center) Mrs. Hubert Humphrey III, salute delegates at the 1964 convention in Atlantic City.

(Right) Nose to nose in apparent amity, President and Bobby Kennedy discuss latter's campaign for the Senate.

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Johnson himself selected the targets for bombing in North Vietnam.

IT'S THE SAME STRUGGLE
VICTORY IN VIETNAM
UNCONDITIONAL WITHDRAWAL OF ALL AMERICAN TROOPS
VIETNAM WATTS IT'S THE SAME STRUGGLE
L.B. HITLER
GUILTY 1964
U.S. TROOPS OUT OF SANTO DOMINGO

Parade down New York's Fifth Avenue in March, 1966, began as protest of Johnson's Vietnam policy but also showed signs of displeasure on Santo Domingo, Watts.

would become a transitory episode between two Kennedys. He rejected that out of hand. He wanted a Great Society Administration, a Johnson Administration. "I don't want to get elected because of the Kennedys," Johnson told a member of the Irish Mafia in the spring of 1964. "I want to get elected on my own. That's a perfectly normal feeling, isn't it?"

Could Johnson arbitrarily exclude Bobby Kennedy without provoking a revolt fueled by the emotions that welled up from Dallas? The answer was: Of course he could. But Johnson was uncertain. He conjured up one picture after another of what might happen to him if, as he thought, he overplayed his hand in excluding Kennedy from the ticket. The Bobby Problem became an obsession, and all the Texas-based politicians who now surrounded him in Washington and who, like Johnson himself, had not learned how complete the power of the Presidency really was, played on that obsession and magnified it.

This concern was typified by an incident at the Gridiron Club's annual dinner on April 24, 1964. There, in the midst of the merrymaking, White House aide Walter Jenkins spotted Larry O'Brien, one of President Kennedy's closest advisers. Taking O'Brien off to a corner, Jenkins gravely argued that President Johnson should have total freedom to select his own running mate. O'Brien gravely listened, but he was astonished at Jenkins's nervousness. O'Brien knew that the President could pick his second man by the merest flick of his finger. But Johnson and his Texas politicians hadn't learned that rule of American politics.

As for Robert Kennedy himself, there is no question that the Attorney General wanted to be asked by Johnson to go on the ticket. Although he said privately that he would accept only if the President agreed to specific conditions, outlining precisely what his duties would be, it is virtually certain that if he had been asked by Johnson, he would have accepted. But Kennedy knew that no write-in campaign or other clumsy power play would put him on the ticket. He had to keep at least a veneer of cordial relations with Johnson.

That was not difficult in early 1964, for the policy disagreements that were to break out between them came much later. Kennedy truly regarded Johnson's first months in office as a period of thorough accomplishment. Johnson was working closely with him on the civil-rights front, never once turning down a suggestion from the Attorney General on that subject. Kennedy said publicly on March 12 that he had the "highest regard" for the President. "Our relations are friendly," he said. "He has always been kind to me, to my family, and to Mrs. [John F.] Kennedy, both as Vice President and since then."

But those words scarcely eased the concern in the Johnson camp, especially when abortive Draft Kennedy movements sprang up in New Hampshire and Wisconsin. Although Kennedy had nothing to do with either campaign, the President decided drastic action was needed. It took the form of an unprecedented pressure play that not even Franklin Roosevelt at the height of his power would have contemplated. In mid-April, one month after the New Hampshire primary, former Democratic Sen. Scott Lucas persuaded all nine county Democratic chairmen in his downstate Illinois district to sign a pledge reading:

Be it . . . resolved that President Lyndon B. Johnson, when nominated for President on the Democratic ticket, shall have the free choice of selecting his running mate as Vice President.

Lucas did not discuss this resolution with the President himself, but the President knew about it. The resolution was quickly sent around the country, *sub rosa*, by key Johnson politicians who, it was hoped, would have it adopted by *all* delegations to the National Convention at Atlantic City. But two small Eastern states—New Jersey and Rhode Island—angrily balked at signing the pledge, and the idea was dropped. So ended another of Johnson's maneuvers to solve The Bobby Problem, which he still considered a threat late in July, just four weeks before the convention.

Johnson knew that the last feeble beating of Bobby-for-Vice-President hopes could not be permitted to continue into the National Convention itself, where the confusion and grief for John Kennedy might somehow produce a climate of revolt. On Monday, July 27, the President telephoned the Attorney General and arranged for a meeting at the White House two days later.

When Bobby Kennedy walked into the President's Oval Office at 1 P.M. on Wednesday, Johnson came at once to the point. Kennedy, said the President, would probably run the country on his own someday, but Johnson wanted him to know that he did not plan to put him on the ticket in 1964. The reason, Johnson said, was that he had decided Kennedy was not the Democrat who as Vice President could contribute the most to the party, to the country, or to the President. In a reversal of roles in their confrontation at the 1960 convention, Johnson offered Kennedy any foreign diplomatic post he wanted, and any Cabinet post, if and when incumbent Cabinet members resigned.

Kennedy accepted this verdict quietly and told Johnson he would do everything he could to help in the election. There was some discussion of how the President's decision would be announced, but nothing was decided. Johnson hoped to solve The Bobby Problem in the most expeditious way: a voluntary withdrawal by Kennedy himself. But when Kennedy continued to refuse to jump overboard, Johnson now moved to the alternative strategy he had devised to push Bobby over with a minimum political risk. On Thursday evening, July 30, the President unexpectedly went before television cameras at the White House and read an announcement without precedent in American history: "I have reached the conclusion that it would be inadvisable for me to recommend to the convention any member of my Cabinet or any of those who meet regularly with the Cabinet."

Senator Humphrey was first informed by a telephone call from a reporter. After hanging up the phone, Humphrey remarked to an aide that the reporter who had called him was invariably reliable but must be having hallucinations now. Humphrey could not believe the story. Other politicians were equally incredulous. In shooting down Bobby Kennedy, the President had performed a mass execution of his entire Cabinet as well as two vice-presidential dark horses "who meet regularly with the Cabinet," Adlai Stevenson and Sargent Shriver.

All of Washington guffawed at the clumsiness and transparency of the ploy—although a case could be made that it did muffle the blow against the Kennedys and thereby minimized the reaction of Kennedy forces in the party. Although every politician and newsman in the country knew Johnson was aiming only at Bobby Kennedy, the President had a plausible argument to the contrary. He couldn't spare any of his valued Cabinet aides, and that was as true of the other nine as it was of Bobby Kennedy.

On Friday, July 31, convinced that at last he had found the final solution to The Bobby Problem, Johnson could contain himself no longer. Eight months of caution and restraint in dealing with the dead President's brother ended in explosive Johnsonian exuberance. Johnson invited newsmen to his office throughout that day to relate his showdown with Kennedy in terms that were highly favorable to himself and considerably less favorable to Kennedy. Mimicry, exaggeration, overvivid description—all Johnson's conversational techniques—were brought to bear on

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Bobby Kennedy in the presence of newsmen for the first time since the assassination. Newspaper accounts giving details of the Wednesday meeting, as supplied by the President, began to appear in print as Kennedy went off to Hyannis Port for the weekend.

Kennedy was furious and let Johnson know about it. Whatever slim hope existed for a Johnson-Kennedy *rapprochement* vanished that weekend. Now, Kennedy was convinced that Johnson saw poetic justice in their face-to-face encounter in the Oval Office. Johnson wanted to humiliate him, Kennedy believed, because Johnson had not forgotten that hot day in July, 1960, when Robert Kennedy, unaware that his brother's plan had changed, went to Johnson's hotel suite at Los Angeles to tell him he did not have to run for Vice President if he did not want to risk a floor fight.

In Johnson's mind, as in everybody else's, Hubert Humphrey was now the leading choice for vice-presidential nominee, but to feed his insatiable appetite for suspense, Johnson kept the world—and Humphrey—waiting for his decision. The convention was well under way before Humphrey finally learned that the nomination as Johnson's Vice President was his. When the two men met for a conference in the White House, Johnson told Humphrey that he must be exactly the Vice President that Johnson wanted him to be. He must be Johnson's man down to the tips of his toes, and he must do whatever Johnson asked him to; he must be able to share secrets that no one else would know; he must be prepared for special duties in space, and in civil rights, education and welfare, and agriculture. Humphrey responded in kind. *If* he were chosen as the vice-presidential nominee on the following day, Humphrey said, he would be the most loyal partner that any President could possibly have.

Campaigning in Indiana early in October, 1964, Lyndon Johnson flew the short hop from East Chicago to Indianapolis with Matthew Welsh, the Democratic Governor of Indiana, as his guest aboard Air Force One. Not since Franklin D. Roosevelt beat Alf Landon in 1936 had a Democratic candidate for President carried Indiana. Not since Harry Truman came within striking distance of Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 had the presidential contest there been close. Now, a beaming Welsh carried glad tidings for his party's leader. Based on his own political survey of the state, the governor predicted the President would carry Indiana with a comfortable 55 percent of the vote. Johnson's face darkened at the news. "God, that's close," he said without a trace of humor.

Actually, Johnson's victory had been assured on July 15, when the Republican Party's right wing seized control for the first time since 1924, ignored the consensus, and nominated Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona. Johnson knew full well that no miracle could save Goldwater. But once the Republicans had done the unthinkable and nominated him, Johnson became a man possessed with ambition not just to win, not just to win handsomely, but to win the *largest* presidential victory in the history of the country. A landslide vote would be the last and mightiest step in his consolidation of political power.

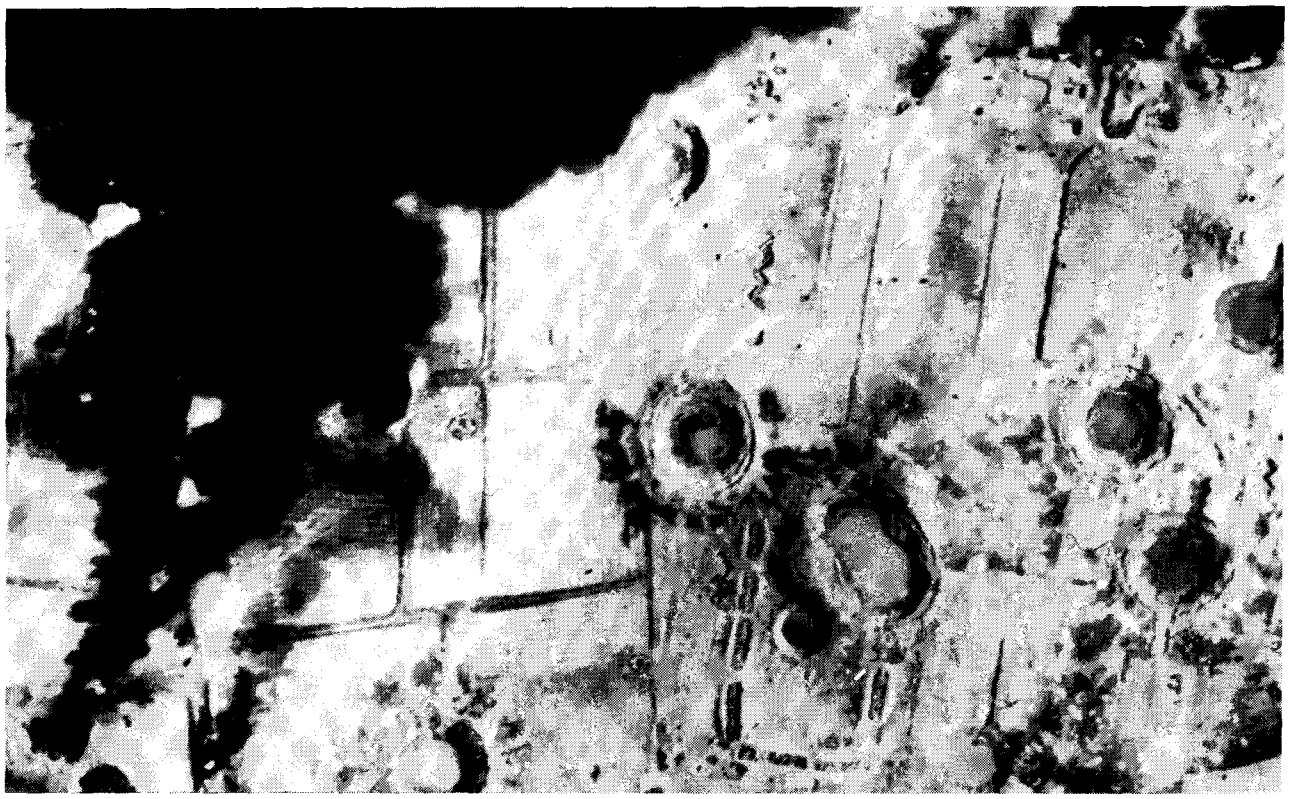
He had survived the crisis of confidence during the transition, put the stamp of the Great Society on his Administration, disposed of The Bobby Problem, and run a one-man convention at Atlantic City. Here now was the final goal: to win by so large a margin that the consensus he sought as the means to power would be ratified by an unprecedented electoral sweep.

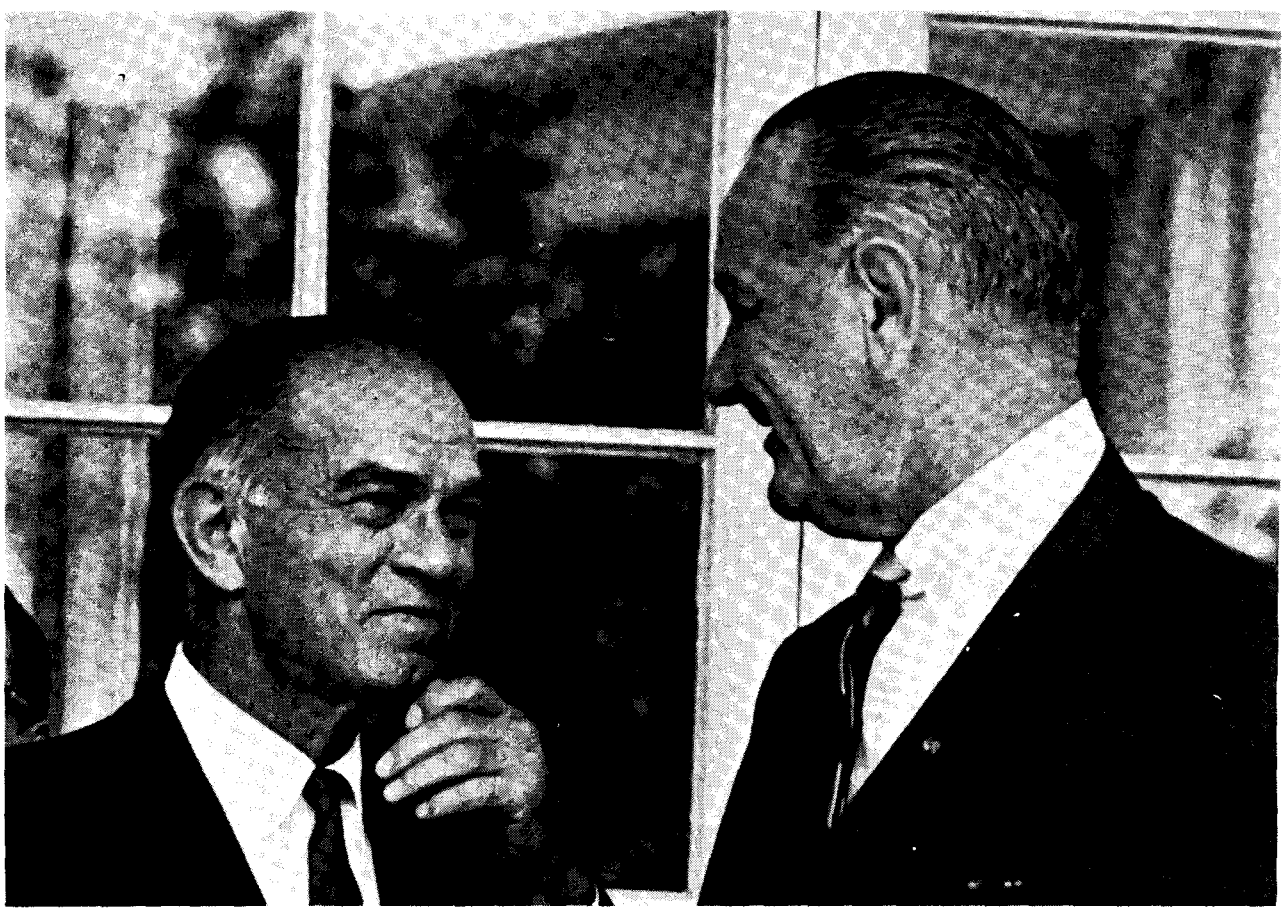
Johnson's campaign was as disorganized and as madcap as his earlier campaigns had been, but this time he had the help of a cool professional politician, Larry O'Brien, who had been one of Kennedy's top political advisers and who had served brilliantly as the President's liaison man with Congress. In early September, Johnson instructed O'Brien to arrange a series of some 21 confidential regional meetings, in which he could take the measure of the political situation in every state. Until then, Johnson had done precious little about the campaign. Now he felt "out of touch," as he put it, and assigned O'Brien to be the presidential eyes and ears. As such, O'Brien took off on an intermittent tour that covered the country in six weeks.

The object was to talk politics to a dozen or so top leaders in every state. Behind locked doors in sessions lasting three or four hours, every detail of the campaign was ruthlessly laid out. O'Brien then locked himself in his hotel room and wrote a voluminous confidential report for the President. The instant each report was finished, it was sent by Western Union to the White House.

To the President, who had never had the benefit of such professional political help, the O'Brien reports became The Word. Their recommendations were carved up and parceled out among the members of the White House staff. The Democratic National Committee and Walter Jenkins were ordered to follow through. Johnson soon ordered Jenkins to have O'Brien's traveling staff, usually one secretary and one assistant, telephone his report to White House stenographers page-by-page, as it was finished, no matter how late at night, so that the recommendations could be acted upon with the least possible delay.

One element of campaign strategy, devised in extreme secrecy, was known as the Anti-Campaign. Conceived and nursed by Lyndon Johnson,





Johnson's decision to bomb targets in the North like the oil tanks near Dong Hoi (top) helped antagonize a powerful former ally, Sen. J. W. Fulbright (lower left).

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it was his unique contribution to presidential campaigning. The Anti-Campaign was clandestine "black propaganda" organized by a dozen brainy Democrats, some in and some out of the Government. It had no chairman, kept no minutes, issued no statements, revealed no plans. No word of the Anti-Campaign leaked out. It operated out of a small conference room on the second floor of the West Wing of the White House, almost directly above the President's own Oval Office.

Its members, who were well-versed in the propaganda of politics, included Myer Feldman, the President's special counsel; Daniel P. Moynihan, an Assistant Secretary of Labor; Leonard Marks, an old friend of Johnson and an attorney who was later made head of the United States Information Agency; and, of all people, Adam Yarmolinsky, who was back working at the Defense Department after being purged from the War on Poverty.

The job of the group was easily defined: Embarrass the Republicans, get under Barry Goldwater's skin, help Johnson achieve his overall goal of winning by the biggest possible margin.

For example, it was learned early in the campaign that half a dozen small liberal church journals, one of them published by the Protestant theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, had printed scathing editorials against Barry Goldwater as a man not to be entrusted with the Presidency. Normally, these editorials would not have found their way to congregations across the country until months after publication. The Anti-Campaign operation copied them by the hundreds and saw that they got to appropriate church groups throughout the nation in a matter of days.

Another project was more typically in the realm of black politics. If Goldwater were to speak somewhere at six o'clock, one local anti-Goldwater speaker—usually a Democrat but sometimes a Republican—would be scheduled at four o'clock

Guns and butter too: 'I believe we can continue the Great Society.'

and then another one at eight o'clock. Thus, Goldwater would be bracketed by the opposition. An impression of feverish anti-Goldwater activity would be given on the very day of his appearance.

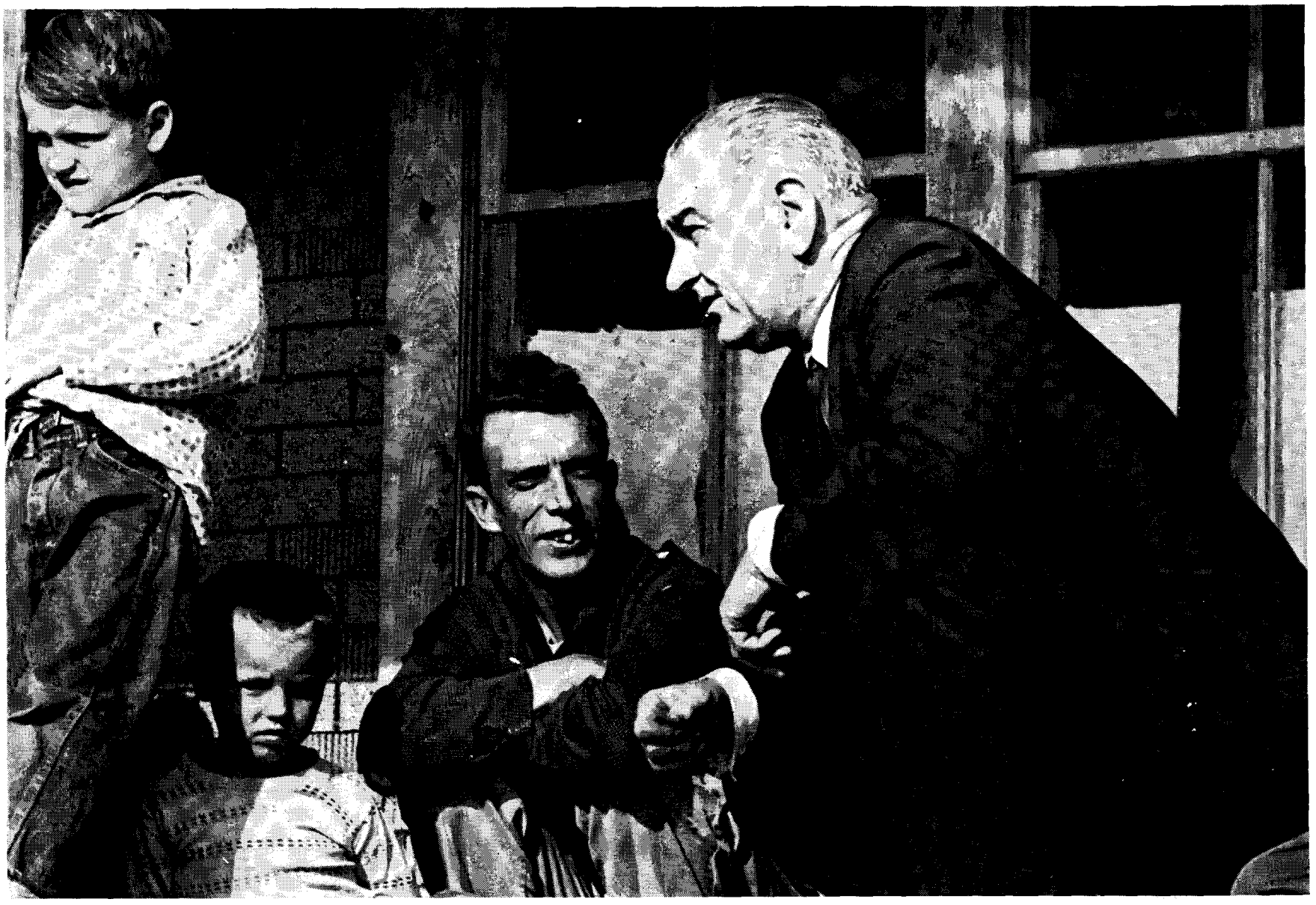
This clandestine operation was Johnson's campaign pet. Feldman was the link between the President and the propagandists, and he often rushed downstairs to the Oval Office to get Johnson's reaction before approving a specific plan.

The personal campaign of Lyndon B. Johnson for President began somewhat tentatively on Monday, September 28, in New England—almost a full month after Barry Goldwater started crisscrossing the country in his leased jet. On that long and memorable day, Johnson started at a Brown University convocation in Providence, Rhode Island, in the preponderantly Democratic country of lower New England, worked his way through Connecticut, and concluded in the upper New England states of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, steadfastly Republican by tradition but highly dubious about Goldwater.

It was certainly not Goldwater country, but neither was it Johnson country. Thus, neither the President nor his entourage was prepared for the spontaneous burst of emotion that poured out of the supposedly staid, reserved New Englanders. Both the polls and the instinctive judgment of politicians showed Johnson to be not genuinely popular in his own right, but running far ahead of Goldwater, because Goldwater was so unacceptable as President. In the minds of many, Johnson was the lesser of two evils. But not since November 22, 1963, had America cheered anybody. The nation wanted to cheer its President, and this pent-up emotion spilled over and engulfed Johnson.

At one stop that day, Johnson was so elated that he dragged Frank Cormier, White House correspondent for the Associated Press, to the restraining fence where flushed New Englanders were cheering and reaching out to touch their President. Johnson told Cormier that here was proof the people *did* like him. Write *that* in your story, he said, so the whole country can know!

The effect on Johnson was intoxicating. Millions welcomed him on John Kennedy's home ground, and the caution of the previous month evaporated. He was transported by the size and enthusiasm of the crowds. At jammed street corners, his motorcade pushing a hole through masses of people, he repeatedly left his seat, clambered to the roof of his limousine—smashing the radio antenna in the process—and yelled to the throngs through an electric bullhorn. Here was the feeling of power, but deeper than that, of being loved and wanted. It perceptibly enlarged Lyndon Johnson in all his dimensions. Standing surrounded by



Touring Appalachia in search of strategy for his War on Poverty, the President listens while Tom Fletcher tells about the problems of his town—Inez, Kentucky.

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Make lunchtime fun! With the children's newest favorite: Chicken & Stars Soup!

Youngsters have made this newest chicken soup an overnight sensation! It's a delicious, wholesome helping of tiny macaroni stars and tender bites of chicken in rich golden chicken broth. Your children will love it — and you will, too!
So reach for the Campbell's.
It's right on your shelf.

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Most talked about car on the road

That's because its excitement is contagious. Sports-styling. Instant obedience: You don't just drive a Camaro. You command it.

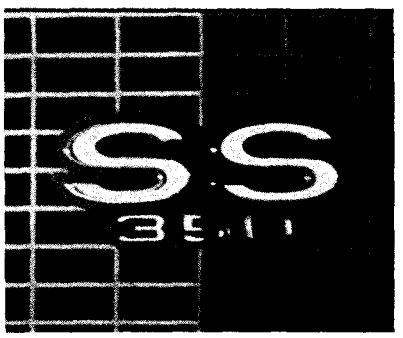
The fact is, you buy as much Camaro as you can handle. Twenty-four different exterior-interior selections for the ordering. A big choice of big-car V8's you specify, plus a spirited Six that snaps to when you give the order.

On the inside, the bucket seats come specially color-striped, if you like. You can also pamper yourself with other additions such as stereo tape and/or AM-FM stereo multiplex radio, air conditioning, adjustable tilt steering wheel and just about every power assist you could ask for.

On the safety side: features ranging from the new GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, the energy-absorbing steering wheel and instrument panel to a four-way hazard-warning flasher and lane-change signal in direction-signal control.

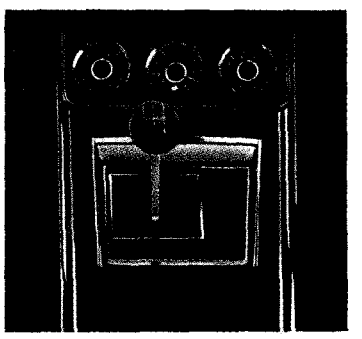
Camaro. Most talked about car on the road. Listen real hard at your Chevrolet dealer's. Hear?

Big-car stance, almost as wide as the full-size Chevrolet, gives Camaro the cornering stability and responsive handling of a sports car. Try it!

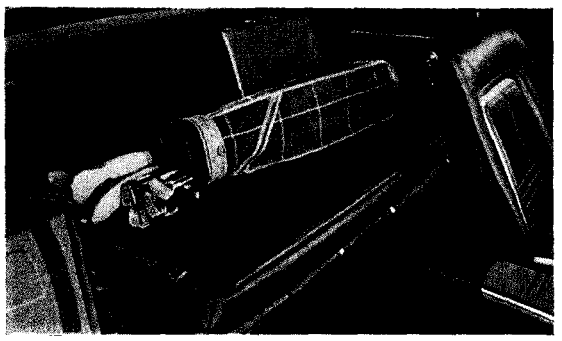


Big-car V8 power, ranging from a 210 hp you specify on up to a 295-hp 350 cubic-incher. Plus a quick Six.

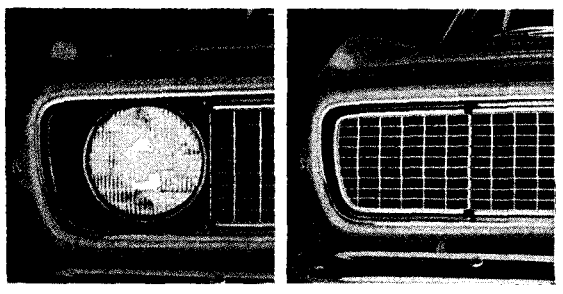
Dual master cylinder brake system, with warning light and corrosion resistant brake lines



Fully synchronized 3-speed is standard. 4-speed, special instrumentation, tach on order!



Fold-down rear seat is yours for the ordering. With seat-back up there's roomy traveling comfort. Just pull, and there's a spacious carpeted cargo floor for golf clubs or groceries.



Now you see them, now you don't. Headlights are concealed behind remote-controlled panels in the sporty black grille of the Camaro Rally Sport.

Lower, wider, roomier inside than any other car in its class... with standard safety features never all built into a brand new car before.

Camaro

as it comes, comes mighty sporty in sleek convertible or hardtop. Lively Six or V8 depending on model choice. Bucket seats up front, deep-twist carpeting underfoot, rich vinyl all round in four color choices. Select from 15 Magic-Mirror finishes.

Rally Sport

is the Camaro you ask for when you can't resist hideaway headlights behind a bold black-grid grille, extra touches of gleaming chrome and special "RS" sports emblems all round and distinctive horizontal taillights framed in black.

SS 350

if you go in for all-out Camaro. Big 4-bbl. 350-cubic-inch V8, bulging scoop-styled hood with sports striping, red stripe tires, SS emblems—all standard. Front disc brakes on order. Most exciting road machine this side of Corvette.

For '67, everything new that could happen... *happened!*

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Command Performance

CHEVROLET **Camaro**

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mere humans, he towered bigger than life, pulsing with vitality, glowing with assurance as the crowds pressed in. Gone was the stilted, confined television presence of Lyndon Johnson; here was the master administering The Treatment en masse. In turn, the enormous crowds were infused by his vigor, by the sheer power of performance, and they cheered.

His actual message, neither profound nor demagogic, was sheer Great Society consensus. America is *one* family, not North or South, not Republican or Democrat, not white or black. America is love, not hate; reason, not extremism; peace, not nuclear war. The implication was, of course, that Barry Goldwater stood on the opposite side.

Thus, at the portico of the *Hartford Times* building in Hartford, Conn., on September 28, Johnson ignored the words of his army of speech writers and set the tone of the campaign in his own clear, unadorned style:

All that America is, and all you want America to be is challenged today by those who stand on the fringe. Against such a choice as this, responsible people have only one course of conscience, and that is to choose their country's interest over all other interests. I believe that this is a choice that you will make come this November.

The President was off and running on a six-week courtship of the American voter, seeking that record landslide. The pattern was the same everywhere: the enthusiastic throng at the airport waiting for the thundering Air Force One to land; handshaking along the fences; the open car through the city streets with the President shouting over his bullhorn, "Y'all come down and hear the speakin'; come on down now to the speakin'"; the "speakin'" itself, with Johnson going on and on, like a country preacher, far longer than political candidates were supposed to speak—an hour, sometimes more. He gave them The Treatment, and he gave it with passion, gusto, humor, solemnity. He shouted—and he whispered. The "speakin'" was a fabulous success. Most voters had never heard anything like it before, certainly never in a presidential campaign.

In Austin, Tex., on election eve, Lyndon Johnson said, " . . . It seems to me tonight . . . that I have spent my life getting ready for this moment." On the next day, that moment was sweet for President Johnson. Goldwater carried a mere 60 congressional districts out of 435, running far behind his party. Johnson ran far ahead of his, expanding the Democratic majorities in the Senate by 2 seats and in the House by 38, to a point not exceeded since the 1936 election. He captured slightly over 61 percent of the presidential vote, with a record-breaking 43,126,757 votes, and 486 electoral votes, the highest since Roosevelt's 1936 sweep. Although his plurality and his total popular vote both established new records, they resulted from population growth; he had failed to equal Roosevelt's 63 percent in 1936. Yet, Lyndon Johnson had no cause for unhappiness.

Late at night on November 3, with the returns piling up, he left his headquarters at the Driskill Hotel in Austin to drive the few blocks to Austin's Civic Center. Now, of all times, was the moment to let the tension run off, to relax, to bask in the glow of victory. The radio was on in the presidential limousine. A voice announced that President Lyndon Johnson had left the Driskill and was driving to the Civic Center to make a victory statement. Johnson listened, and his anger rose. He had authorized no announcement.

At the Civic Center, the newly elected President demanded to see Malcolm Kilduff, his assistant press secretary. He turned angrily on Kilduff. Who let that out? he demanded. I didn't authorize any statement about where I'm going, when, or why. He accused Kilduff of leaking the information to the press. Kilduff was innocent, and so pleaded, but the President kept after him, furious that a premature leak had spoiled his surprise. What had really happened was that reporters at the Civic Center had seen workmen installing Johnson's special reading stand, an elaborate rostrum with built-in TelePrompTers, and correctly deduced that the President was on his way.

Still later that night, in the high excitement of a victory celebration, Johnson took pains to apologize to Kilduff for his outburst. Governor Connally, who was with the President, turned to Kilduff and said, "Mac, that's the first time in all these years I've ever heard him make an apology."

After his smashing victory, Johnson saw himself at the center of a new "Era of Good Feelings" similar to the

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Starting today, you're nobody's fool."

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period of one-party rule during the Virginia "dynasty" of the early 19th century. He regarded his vast majority against Goldwater as a permanent base of support. Partisan, ideological and factional disputes would give way to serene consensus presided over by Johnson.

But a conflict between this euphoric vision of American politics and the personality of Lyndon Johnson soon became evident. Achieving a genuine new Era of Good Feelings would require a forbearance in the use of power that was basically alien to his nature. Even by itself, Johnson's grand design for the Great Society was likely to open up cracks in the consensus he achieved on Election Day. Thus, an Era of Good Feelings was inherently inconsistent with the need for Johnson to drive Congress into creating the Great Society.

When the congressional liaison officers of the Federal Government—the Administration's lobbyists whose task was to push the Great Society program through Congress—assembled in the Fish Room at the White House for a private pep talk, Johnson told them:

"I was just elected President by the biggest popular margin in the history of the country, fifteen million votes. Just by the natural way people think, and because Barry Goldwater scared hell out of them, I have already lost about two of these fifteen and am probably getting down to thirteen. If I get in any fight with Congress, I will lose another couple of million, and if I have to send any more of our boys into Vietnam, I may be down to eight million by the end of the summer."

Johnson proposed to use his new power to pass the Great Society legislative program in the most furious burst of speed since Roosevelt's Hundred Days. He had more than a 2–1 majority in the Senate and a huge advantage in the House, 295 seats to 140. With such majorities, anything seemed possible.

For a while, a long while, Johnson got just about everything he wanted: federal aid to elementary and secondary education, passed under the President's whiplash without a comma's being changed; Medicare; a civil-rights act empowering the Federal Government to send federal registrars into the southern states to help Negroes register to vote; a bill giving aid to Appalachia; the creation of a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Development; a major housing bill. Enough of this legislation was passed in the spring to let Johnson claim accurately that *his* Hundred Days were "a record of major accomplishments without equal or close parallel in the present era."

Congressional Quarterly, the unofficial congressional news service, calculated that Congress approved 68.9 percent of the proposals submitted by Johnson in 1965, the highest percentage since *C.Q.* began keeping tabulations in 1954; it compared with 57.6 percent for Johnson in 1964 and with 27.2 percent for Kennedy at his low point in the congressional revolt of 1963.

Yet, that 68.9 percent was attained at heavy cost. One of Washington's shrewdest lobbyists, watching the Great Society legislation pour out of Congress at an awesome rate, observed that the President was "stockpiling adversity," that the successes were leaving behind them a store of ill will for the future.

Defeat came for the first time on September 29 when the House surprisingly rejected a home-rule bill for the District of Columbia, 227 to 174, in a direct repudiation of Johnson.

On October 11, the Senate refused by a 47 to 45 vote to impose cloture on a filibuster against repealing Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Labor Act, which enabled states to pass "right-to-work" laws. Three days later the House voted 185 to 162 against appropriating funds for a new program of subsidies designed to help low-income families pay their rent.

These autumnal defeats could not detract from Johnson's magnificent triumphs in the 89th Congress and, before that, in the second session of the 88th Congress. Yet, by seeking to stretch his power a notch too far, he diminished his power on Capitol Hill in a way that would be clearer in 1966.

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What a difference a truc

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on's share of our highway taxes. Every year, trucks contribute almost our-billion dollars to keep our roads up to snuff. Trucks do make a fference, and GMC is proud to have been making trucks for this important industry for more than fifty years. The next time you see a truck on the road, you might want to give it a salute. It's hauling the good things in life. Right to your doorstep.

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From 1965 on, however, Johnson's most serious problems were to lie in the field of foreign affairs, an area in which he had no real experience, and he had to rely heavily on advisers in matters of foreign policy. During the first weeks of his Presidency he cast about widely for advice. In December, 1963, for example, a few days before he was to address the United Nations General Assembly, he decided that the speech his staff had drafted for the occasion was too bland and needed flavor. To spice it up, he turned for help to his guests at an informal White House dinner—Senators J. W. Fulbright and Eugene McCarthy, Congressmen Homer Thornberry and Jack Brooks, confidential adviser Clark Clifford and Thomas C. Mann, assistant secretary of state for Latin-American affairs.

Over coffee, Johnson startled his guests by tossing copies of the speech on the table, and asking each of them to take a shot at improving it. The six men set to work in high good humor, scribbling away on the margins of the speech—some only changing an occasional word, others writing in substantive revisions. Of them all only Mann and Fulbright had any particular expertise in foreign affairs, and only Mann was in the executive branch of the Government.

But Johnson quickly abandoned this haphazard approach to making foreign policy. Instead, he came to rely more and more heavily on Dean Rusk and, until his departure, McGeorge Bundy for advice on the handling of the nation's increasingly complex foreign affairs. During 1965 the growing U.S. involvement in the Vietnam war became the most agonizing test of the President's skill and courage. But before Vietnam reached critical proportions, Johnson was suddenly confronted with a flash crisis in the Caribbean that would indelibly change his Presidency.

When civil war broke out in the Dominican Republic on April 24, 1965, Johnson did not hesitate to send in the Marines—ostensibly to protect U.S. citizens in Santo Domingo, but in fact to prevent any chance of a Communist take-over in the chaos of revolution. And when liberal critics accused him of gunboat diplomacy in support of a military junta—and when American reporters in Santo Domingo supported the criticism—Johnson embarked on a blatant personal campaign to sell the intervention through the White House press corps. Not satisfied with broad public support of the intervention, he insisted upon an absolute consensus, and progressively risked the nation's confidence by appearing uncertain, confused and on the defensive.

Although he had made no mention of Communists in his initial report to the nation, Johnson warned two days later that "people trained outside the Dominican Republic" were seeking to get control of the rebellion. Two days after that, he threw aside all qualifications and said that he had intervened because of the threat of Communism. "What began as a popular democratic revolution . . . very shortly . . . moved and was taken over and really seized and placed into the hands of . . . Communist conspirators."

Seeking an absolute consensus, Johnson now was undercutting his own position. It would have been enough to stand on the modest warning of a *possible* Communist take-over. There was proof of dangerous Communist participation in the revolution, but there was no proof, then or later, that Communists had "taken over and really seized" control of the revolution. Moreover, an uncharacteristic lack of dignity marked the President's last speech. He was fatigued and uncertain of his lines. A mistake in the TelePrompTer led him to repeat three paragraphs, to the wonderment of the nation. And the President gave an unmistakable sign that he was running scared by referring to his predecessor in the White House. Johnson had rarely invoked the name of John Kennedy since his landslide election victory six months earlier. Now, however, he quoted from a statement made shortly before the assassination by "our beloved John Kennedy" to help justify the intervention. The speech damaged Johnson, for the simple reason that he *was* so obviously running scared, protesting too much.

The Dominican struggle between the "rebels" and the "loyalists" dragged on as the United States searched for a peaceful settlement. By the spring of 1966 the country was stable enough to hold elections, and Joaquin Balaguer, a moderate Conservative, became president. This surprising climax to a long and troubled year was a conspicuous success for Johnson, vindicating his decision to send the Marines. What was at fault, then, was not the President's intervention but his obsessive preoccupation with getting unanimous support in carrying it out and his rash overstatement of the facts in the early days of the crisis.

The emotional energies released by the Dominican intervention would persist in United States politics, as Sen. J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, made clear in the autumn of 1965. Delaying his attack until he was certain it would not further exacerbate conditions in Santo Domingo, Fulbright, formerly a loyal ally of Lyndon Johnson, made a bitter speech on the Senate floor, charging that the President's decision to intervene had been "based on inadequate evidence or, in some cases, simply inaccurate information." If the policy followed in Santo Domingo were extended throughout the hemisphere, Fulbright continued, it would "make us the enemy of all revolutions and therefore the ally of all the unpopular and corrupt oligarchies of the hemisphere."

Johnson was hurt and indignant. He was angered by the fact that Fulbright had dined at the White House the evening before he made his speech, without mentioning it. With that speech, the old Johnson-Fulbright alliance abruptly ended. Fulbright's open opposition on the Dominican question, which long since had been swept off the front pages, mattered little. But its implications were highly significant. Fulbright had been a well-behaved member of the Great Society consensus, refraining from any but the mildest criticism of Johnson's foreign policy. Now, freed from this restraint by his break over the Dominican Republic, Fulbright was ready to move to an overt break

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with Johnson on the incomparably more dangerous and important issue of the war in Vietnam.

All during the 1964 presidential campaign, Johnson had ridiculed the pugnacious chauvinism of Barry Goldwater's war-hawk policy in Vietnam. In one speech he said, "There are those that say you ought to go North [across the 17th parallel into North Vietnam] and drop bombs to try to wipe out the supply lines. . . . We don't want our American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys." And again, 12 days before the election: ". . . We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing to protect themselves."

The hard fact was that Johnson had simply not had time to educate himself fully on the collapsing state of affairs in South Vietnam. His look had been inward—to Congress, to the Great Society, to the election—not outward to a still small war in Southeast Asia. With one conspicuous exception in the pre-election period, Johnson left the war to McNamara and his field commander in Saigon, Gen. William Westmoreland. That exception was the President's prompt reaction to an attack by North Vietnamese gunboats on the United States destroyer *Maddox* on August 2 in the Gulf of Tonkin. The incident resulted in a swift presidential order to the Navy to double the United States patrol in the Gulf of Tonkin, to provide air cover and, in the event of new attacks, to retaliate immediately "with the objective not only of driving off the force but of destroying it."

On August 4, North Vietnamese gunboats struck again, and the President's order immediately came into play. Two enemy boats were believed to have been sunk. At 11:36 P.M. on that same night Johnson went on television to explain what had happened in the Tonkin Gulf and to announce that he had ordered a retaliatory air strike against the boat pens along the coast of North Vietnam.

The incident also provided Johnson with a perfect reason to exploit presidential power and go to Congress for a special resolution giving him clear congressional authority to use the Armed Forces just about as he wished in the Vietnam war. It was a shrewd political act, shoring up Johnson against the Republican campaign charge that he was "soft on Vietnam." Although rushed through Congress in just two days, with a combined Senate-House vote of 502 to 2, the Tonkin Gulf Resolution was to become the President's partial justification for far greater United States military involvement in Vietnam.

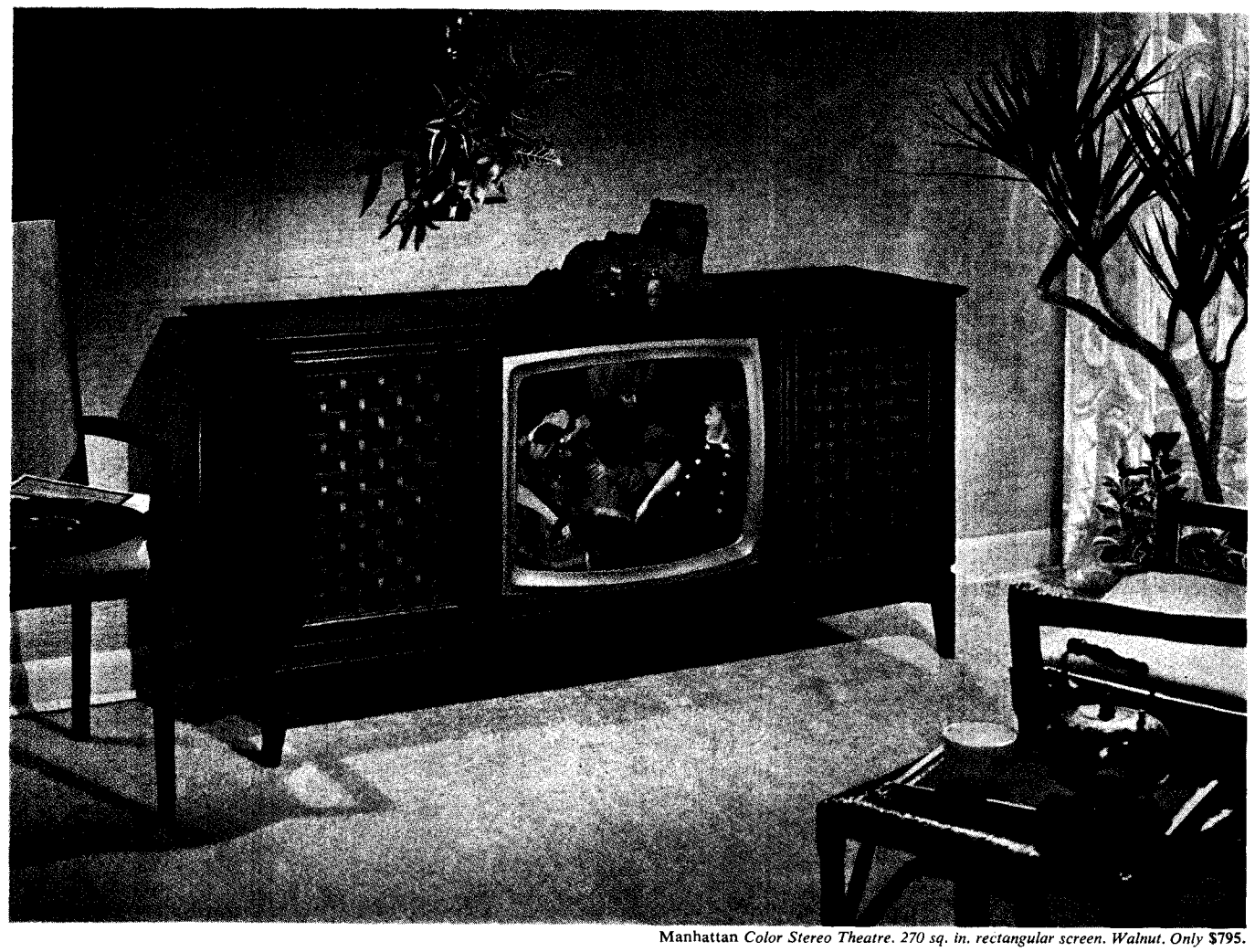
When Johnson finally gave his full attention to Vietnam after the election, he soon learned that, starting in the summer and fall of 1964, organized battalions of North Vietnamese regulars had been marching down the Ho Chi Minh trail, running along the eastern border of Laos, into South Vietnam. Moreover the Viet Cong had graduated from hit-and-run guerrilla tactics and had recruited what were called Main Force units, composing a formidable regular army quite capable of taking on South Vietnamese troops.

Through that fall of 1964, Air Force generals, along with Defense Secretary McNamara and his staff, had studied aerial-reconnaissance photographs covering almost every inch of North Vietnam. President Johnson, too, pored over these blown-up photographs that pinpointed the location of every bridge, railroad, highway, ammunitions depot, barracks, petroleum storage tank, thermal power plant, and other potential targets of military significance north of the 17th parallel.

Laid out on the large Cabinet table in the White House, these amazingly precise photographs gave the President an accurate map of the entire country, together with estimates of how many civilians lived within the blast pattern of bombs at the various targets, showing which targets could be bombed without killing civilians. Elaborate analyses were made of the probable number of civilian casualties if certain targets were struck—enough information to enable targets to be chosen with careful discrimination.

The President's advisers were pressing him for immediate bombing in the North, for both military and political reasons; that is, both to make it more difficult for Ho Chi Minh to provide assistance to the Viet Cong, and to demonstrate to Saigon that the United States was standing behind its commitment.

But the President made no decision to bomb North Vietnam. Ever leery of advice from the military, Johnson was acutely aware of the danger of Chinese intervention in the war. He knew, too, that "going North" would immediately endanger his consensus at home, and his highest interest was still not the



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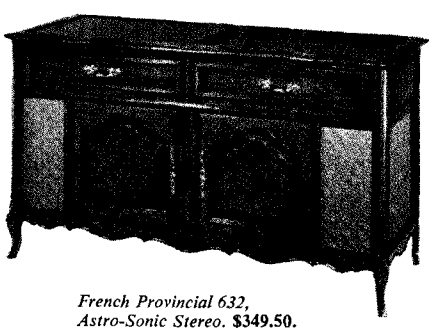

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guerrilla war in South Vietnam, but the Great Society legislative program.

Then, on February 7, the United States Air Force barracks at Pleiku, in the Vietnamese highlands, were attacked by a Viet Cong raiding party with mortars and hand grenades. Eight Americans were killed and 126 wounded. Johnson displayed the same toughness and swift reaction to the Pleiku raid that he had displayed six months earlier in the Gulf of Tonkin.

McGeorge Bundy, the White House foreign-affairs adviser, was in Saigon at the time of the Pleiku raid. He joined Ambassador Maxwell Taylor and Gen. Westmoreland in telephoning a recommendation of instant retaliation. With McNamara and the Pentagon generals making the same recommendations in Washington, the President personally selected the first targets from hundreds of choices clearly marked on the large-scale map of North Vietnam pasted together from the reconnaissance photographs.

The bombers streamed North, and, from that moment, the war that had been impersonal, distant, and secondary became for Lyndon Johnson the consuming passion of his Presidency. It became, more than any war in the 20th century for any other President, Johnson's personal war; a war he had not started and could not end, a war that broke his consensus, alienated the liberal wing of his party, and threatened to undermine his higher purposes; a war fought without major allies, without front lines, and without the goal of total victory.

The purpose of the bombing was, primarily, to bolster confidence. The bombing program (code-named Rolling Thunder) stopped an alarming decline of morale in South Vietnam. And in other Asian capitals Rolling Thunder was impressive evidence that the United States meant to stay in Vietnam.

But Rolling Thunder did not close the Ho Chi Minh trail. The supplies poured South, partly by trucks, moving at night, mostly on the backs of Vietnamese coolies. As quickly as a strategic bridge was knocked out, a pontoon bypass was thrown over the river. The civilian economy of North Vietnam suffered, but war supplies continued to pour South.

With the onset of Rolling Thunder, the circle of Johnson's critics in the Senate quickly grew to include many besides mavericks such as Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening. More orthodox Senate liberals—George McGovern of South Dakota and Frank Church of Idaho—both made speeches on February 17 calling on the President to work harder for negotiations. They did not condemn the bombing in the North, but by itself, they said, it would have little effect in compelling Hanoi to negotiate. The President must state publicly that negotiations were at the heart of his policy, and must continue to state and restate it.

Soon thereafter, misgivings about the Johnson policy were voiced publicly by other liberal Democratic senators from the Midwest—Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, Stephen Young of Ohio. Others, including the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, J.W. Fulbright, and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, were disturbed by the bombing but withheld public criticism for the time being.

To stem the rising protest, Johnson held elaborate briefing sessions in the White House for small groups of senators and representatives, at which the Vietnam high command—Rusk, McNamara, the CIA's Raborn, and, of course, the President himself—briefed them with maps and charts, and answered their questions. In these evening meetings, Johnson was superlative, exerting his charm and persuasion and attempting through The Treatment to outflank his critics. Presidential lobbying was not restricted to Congress. Outside groups representing business, labor, and other economic sectors were hustled in and out of the White House to hear the President explain and justify the war 10,000 miles away.

One day soon after the bombing started, Johnson talked to visitors in his office for an hour and a half about the restraint and patience he was showing in Operation Rolling Thunder. "I won't let those Air Force generals bomb the smallest outhouse north of the 17th parallel without checking with me," he said. "The generals," he went on derisively, "know only two words—spend and bomb." But he, the President, not they, was running this war.

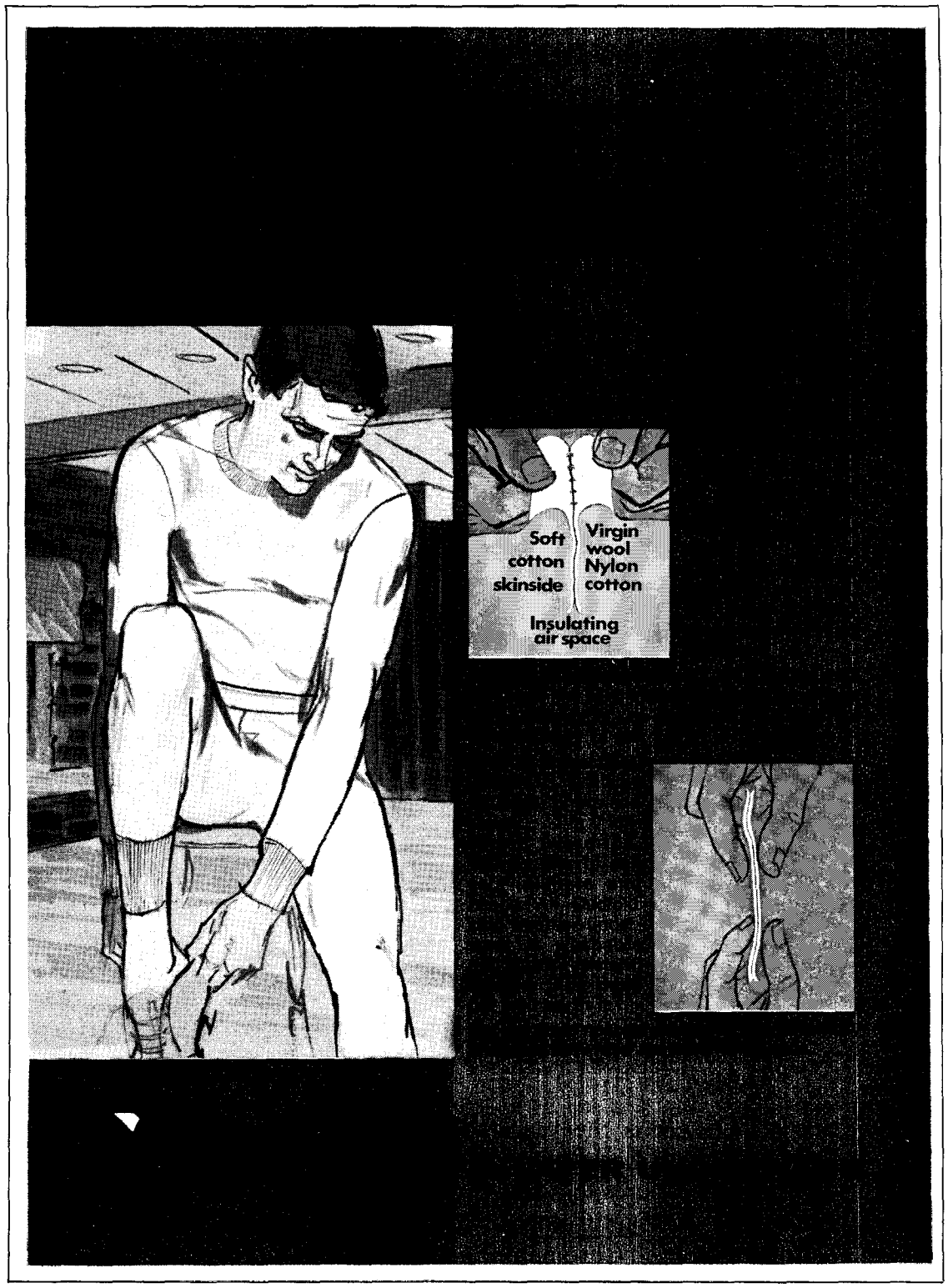
As for Communist China, he was watching every reaction. Employing a vivid sexual analogy, the President explained to friends and critics one day that the slow escalation of the air war in the North and the increasing pressure on Ho Chi Minh was seduction, not rape. If China should suddenly react to the escalation as a woman might react to attempted seduction, by threatening to retaliate (a slap in the face, to continue the President's metaphor), the United States would have plenty of time to ease off the bombing. On the other hand, if the United States were to unleash an all-out, total assault on the North—rape rather than seduction—there could be no turning back, and Chinese reaction might be instant and total. Johnson's language left nothing to the imagination and made an unforgettable image.

Despite his full use of the presidential power to influence, Johnson could not appease his critics. To the contrary, condemnation of the bombing in the North spread quickly to university campuses, where the anti-Vietnam war "teach-ins" suddenly took hold, to peace groups, and to zealous idealists in the civil-rights movement. On April 7, 1965, at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Johnson made his most important speech to date on Vietnam. Hoping to satisfy the doves, he appealed for "unconditional discussions" with Hanoi.

But North Vietnam did not choose to negotiate. The war hardened, and in July, McNamara returned from a tour of Vietnam with the strong recommendation that, within a year, the U.S. force should be quadrupled from the 70,000 troops already there. Initial reinforcements, to be sent as soon as possible, should number about 50,000.

That was indeed a vast increase, not merely in the size but in the nature of the American commitment to Vietnam. But coming from McNamara, the formal recommendation carried special weight with Johnson. Although the peace bloc had picked up Wayne Morse's lead to brand McNamara as the arch warmonger, the truth was far different. McNamara, the President remarked privately one day in April, was more professor than industrialist, more intellectual than militarist. Hell, Johnson continued, he's not even among the top three hawks in my Administration. The President ranked McNamara behind Secretary of State Dean Rusk, McGeorge Bundy and himself.

Even with McNamara's influence, none of the President's key advisers and policy-makers who gathered around the Cabinet table those long, hot days in late July viewed Johnson's decision on the McNamara recommendations as an open-and-shut case. Johnson never had been more authoritative, more restrained, or more in control of the debate than he was during that fateful week. He skillfully resolved the issue around the Cabinet table by shrewd questioning, while concealing his own decision. The questions he asked at the Cabinet table were funda-



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mental: What are the risks in raising the level of the American military participation? What is the proof, or if no proof, what are the indications that it will work? If it doesn't work, what will have to follow? Are we absolutely sure that the South Vietnamese cannot do the job themselves?

The answer to all these questions pointed to Johnson's decision: Unhappy though the prospect was, American troops had to take over a major combat function of the war. The decision was a declaration of intent to *win* the war, not just to keep from losing it.

Early in the evening of July 27, Johnson called congressional leaders of both parties to the White House for an advance look at what he was going to say the next day. Assembled in the Cabinet Room were the most powerful leaders of the United States—with one exception. Vice President Humphrey had already gone to Minneapolis, to address the annual Governors Conference. His moving speech warned of grave sacrifices for thousands of American families whose sons must march off to war.

The President appealed to the congressional leaders for their support and spoke of the importance of a bipartisan front on Vietnam. Then he reached into his pocket and extracted a news-ticker story based on Humphrey's speech, which had not yet been delivered but which Humphrey had given to the press in advance. Johnson read Humphrey's rather emotional words and then administered a cutting rebuke to his Vice President for departing from the official line. That line was to *underplay* the new combat role of the U.S., but the White House had failed to so inform Humphrey, whose speech had earlier been approved by White House aides. The President's rebuke of his Vice President lasted only a moment or two, but this thoughtless insult to the Vice President in the presence of the White House staff, the Cabinet, and the congressional hierarchy made a chilling impression on those who heard it. Meanwhile, Humphrey was taking a telephone call from the White House. When he delivered his speech, the offending language had been deleted.

The Tuesday-night session at the White House had yet another surprise. Johnson normally held the floor at these briefing sessions, and then at the end asked for questions. This time, however, Sen. Mike Mansfield broke precedent. He pulled from his pocket a three-page typed statement and read it in full. For a decade Mansfield had become more and more skeptical about United States commitments to South Vietnam's changing governments, but as Senate Majority Leader he had suppressed his own criticism out of loyalty to the Administration. On this day in the privacy of the Cabinet Room, however, he read to the President his carefully prepared dissent. While promising Johnson to stand behind him *publicly* on the large reinforcements to be sent to Vietnam, Mansfield made it clear that he was privately opposed to the move—and to just about everything else the United States had done in Vietnam since the death of President Diem in 1963—and particularly to the bombing in the North. Johnson was not pleased by the interruption. "Well, Mike," the President asked the Majority Leader, "what would *you* do?" Mansfield had no reply. But his statement was a warning signal of the liberal reaction to Lyndon Johnson's decision.

The President's nationally televised message to the country the next day, July 28, was low-keyed and undramatic—purposely scheduled for midday, not the evening, when the television audience would have been much greater. The timing of the speech, the subdued tone, and the decision not to call up the reserves all added up to the loss of another opportunity to galvanize the American people in support of the war. But cautious though it was, the television appearance was still the President's most effective declaration of American war aims up to that point.

After announcing an immediate initial dispatch of 50,000 troops, including the famous First Cavalry Division (Airmobile), the President used the occasion to try once again to explain why the United States was in Vietnam. He said:

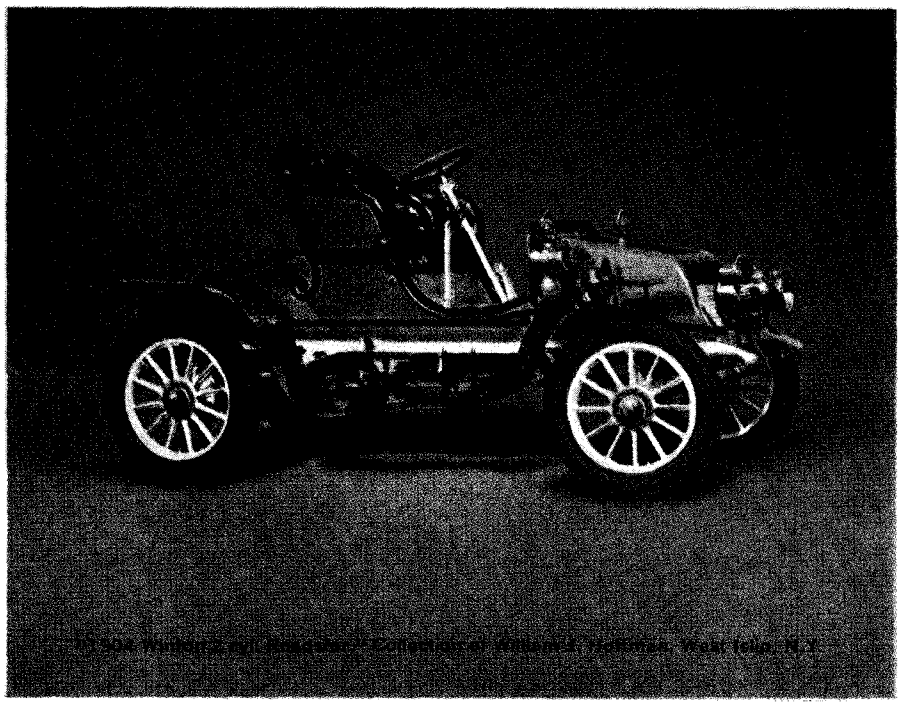
Most of the non-Communist nations of Asia cannot, by themselves and alone, resist the growing might and grasping ambition of Asian Communism. Our power, therefore, is a vital shield. If we are driven from the field in Vietnam, then no nation can ever again have the same confidence in American promise or in American protection. In each land the forces of independence would be considerably weakened. And an Asia so threatened by Communist domination would imperil the security of the United States itself. . . .

Moreover, we are in Vietnam to fulfill one of the most solemn pledges of the American nation. Three Presidents—President Eisenhower, President Kennedy, and your present President—over eleven years have committed themselves and have promised to help defend this small and valiant nation. . . . We cannot now dishonor our word or abandon our commitment.

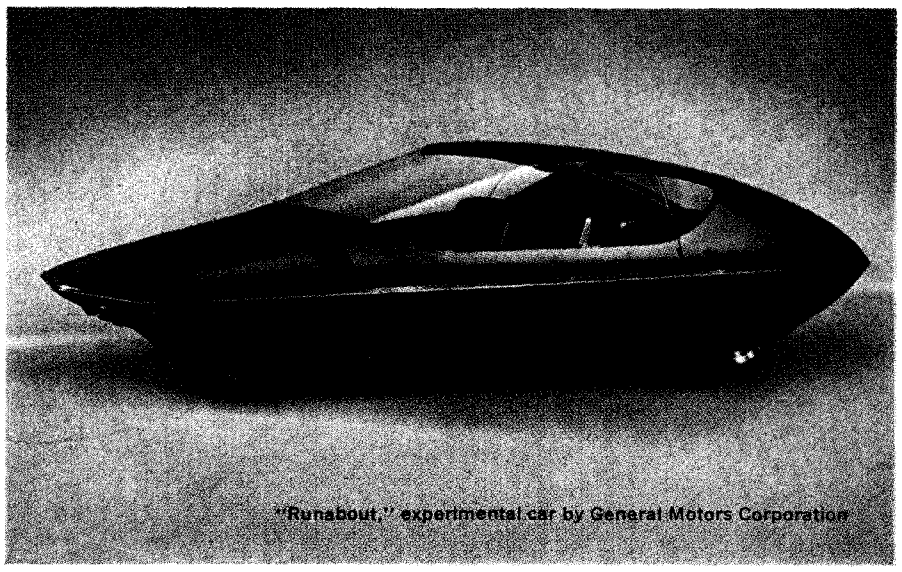
Almost every night for the next five months Johnson stayed up past midnight to learn the results of major engagements between American forces and the Viet Cong, how many United States planes had been shot down and whether "my boys" had been rescued.

The bombing program in the North had now become routine, but still Johnson personally supervised the choice of targets. Each week McNamara formally asked the Joint Chiefs of Staff for a bombing plan for the ensuing seven days. The Joint Chiefs of Staff passed the request to the Commander-in-Chief, Pacific. The targets were laid out, described and located, with an estimate of the number of sorties required, and the program was then returned to the Joint Chiefs in Washington, thence to McNamara and his deputy, Cyrus Vance, and finally to the President. The President approved, disapproved, or changed the schedule.

But the bombing program obviously was not reducing the infiltration of regular batallions from the North. And the improvement on the battlegrounds of the South, though significant and necessary, was far from conclusive. Early in November the President received a proposal for a second bombing pause in the North. (The first, lasting for six days in the previous May, had produced no results.) Oddly, the proposal came not from the State Department, but in an exhaustive and unsolicited memorandum from the Defense Department, and it had the solidly responsible backing of Robert



Over the years...over the miles
...over the world



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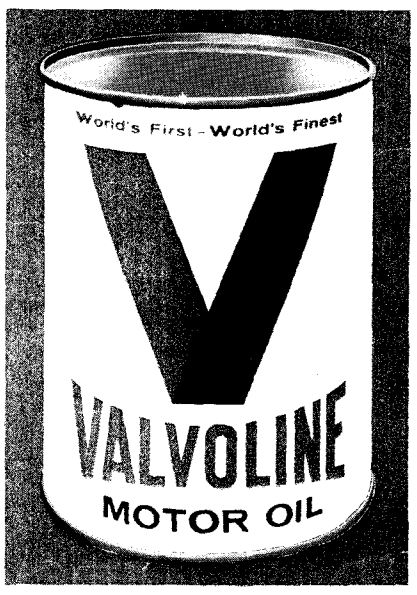

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McNamara. In December, during discussions at the LBJ Ranch, Johnson somewhat reluctantly agreed to go ahead with the pause. And once converted, he became the most enthusiastic exponent of the idea.

The cessation of bombing in the North was announced on December 24. On December 29, Johnson dispatched his emissaries—Averell Harriman to Warsaw, the Middle East, and on around the world; Arthur Goldberg to the Vatican; McGeorge Bundy to Canada; Thomas Mann to Mexico. All carried the same urgent message to the statesmen of the world: The President of the United States wanted them to help in making the bombing pause the prelude to negotiations and peace.

When it became apparent, however, that North Vietnam still would not negotiate, the President had to face the agonizing question of when to end the pause, and he took pains to make the country aware of his agony through leaked stories to the press. Calling the congressional leaders to the White House to discuss the resumption of bombing, he read several paragraphs from Bruce Catton's *Never Call Retreat* depicting Abraham Lincoln's lonely agony during the Civil War. Although Johnson told the congressional leaders he had been comforting himself at night by reading the famous Civil War historian, the very copy of the book he held in his hand had been sent to him only that day, with the pertinent passage marked, by a senator who wanted the President to know he had his sympathy. The senator was Robert F. Kennedy. Finally, on January 31, 1966, after a 39-day pause the President reluctantly ordered a resumption of the bombing.

When Johnson made his 1966 State of the Union Address, Congress and the nation expected hard talk about Vietnam. Instead, the speech was 36 minutes old before he began to discuss the subject ("Tonight the cup of peril is full in Vietnam"). Instead of emphasizing Vietnam, Johnson listed a long series of bills that he wanted passed—among them new attacks on air and water pollution, and new programs for urban redevelopment. He insisted: "I believe we can continue the Great Society while we fight in Vietnam." The former senator from Texas, who had criticized Harry Truman in 1950 for seeking guns *and* butter, was now doing precisely the same thing. In continuing to subordinate Vietnam to the Great Society, moreover, Johnson was refusing to issue a clear and compelling call to his countrymen to stand up straight beside him. Implicit in that refusal was his continuing conviction that the more dangerous threat to him lay not in peace-minded doves but in war-courting hawks. He deliberately avoided stirring up national fervor with an emotional appeal to the colors.

Johnson's new demand for legislation was a revealing display of the corruptive quality of presidential power, indicating how strongly he had come to believe that there are few, if any, limitations to what a President can do. Mesmerized by his historic and prodigious legislative harvests of 1964 and 1965, Johnson made an uncharacteristic overestimate of what Congress would accept in 1966. He failed to appreciate the incipient rebellion on Capitol Hill in the late stages of the 1965 session.

One extenuating circumstance partially explained Johnson's lapse in judgment. On October 8, 1965, his gallbladder and a ureter stone were removed in surgery at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Despite the cheery official bulletins about the President's condition, this operation was no frolic for a man of 57. Exhausted and in constant pain following surgery, Johnson resisted efforts of his staff to impose the full burdens of the Presidency on him even before he left Bethesda. When a presidential assistant handed him a complicated memorandum calling for a detailed response, the President replied by scrawling on it with his felt-tip pen in inch-high letters: "I'M SICK." Even after he left Bethesda, and on into the early weeks of 1966, pain and fatigue continued to make this a period of low vitality and low activity for Johnson.

Thus, having misread the mood of Congress and having asked for far more than he could get, Johnson found himself, by virtue of his convalescence, unable to make the usual careful advance preparations for his overambitious program. For a politician of Johnson's innate caution, that was heresy.

But it was Vietnam, still Vietnam, that remained the core of all of his problems. If that "dirty little" war 10,000 miles away would only disappear, all of the President's lesser political afflictions—the revolt in Congress, the disappearing of the consensus, the curious joylessness pervading his Administration—would shrink. But Vietnam would not go away. Rather, it became the awful adversity of Lyndon Johnson's Presidency.

The cloakrooms of the Senate hummed with complaints and criticism concerning the President's Vietnam policy. What had started in 1964 with the two-man opposition of Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening now had mushroomed to perhaps half the 67 Democratic senators in 1966. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield himself was finding it increasingly difficult to harmonize his loyalty to the President with his desire for a soft line in Vietnam.

Sen. J. W. Fulbright, who had moved into conflict with the President since their rupture over the Dominican intervention, now launched an open attempt to force a change in Johnson's Vietnam policy by putting that policy on public trial. In effect, he intended to go over the President's head to the people, using the dramatic vehicle of public hearings. (One of his committee members said privately that if the investigation undermined the country's confidence in its President, that was a small price to pay for changing American policy in Vietnam.)

Johnson was, in fact, genuinely afraid that the televised hearings would generate a national tide of sentiment against continuing the war, but his two spokesmen, Dean Rusk and Maxwell Taylor, handled Fulbright with skill. The really worrisome result of the hearings was their effect on a serious-faced young man with a shock of bushy chestnut hair who sat listening in the rear of the Caucus Room: Sen. Robert F. Kennedy of New York, next to Johnson himself the most intriguing political figure in the nation.

From the moment of his election to the Senate in 1964, Bobby Kennedy

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became the hope for the future to New Frontiersmen who counted the days to a Kennedy restoration. Kennedy had no desire to break openly with Johnson and lead a government-in-exile. But he did regard himself as preserver of John F. Kennedy's mystique and, a critic by nature, he began through 1965 to take issue here and there with Lyndon Johnson's Presidency, particularly his foreign policy. He was less than happy with the Dominican intervention. By calling for greater efforts to halt the threatened proliferation of nuclear weapons, he implied Johnson was not doing enough in the field of disarmament.

On Vietnam, he held similarly critical views of Johnson, but he had kept them to himself. Yet Bobby Kennedy was no man to remain quiet indefinitely on the great issue of the day. Sitting in on the Fulbright hearings, he came to the erroneous and, in hindsight, naïve conclusion that he could make a constructive suggestion which, even though a sharp departure fro n Johnson's Vietnam policy, would not lead to a personal split with Johnson.

At a press conference on February 19 Kennedy took pains to make it clear that he rejected United States withdrawal from Vietnam as "impossible for this country." But the heart of his statement was this: "We must reveal enough of our intentions to Hanoi to eliminate any reasonable fear that we ask them to talk only to demand surrender." That means, he went on, granting the Viet Cong "a share of the power and responsibility" under a new coalition government in Saigon.

The statement was widely regarded as Kennedy's long-expected public break with the Johnson Administration, which was adamantly opposed to giving the Viet Cong any power or responsibility in any coalition government. Democrats from one end of the country to the other began choosing sides between Johnson and Kennedy, though understanding only faintly the substance of the Washington debate that was to rage in the coming weeks over the desirability of a coalition government in Saigon. Kennedy's Vietnam stand put still another crack in what used to be Johnson's consensus, subtly diminishing a major source of his strength.

By Easter, Vietnam was becoming the malignant cancer of the Great Society. A bloody, insoluble dilemma, it infected all else in 1966. In frustration, Johnson turned to satire one night in May when he addressed a $100-a-plate Democratic fund-raising dinner. Twenty seats down the head table from the President was J. W. Fulbright, uncrowned leader of the peace bloc, who had become increasingly biting and immoderate in his attacks on the "arrogance of power" displayed by Johnson and the United States in Vietnam.

The President began his talk that night by saying that he was "glad to be here among so many friends—and some members of the Foreign Relations Committee." Embarrassed laughter. "You can say one thing about those [Foreign Relations Committee] hearings," said the President, "but I don't think this is the place to say it." More embarrassment. In a political party so deeply split, the sarcasm was resented. Nor was there enthusiasm for the President's summons to all Democratic candidates that night to campaign on a policy of supporting his stand in Vietnam. It was, on the whole, a sour night for everyone there, and it revealed how useless Johnson's old and tested political weapons were in dealing with the great crisis of Vietnam.

Throughout his long climb upward, Johnson's posture had always been deliberately and necessarily flexible. There was, first, his shifting constituency in Texas. Representing the barren hill country of poor farmers and small-town merchants still impoverished by the Depression, Johnson was Franklin Roosevelt's young protégé, a New Deal stalwart. Then, seeking the larger constituency of all of Texas—including the new Texas of oil and big money—Johnson became a labor-baiting, Southern-style freshman senator. And in the Senate, Johnson survived in two worlds: that of Senate Majority Leader, a national party spokesman, and that of a Texan who was never quite sure of survival in his home base. And finally, the emancipation from that Texas constituency to become Vice President, free now at last to be as liberal as necessary for his national constituency.

Up that long and tortuous path, his flexibility of ideology had been essential to his acquisition of power. He had magnified the pitifully small prerogatives of the Majority Leader's office and made that office, while he held it, one of the mightiest in the land. And as President he had stretched and refined to new dimensions the powers of an office inherently more powerful than any other in the world.

For the most part, the power of Lyndon Johnson had been well used for public purpose. His Senate had censured Joe McCarthy, passed the first civil-rights act since Reconstruction an l subdu d a brief but concentrated assault on he Supreme Court by the reactionaries. His Presidency had welded together a national consensus at a time of sorrow, tamed the Congress to produce a vast outpouring of legislation, and presided over an unprecedented economic prosperity.

But on the issue of Vietnam Jol n-son's flexibility, which had enabled him so long to endure and grow, was of no avail. It was, perhaps, a liability. Wayne Morse could draw from his rigid ideology the certitude that the United States *must* withdraw from Vietnam. Richard Russell could conclude from his own set of principles that the United States *must* increase its use of aerial power to win the war or withdraw. But for Johnson, the pragmatist and the compromiser, there were no axioms and no certitudes. He could not call upon the nation to wage holy war—nor to withdraw from the conflict. Torn between the need to hold the line against Communist aggression and fear of a general war, he had no complete answer. Perhaps that fact itself would turn out to be best for the nation. But the ideological flexibility that had always serv d him so well before, that had allowed him to move from one political milieu to another, and had brought him to the Presidency, could bring no great triumph now

Never was there an unhappier war rior than the Commander-in-Chief in mid-1966. For the future and shape of Lyndon Baines Johnson's Presidency rested with events singularly intransigent, taking place 10,000 miles away, in a war that refused to respond to the mastery and exercise of presidential power. □

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"Betty hauled off and socked him one on the chin so hard he went overboard. Then, just like a woman, she bust out crying."

The JAMA

They had made Harrison a prisoner on his own boat. What power did the man hold over him? And why was he so terrified of the woman?

All Monday morning and well into the afternoon the cruiser lay at anchor in the bay, a little to the north of the channel. It was a forty-eight-foot boat, obviously built before Pearl Harbor. Through the binoculars Blair could read *Jama* and FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA. on the stern. He had never seen the boat before, and would not have paid particular attention to it now but for the fact that since early morning no one had come on deck. Blair had first noticed the boat at about seven o'clock, when he returned from his dip in the ocean; then he saw it twice again on his way to and from the village around ten o'clock. Boats that lay in the bay overnight were usually under way by noon, especially on a Monday, but the *Jama* was still there at three o'clock in the afternoon, and Blair had seen no signs of life on it.

"What are you looking at?" said Jessie Blair.

"That cruiser," said Blair.

"You thinking of buying it?" said Jessie Blair. It was an old family joke that if Dave Blair looked twice at any boat he was sure to make an offer for it.

"Well, maybe I'd get it cheap," he said.

"Why?"

"I don't know," he said. "It may be abandoned. There doesn't seem to be a soul aboard. Here, take a look." He handed her the binoculars.

She put the strap around her neck and adjusted the lenses to her own requirements. "*Jama*," she said. "Fort Lauderdale, Florida. No, I don't see anybody, but they may have gone ashore."

"How? Walked or swam? Their dinghy's hanging right there."

"They could have got a ride from George Miller."

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BY JOHN O'HARA *Illustrated by George Porter*

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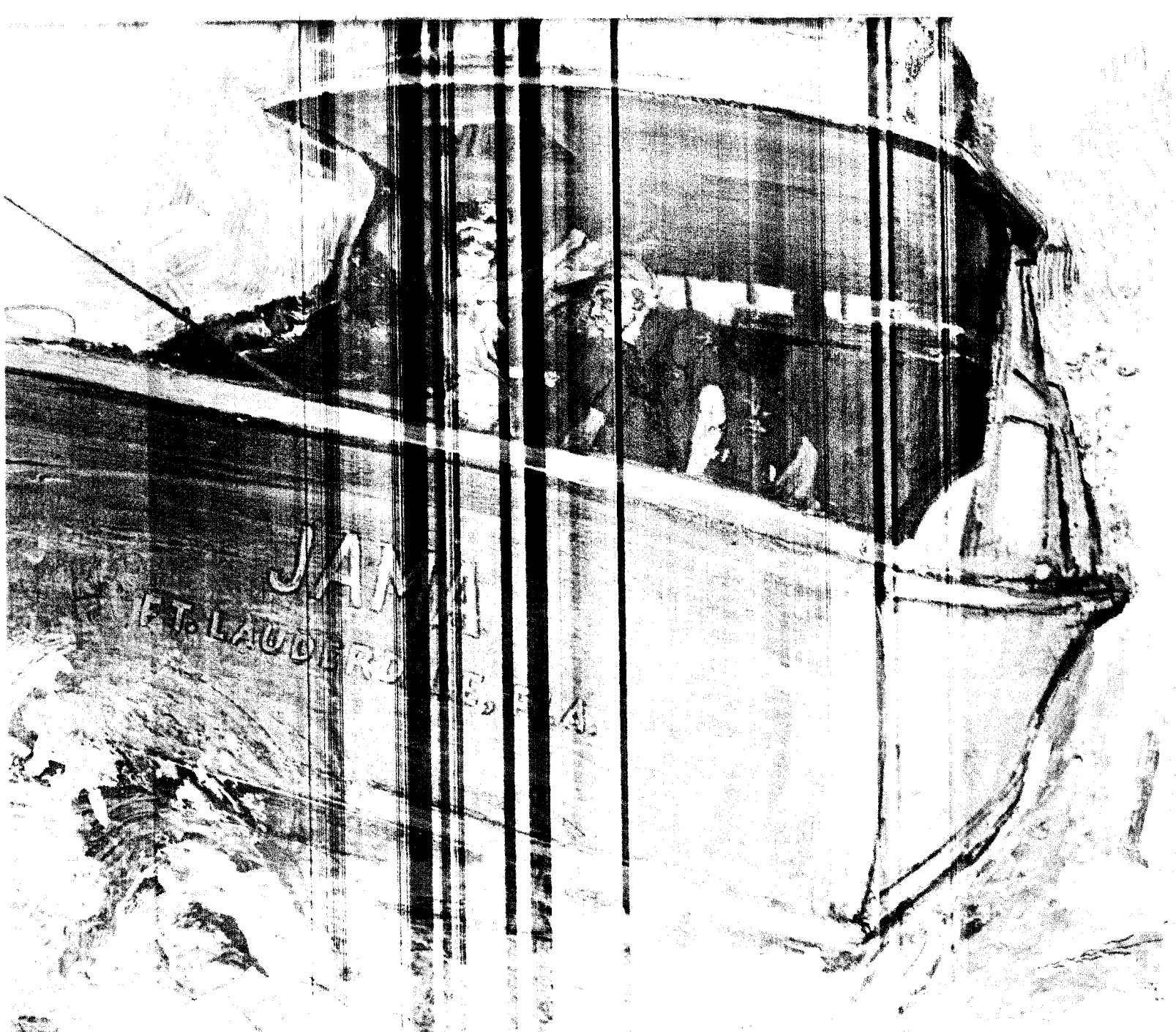

"They could have, but I doubt it," he said. "They could also have spent the night ashore and aren't back yet, but I doubt that too. Or, they could have spent the night on another boat, but the only other boat that was there this morning pulled out around ten o'clock."

"Ah, the mystery is solved!" said Jessie.

Simultaneously, they saw a man come on deck. "Let me have those," said Dave Blair.

"Hold your horses. I want to have a look at him too," said Jessie.

"Will you please give me the Goddamn glasses?"

"He doesn't look like much," said Jessie. "He just got up. Scratching himself, rubbing his beard. All right, here." She handed him the binoculars. "And don't forget to put the strap around your neck."

"I'm not the one that forgets," said Dave. He readjusted the lenses and saw a man in khaki shorts and a blue work shirt that was not tucked in. "He looks like a lot of guys on Monday morning."

"Only it's Monday afternoon," said Jessie.

"For him I think it's early Monday morning. He's drinking a cup of coffee, or I suppose it's coffee. If it wasn't coffee, he'd be drinking out of the bottle. He hasn't brushed his hair. Ah, the plot thickens."

"Is that a woman?"

"It sure as hell is a woman," said Dave.

"Is she pretty?"

"She doesn't have to be," said Dave. "She's what you take along on a long, long cruise."

"And get tired of very quickly. Unless she has something else to offer."

"Oh, I imagine she can probably cook. She's not a

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"Please take care of my sister."

TAICHUNG, FORMOSA—*Two-year-old Su Ying, her parents dead, waits for her brother who will never return.*

Little Su Ying was abandoned in the alley behind our Babies' Home in Formosa. She was frightened, cold and hungry.

But as you can see in the picture, someone had tried to make her look pretty. Her hair was combed and her dress, even though torn, was clean.

In her hand she clutched a note written by her brother:

"Please take care of my sister. Our parents are dead for many weeks. I am twelve and can no longer find food for this small sister. To my ears came news of your House, so I bring Su Ying to you."

Will you help us give Su Ying—and youngsters equally as needy—a chance to grow up in an atmosphere of love?

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glamour-girl type, judging from her clothes. Shorts and a man's skivvy shirt."

"Why do you think she can cook?"

"She's pouring him another cup of coffee out of a percolator. Therefore it isn't instant coffee. Which, of course, he may have made, but I give her the benefit of the doubt. I wonder if she's the Ja or the Ma?"

"What?" said Jessie.

"The *Jama*. She could be Jane, and he could be Max. Or he could be James, and she could be Mary. Ja–Ma. But do you know what I think? I think neither one of them is Ja or Ma. I don't think they own the boat. That boat's a good twenty-five years old, but I don't think he owns it. They just don't look like the kind of people that would shell out thirty or forty thousand dollars for that kind of boat."

"How can you tell?"

"I don't know, but you can," said Dave. "Even at this distance you just know they don't belong to that boat. That boat was built for people that are probably long since dead, and now it belongs to someone else. But not the people we're looking at."

"You're making a wild guess," said Jessie.

"Naturally. But they just don't seem at home on that boat. They don't look like boat people. He does, but she doesn't."

"There's no such thing as boat people anymore," said Jessie.

"I guess you're right," said her husband.

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere," said Jessie. She saw a third person, a man, come out of the cabin. "What does *he* look like?"

"That—is probably—the owner," said Dave. "She's pouring him a cup of coffee. He's seating himself in a deck chair. Yes, he's the owner. He has that manner. I'm beginning to figure it out. He's the owner; the other guy is a paid hand. The woman is either the paid hand's wife or the owner's girl friend."

"Why not the owner's wife?" said Jessie.

"Well, she could be, but I doubt it. I know she couldn't be the paid hand's girl friend, because the owner wouldn't allow that. The owner is a man in his fifties. He's wearing khaki pants and a flowery shirt, and that's a fisherman's cap. One of those caps with a long peak that deep-sea fishermen wear. I would say that he's retired from business and probably spends most of his time on his boat. He probably lives aboard. They're on their way to Florida for the winter, having spent the summer in around New England. Nova Scotia. That's not a deck chair. It's a swivel chair, for fishing. There are two of them. The boat hasn't got a pulpit, but it has dual controls, and the bridge is pretty high up, so it doesn't need a pulpit. I don't see any fishing rods, but they're probably stowed away until they get to Florida. They'll go by way of the inland route, so they won't do any deep-sea fishing till they get to Fort Lauderdale."

"You're consumed with curiosity," said Jessie. "Why don't you go call on them?"

"I would if I had some excuse. Do you want to come with me?"

"No, I have too much to do. All those things to put away for the winter."

"Do you want any help?"

"No, thanks. It's the bed linen and bath towels and so on, and you don't know where they go. Besides, I don't think I'd like those people. You go call on them and tell me all about it. You don't need an elaborate excuse. Just take the boat and ask them if everything's all right. After all, what can they do? They can thank you and ask you to come aboard for a drink, or they can tell you to mind your own business."

"All right," said Dave.

He left the house and went down to the bay and started up his outboard. He proceeded into the channel, moving slowly and trying to appear casual. He passed the *Jama*, waved to the people on deck, and received a wave in return from the woman and the owner. He swung around and went alongside the *Jama* and throttled his motor down. "Hi! Everything okay?" he called to the men and the woman.

"Everything okay, thanks," said the owner. "Why? What made you ask?"

"Well, I was a little worried about you," said Dave. "I thought you might be having trouble."

The owner laughed. "No, no trouble, thanks. Care to come aboard and have a drink with us?"

"Never been known to refuse," said Dave. He handed the painter to the man in shorts and went aboard. "My name is Blair. Dave Blair. I live in that gray cottage on top of the dune."

"Jack Harrison is my name," said the owner. "Welcome aboard. This is Bob Lewis and Mrs. Lewis."

"Pleased to meet you," said Lewis.

"Howdia do?" said Mrs. Lewis. The Lewises were not quite hostile.

"This bay can be tricky after a good blow. The bottom shifts, and a boat this size could run aground," said Dave.

"Oh, we took soundings," said Harrison. "I've been through here before, other years. What will it be, Mr. Blair? We have beer on ice, but we have just about everything else you can name. Personally I like to start the day with a Tom Collins. But you name your own libation."

"A Tom Collins would be fine," said Dave.

"Bob, will you do the honors? Betty? What are you having?"

"Oh, I guess a Collins," said Mrs. Lewis.

"We're all three somewhat the worse for wear today," said Harrison. "We started tying one on, I don't know, I guess about four o'clock yesterday afternoon and decided to go ashore for dinner. The fellow that runs the boatyard, George . . ."

"George Miller," said Dave.

"He came out and got us. I blew for him, and he came out and got us, and we had dinner at a place called the El Mirador. Wasn't that the name of it, Betty?"

"Don't ask me," said Mrs. Lewis.

"Yes, the El Mirador," said Dave. "It's the best place to eat around here."

"Wonderful lobster," said Harrison. "And I happen to like Rhine wine with lobster. So we hung around there till ha'-past eleven or quarter of twelve, and then George Miller very kindly brought us back to my boat. He couldn't stay and have a nightcap with us, but I guess we three must of kept at it till daylight."

"You two did. I didn't," said Betty Lewis. "It got too cold."

"Yeah, but you stuck it out till four or five o'clock. I honestly don't know

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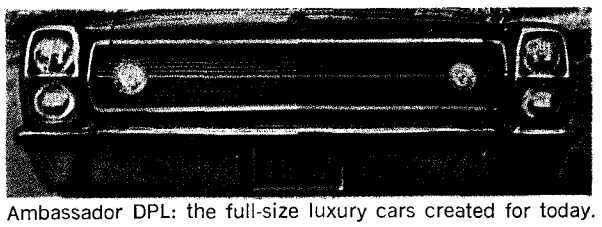
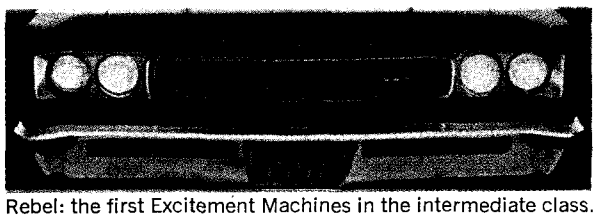


Ambassador DPL: the full-size luxury cars created for today.



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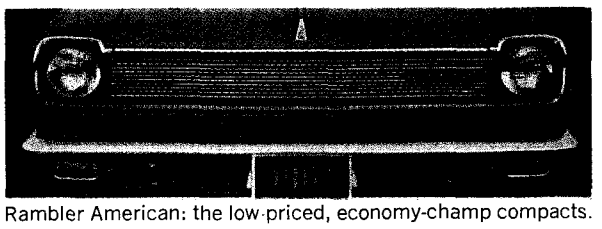

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Rebel safety for Now. An energy-absorbing steering column and three-spoke deep-dish wheel. A Double-Safety brake system; a warning signal light to monitor both hydraulic brake line systems; rear side wink lights (wagons have reflectors); padded dashboard and visors; recessed instrument panel; backup lights; seat belts front and rear (retractable in front); shoulder belt anchor plates; 4-way flashers; day/nite antiglare mirror on double-safety pivot; windshield washers; and more built-in safety features to help you drive with care and confidence...all built into a solid, single-unit body. See the only Now Car dealer in town, your American Motors/Rambler Dealer. He fits the price to the excitement.

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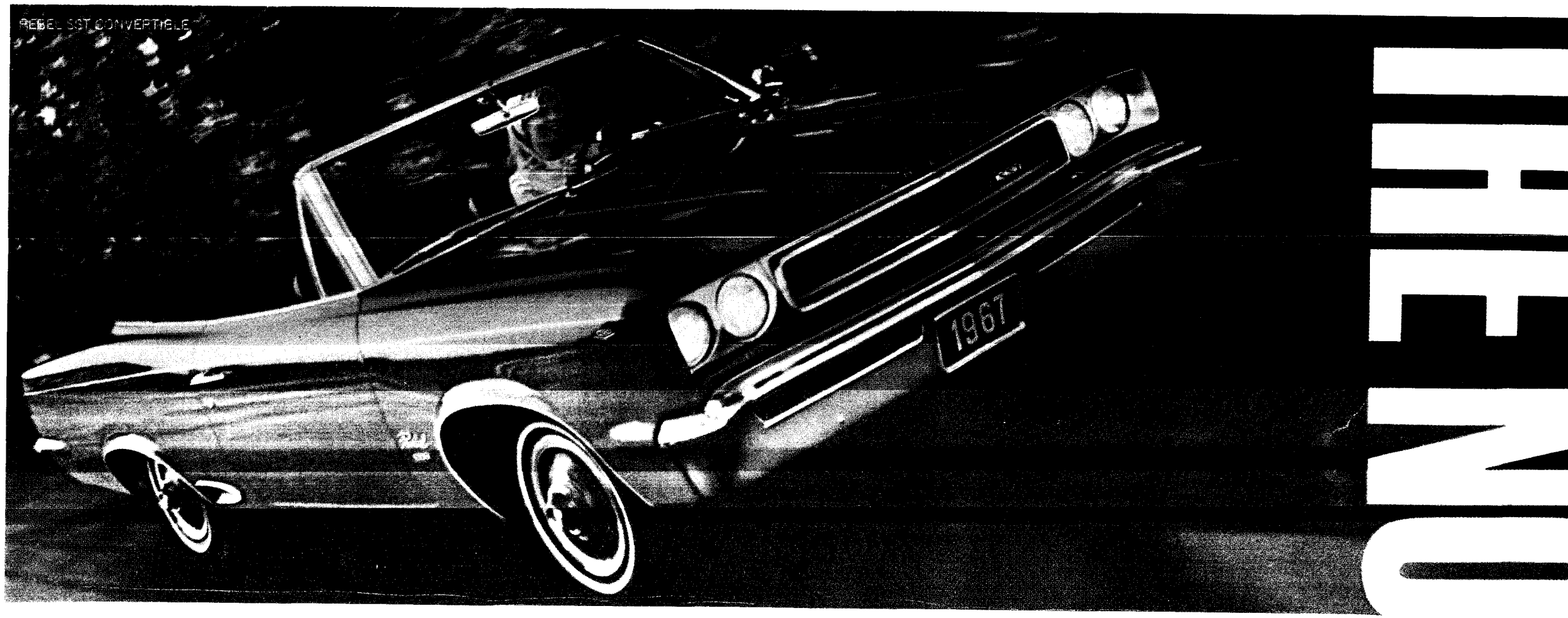

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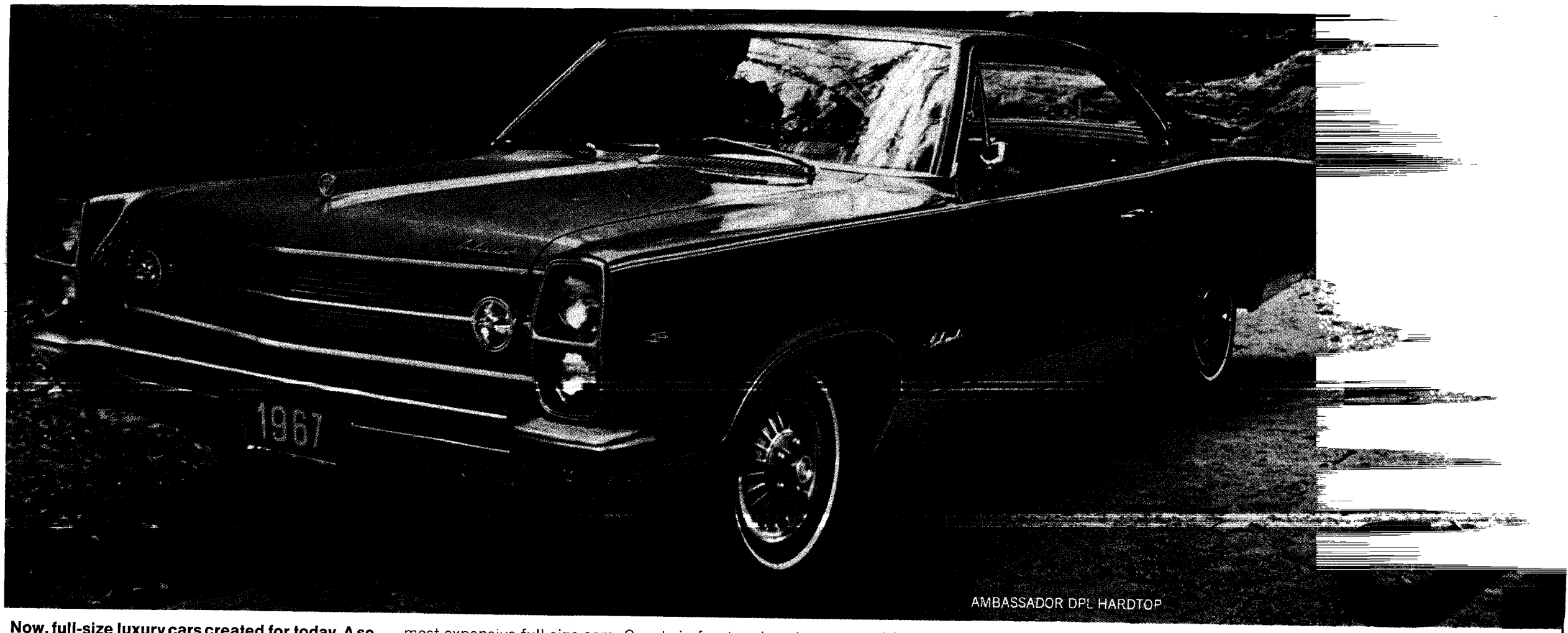

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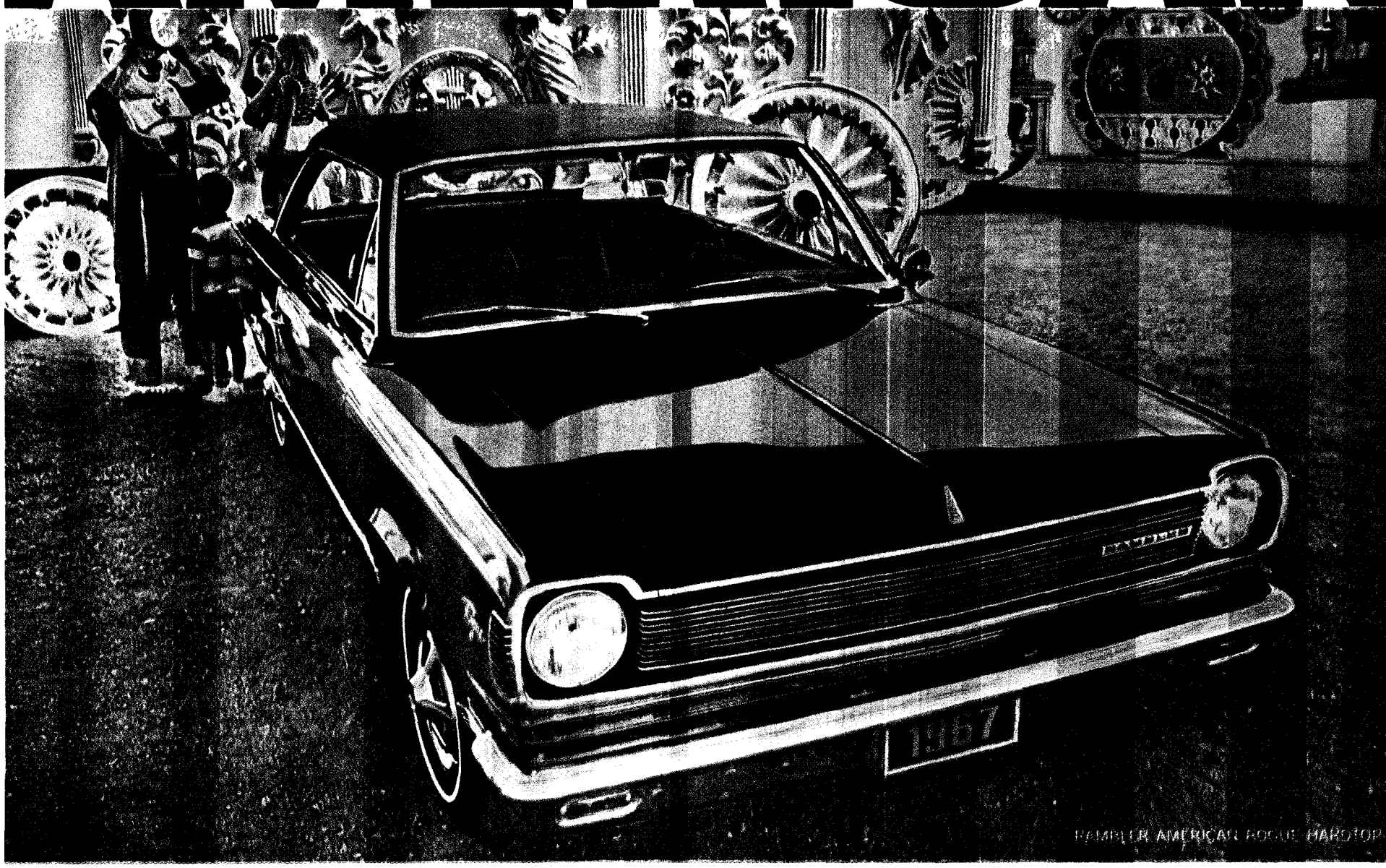

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THE NOW CARS

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what time I finally hit the sack, but I can tell you one thing. I was as drunk as any white man from here to Key West. The only way to get back to civilization is to take one of Bob's Tom Collinses. Thank you, Robert. Mr. Blair, glad to have you aboard."

"Thank you," said Dave. He gestured with his head. "Nice boat you've got here."

Harrison smiled. "Well, I like her. I bought her just before the war. She's named after my wife and I. Jack and May Harrison. My wife passed on some years ago, but I kept the name in memory of her. I was thinking of changing the name, but you heard that superstition about changing a boat's name. I don't believe there's anything to it, but I didn't want to go against it. And besides, everybody liked May, and they all thought it was a kind of a nice tribute, if you know what I mean. Yes, I've had this boat over twenty-five years now. I bought her practically brand-new from a friend of mine in Jacksonville, Florida. You can see she was built before the war. Nothing plastic about this boat. You can take a look inside and notice the woodwork, the paneling and all that. During the war I used to do patrol duty with her. You know we had a lot of enemy submarines down there off the East Coast. They were sinking our tankers right and left. That was how I happened to meet Bob, here. Bob was in the Coast Guard, and I was in the Auxiliary. What were you, Bob? About twenty?"

"Nineteen when I enlisted," said Lewis. He pulled on his cigarette, exposing his lower teeth as he breathed the smoke into his lungs. "Put in altogether fifty-one months."

"Bob signed on with me the latter part of '45, and been with me ever since. Betty, you signed on in '58, wasn't it? Not that she signed on, but practically. Betty knows as much about *Jama* as Bob *or* I. One of these days she's gonna take a course in navigation and then she'll be the real skipper."

"That'll be the day," said Betty Lewis.

"It isn't much of a life for a young woman, I'll agree with you there," said Jack Harrison. "But it's a good way to save your money, living on the boat ten months of the year. Bob and Betty have this apartment in Lauderdale they occupy during the fall, and I go and stay in a hotel in Jacksonville while the boat's being overhauled. You a native of these parts, Mr. Blair?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact I was born here. My family have been coming here for the summer ever since I can remember. Ordinarily we make our home in Englewood, New Jersey, my wife and I. Our children are all married ——"

"You live retired?" said Harrison.

"Yes, I guess you'd call it that. I've more or less turned over the family business to my two sons. We're in the pottery business."

"Oh, *that* Blair. I heard of them," said Betty. She was less hostile. She turned to her husband. "You know those blue cups and saucers we have at home. They're from the Blair company. They used to belong to my mother. You know, those heavy blue cups and saucers? They're practically unbreakable."

"Or **you'd** of broke them by this time," said Bob.

"Ah, shut up," said Betty.

"Jack, we're gonna need more ice and a few things. I think what I'll do, I'll take the puddle-jumper and go get what we need," said Bob Lewis.

"How much will you need?" said Harrison.

"You better give me about twenty dollars," said Bob.

"Mm-hmm." Harrison took a roll of bills from his pants pocket. He slipped a wide rubber band off the bills and back over his wrist in a single, practiced motion. Dave Blair saw tens, twenties, fifties, and hundred-dollar bills in the roll. Harrison pulled out a twenty and handed it to Lewis. "There you are," said Harrison. "Are you taking Betty with you? Do we need any canned goods or anything, Betty?"

"No, but I think I'll go with him. I guess there's a drugstore in the town?"

"Yes," said Blair. "It's on the principal corner."

"I want to get a few things for myself. What time we shoving off, Jack?"

"Well, I don't know. We'll have to decide that when you get back. It gets dark earlier, and it's twenty-five to four."

"Well, for God's sake, we're not gonna lay around here and get gassed again, are we? Another whole day shot to hell, and you said we'd be home in two weeks. Those two weeks'll be up Wednesday. If we keep on like this I'm gonna take the train."

"Now, Betty, I'll make it up to you," said Harrison.

Betty Lewis turned to Blair. "These two sit around and get gassed every single night, and we were supposed to be home this Wednesday."

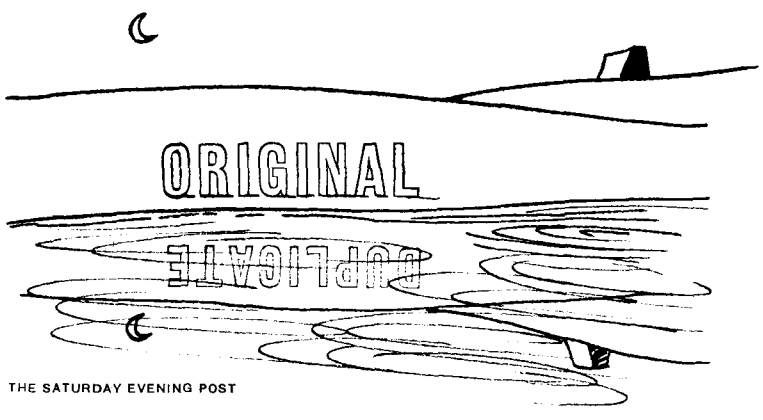
"What's the difference if we get home this Wednesday or next Wednesday?" said her husband.

"Because I wanta get off this crummy boat and wear some decent clothes for a change, that's what's the difference," said Betty.

"You looked pretty nice last night, Betty," said Harrison.

"That's the same dress I been wearing ever since we came north," said Betty Lewis.

"Well, I'll blow you to a new one when we get home. Bob, will you fix us



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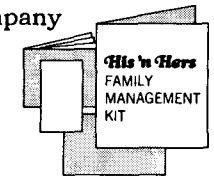

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a couple more of these before you go?"

"Not for me, thanks," said Blair.

"Me, then," said Harrison. He held up his empty glass.

"Hold on to your hats, here we go again," said Betty.

Much as it was like being an outsider in the midst of a family dispute, Dave Blair was less embarrassed than curious. Jack Harrison was in his sixties, not his fifties, and Betty Lewis was about thirty-five. Bob Lewis's age was more easily determinable, assuming he had enlisted in the Coast Guard in 1942. Twenty-four plus nineteen was forty-three. The nature of the relationship between Harrison and Lewis, and between Harrison and Betty Lewis, was more difficult to determine, but it was apparent that Harrison had formed some kind of attachment for each of them. He was a vigorous man who had doubtless been, in spite of his sentimentality about his wife, a womanizer in his day. Blair could almost hear Harrison, at a convention in a hotel, sending for the girls, and such a man—*any* man—would be sure to take note of Betty Lewis's shape. She had a permanent frown, the result of her self-consciousness about her figure and its effect on men. She was not pretty, and Blair made a guess that Bob had first met her as a call girl. It would be natural enough for her to marry Bob Lewis to escape from the dreariness of prostitution, but Blair was also inclined to believe that Jack Harrison had come into the picture as a deciding factor. He doubted that Lewis would marry Betty without some encouragement from Harrison, the meal ticket.

Lewis gave Harrison his fresh drink, and he and Betty lowered the dinghy and cast off.

"I could have let them borrow my boat," said Dave Blair. "I should have offered it to them."

"No, there's no telling when they'll be back. They'll find some saloon and start an argument. They've been spoiling for a fight, those two. I could see it coming all last week, and when they fight, they fight, believe you me. You know, she's quite a husky girl, Betty."

"To say the least," said Blair.

"She can take care of herself. A month or so ago we were fishing one day off Nantucket, going for swordfish as I recall it. Yes. That was how it started. She said she never caught a swordfish, and I said well she could probably catch one there. So, by God, she hooked one, a big bugger he was. I wouldn't guess what he weighed, but I said to her if she boated him I'd make her a present of having him stuffed. Well sir, you ought to see her playing that fish, the sweat pouring off of her till she was soaked to the skin." He paused. "I never saw her so excited before, rocking back and forth there for forty or fifty minutes. I just sat there and watched her. Bob was at the wheel, up on the bridge, and he was trying to help her as much as he could. But then I don't know, all of a sudden he gave it the gun and the boat jumped forward, and that did it. The line snapped, Betty was thrown back, and she lost the fish. She didn't lose the tackle, fortunately. That'd of cost me in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars, all told. But she just reeled in her line and got up and went up to Bob on the bridge, and she hauled off and socked him one on the chin so hard he went overboard. One punch. I guess he wasn't ready for it, but even so. One punch. I yelled to her to stop the boat, but she yelled back, 'Leave the son of a bitch drown.' I had to go up there myself and take the wheel, or Mr. Bob Lewis would be feeding the fishes today. You ought to seen her hands. Raw. And she's used to fishing. But she wanted that swordfish if it took all the flesh off her hands. Then what did she do? Just like a woman, she bust out crying. Here was a woman that battled a fish for over a half an hour, and knocked her husband over the side with one punch, and was satisfied to let him drown. But then when it was all over she started crying like some kid that you took away her lollipop. She's some woman, Betty."

"Yes, she is," said Blair.

"Polish girl, from Buffalo, New York. Between you and me and the bedpost, I think she used to be a hooker. I don't believe any of the stories she tells about herself. Some of them I believe. She said she was a snake charmer, first with a carnival and then in the nightclubs. I believe that. Who'd make up a story like that? But most of the other stuff is the bunk, like she says she had this old fellow that put her up in an apartment on Park Avenue, and the stories she tells about him. Right in front of Bob, her own husband. But she won't ever admit she was a hooker."

"How did he get to know her, her husband?"

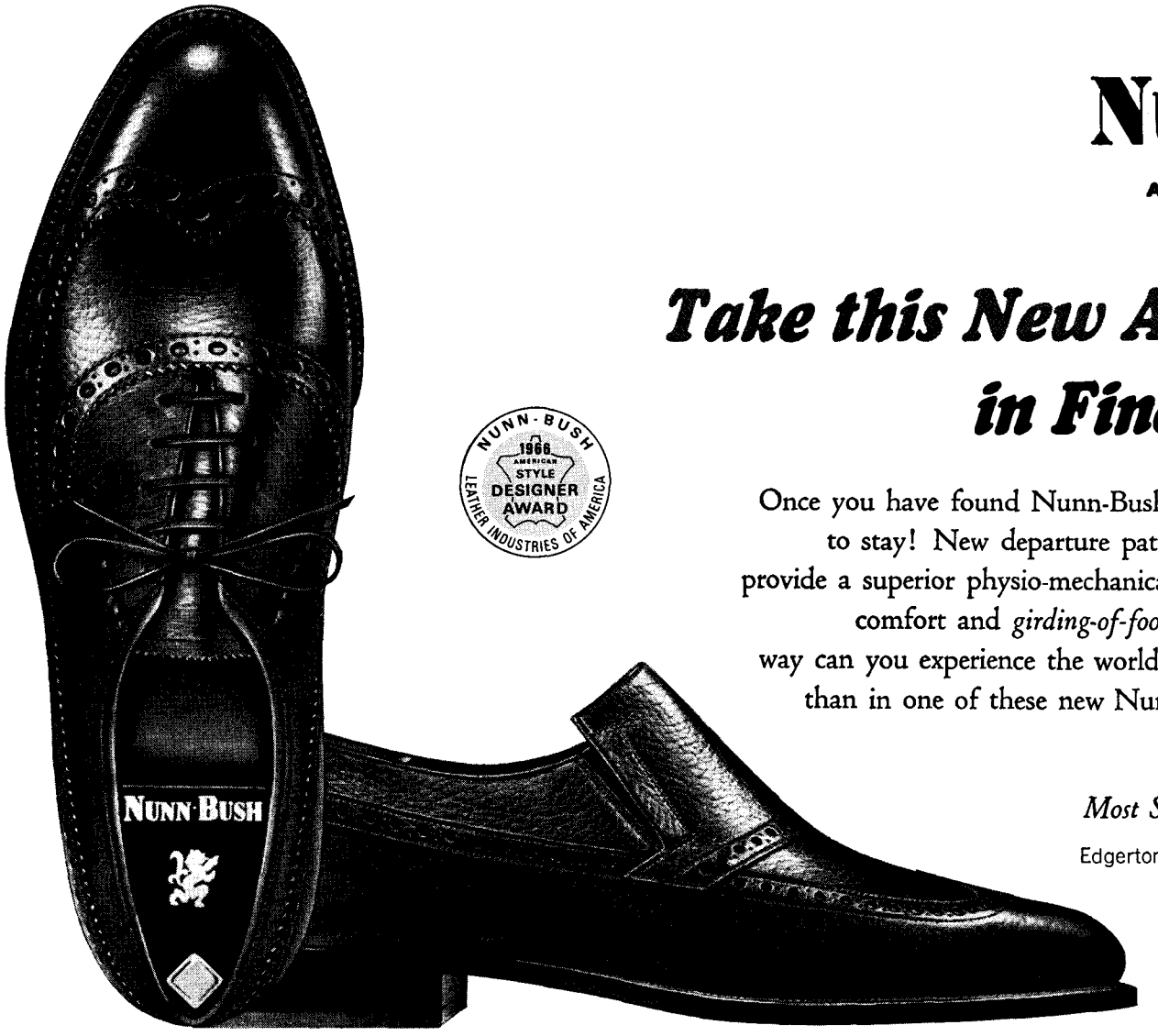
"In a saloon. A nightclub kind of a joint in Miami. She was a B-girl. You know, they order beer. One beer, and you get charged for ten. We went in there one night, Bob and I, and she came over and sat down with us. The next thing I knew, a couple days later Bob asked me for the loan of five hundred dollars so he could marry her. The way I figured, if he had a wife he'd be better off than if he stayed single. Steady him down a little. So I gave him the five hundred for a wedding present, and we took her along our next trip out. She called it her honeymoon. Bob said she told her friends she was going on her honeymoon on a yacht. But she did her share of the work, and pretty soon she could do everything a paid hand can do. I don't give her a salary, but I make her a present at Christmastime, which amounts to a little more than I'd pay a deckhand. There's only one trouble with Betty."

"What's that?" said Blair.

"I'm ascared of her. The two of them. You just saw me give him twenty dollars. Well, that's the last I'll ever see of that. They won't bring back any change. You come here asking if we were having any trouble, and I said no. What else could I say? But I don't know if we'll ever make Fort Lauderdale. Me, that is. I can drink him under the table, and I do. As long as I can get him drunk, the two of them can't gang up on me. She wouldn't do anything alone."

"Like what?" said Blair.

"Anything," said Harrison. "She would of let him drown, and all he did was keep her from boating a swordfish. I can see you're a gentleman, Mr. Blair, or I wouldn't feel free to tell you these things. Here I am, a man sixty-five years of age and well-to-do. I took a fancy to Bob and more or less adopted him. Not legally, but I gave him a job,



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Now, simply follow the instructions we give you to take an ordinary pencil and place it between your teeth! And NOW read another page of that same book, following the one rule we give you! Time yourself again!

AND THRILL TO THE SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED THAT YOU HAVE LIBERATED IN YOUR READING RATE, AS YOUR EYES BEGIN TO FLASH OVER THAT PRINTED PAGE!

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Proof number two—skyrocket your vocabulary—in minutes!

Now turn to page 135. Glance over the fascinating word game you find on this and the following few pages. Try this game for five minutes. See for yourself how much FUN it is.

And then turn to page 139. Look over the list—*without ever seeing them before, and without going to the dictionary—of FIVE DIFFERENT FOUR-SYLLABLE WORDS, THAT WOULD STUMP MOST COLLEGE GRADUATES!, and watch the excitement grow inside you as you find yourself reeling off the exact meaning of those previously "impossible" words—JUST AS EASILY AND QUICKLY AS IF THEY WERE PRINTED ON A WALL IN FRONT OF YOU!*

And this is still just the beginning! Because now you turn to page 179—*and you break mathematics wide open!*

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All you do is this! Learn one secret on this page, that you can master in five minutes! And then take any math problem that's stumped you before—in business, mark-up, stock market, installment payments, interest charges, keeping down household expenses—*and now do that problem again!*

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And this is still just the beginning!

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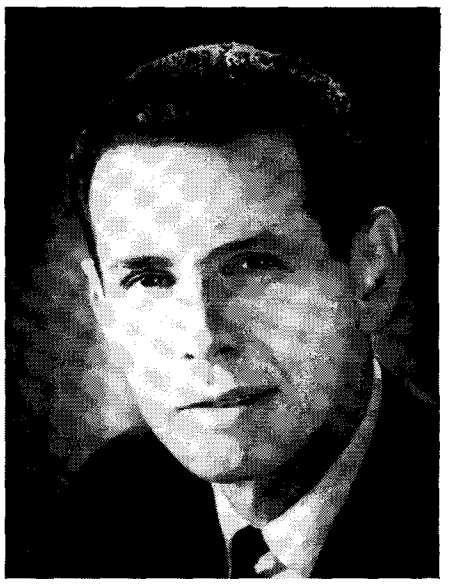

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I tried to hang on to my mother's skirt, but I couldn't reach it."

and the two of us used to kind of play around together. Nightclubs and such stuff. Then he married Betty, and she's been with us ever since. I have to tell you this to give you the complete picture. You see, a couple of times I had relations with her. I ought to have had more sense, but you have *that* walking around the boat all day and night, and I made a little pass at her. I thought maybe she'd laugh it off, but as soon as Bob left the boat she said now was our chance. Happened I guess four or five times all told, but she has that on me."

"You sure Lewis doesn't know anything about it?"

"I wondered a little, but I don't think he does. I think she's saving that up for when she wants to get him real mad at me. When that will be I don't know. But it'll be sometime." He swirled the ice around in his empty glass. "If I make it to Fort Lauderdale, I'm going to sell my boat."

"You don't have to do that, do you? Can't you just fire Lewis?"

"I wish it was that simple. No, I'd have to get rid of the two of them all at once. Tell them to take their two months off, and put the boat in the yard for the annual overhaul. But put the boat up for sale. That's the best time of the year to sell a boat. And in the meantime I could go away somewhere. California. Europe. They'd think I was still holed up in the hotel in Jacksonville. I'll hate to sell the *Jama*, but it's the only way out for me."

"Mr. Harrison, if you really believe they're going to do something to you, you ought to go to the police."

"And tell them what? Tell them they're plotting to do away with me? The first question the police'd ask is why didn't I fire them? You know, I never realized it till lately but I'm all alone in the world. I have some nephews and nieces I never even saw, scattered all over the United States. No, there's nothing for me to do, Mr. Blair. But I feel a little better talking about it. I knew you were a nice man, a gentleman, as soon as I saw you."

"Well, I'd like to help you if I knew how," said Blair.

"The trouble is, she's beginning to get suspicious. You took notice how the two of them kind of didn't want you to come aboard."

"I thought that was my imagination," said Blair.

"No. They had to know all about you. When you said your family owned the Blair pottery business, she knew you weren't some kind of a cop or lawyer. She never would of left the boat otherwise."

"Well, now what *do* they plan to do? They can't go back without you, or the police would start asking questions."

"They don't have to go back to Lauderdale. There's any number of places they could go, where people wouldn't be too particular about who owned the *Jama*. Castro wouldn't mind having a boat like this, and Bob also knows people in Miami that are against Castro. *They* might like to buy it. You could cross the Atlantic Ocean in the *Jama*. There's a place over in Africa called Tangiers, where they say they do a lot of smuggling. A couple years back, two fellows, foreigners, offered me fifteen thousand for the *Jama*. She's worth over twice that, but I stalled them to find out what they wanted to do with her. They wouldn't tell me much, but Bob said they were some kind of smugglers. Maybe I should of sold her then and let Bob go with them."

"I'm almost tempted to make you an offer myself," said Blair.

"Well, I'd let you have her for a good price if it wasn't for Bob and Betty. You see, Mr. Blair, the whole damn trouble is, what if it's only my imagination? You know. A guilty conscience on account of monk'ing around with Bob's wife. I take precautions. I won't go out in bad weather, and if they decide to dump me overboard they have to do it in broad daylight. But what if we get to Fort Lauderdale and nothing happened?"

"Would you still sell the boat?" said Blair.

"Yes. If we get to Lauderdale the first thing I'm gonna do is kneel down and kiss the ground, and then I'm going to send Bob and Betty off on their vacation and put the *Jama* up for sale."

"When you do, will you send me a telegram? Let me know what your price is."

"I can tell you that right now. Twenty-five-thousand as is. You want to have a look around?"

"Thanks, but I think I'd better get back. My wife is getting ready to close our house, and I ought to be there to help her." He rose and shook hands with Harrison.

"Enjoyed talking to you, Mr. Blair. I chewed your ear off, but it did me a lot of good. That's David Blair, Midhampton, Long Island, will get you?"

"They'll forward any mail or telegrams."

"I'd like to see a nice married couple own the *Jama*. That's what I got her for originally."

"I'd like to hear from you, even if you don't sell her. I'd feel better, knowing you got there safe and sound," said Blair.

Harrison looked off toward the village. "Well, Mr. Blair, if you don't hear from me in three weeks—say by the fifteenth of October—you might just drop a line to the chief of police at Fort Lauderdale. I don't want to just disappear from the face of the earth."

"I'll do that," said Blair.

"You can say you had this conversation with me, and I asked you to notify them. You don't have to get mixed up in it. Write them anonymously if you want to."

"No, I'd sign my name," said Blair.

"I just don't want to disappear from the face of the earth and nobody ever know what happened to me," said Harrison. He threw his cigarette into the bay, making sure that it hit the water. "I wasn't always on the side of the law. I made my money cutting a few corners, you might say. But I never did time, and I made a will. It'll all go to my nieces and nephews that I hardly know their names. Maybe some good'll come of the money that way." He lit a fresh cigarette. "Not that I was ever a good man, Mr. Blair, but I was never mean. Nobody could ever say I was mean."

Blair, with a quick glance, saw that tears had come to Harrison's eyes. "Thanks for the drink, Mr. Harrison. Let me hear from you," he said. He let himself down into his boat and started up the motor. He looked up at Harrison, whose eyes were now filled with tears, standing on deck and nodding, nodding, making no effort to speak over the noise of the outboard engine.

Blair waved once and pulled away and did not look back. □

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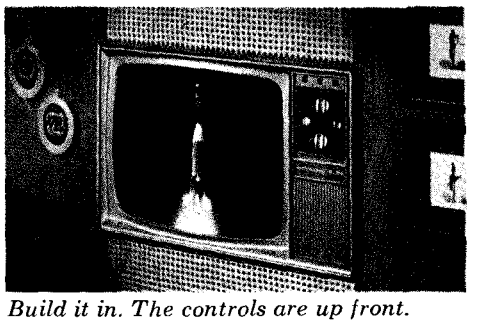

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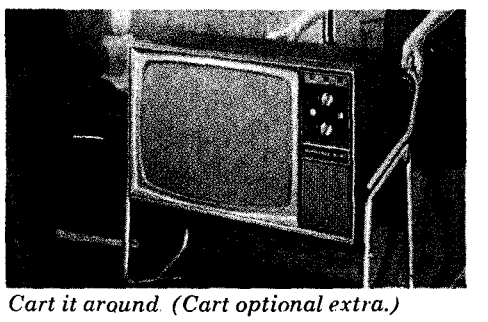

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THE LION

**It was the moment Petya had waited for:
The girl he loved watched him from the audience,
and the stage was his alone.**

BY YEVGENY ZAMYATIN

Translated by MIRRA GINSBURG

It all began with an utterly fantastic event: The lion, that magnificent king of the beasts, got stinking drunk. He kept stumbling on all four paws and keeling over on his side. It was a catastrophe.

The lion attended Leningrad University and at the same time worked as an extra at the ballet theater. In today's performance, he was to stand on a cliff, dressed in a lion skin, and wait to be struck by a spear thrown by the heroine. Then the dead lion would fall from the cliff onto a mattress backstage. Everything had gone excellently during rehearsals, but now, on the day of the premiere, a half hour before curtain time, the lion played his swinish trick. There were no substitute extras, and the show could not be canceled: It was to be attended by a People's Commissar who had just arrived from Moscow. The director called an emergency meeting in his office.

There was a knock at the door, and the theater fireman, Petya Zherebyakin, entered the room. The director shouted at him, "Well, what is it? What do you want? I have no time now! Get the hell out!"

"I—Comrade Director—I mean, about the lion," said the fireman.

"Well, what about the lion?"

"I mean, as our lion is plastered, maybe I could play the lion, Comrade Director. . . ."

I don't know whether there are bears with freckles and blue eyes, but if there are such bears, then the hulking Zherebyakin, in his huge, peasant boots, was much more like a bear than a lion. Could he, by some miracle, be made into a lion? He swore he could; he swore that he had watched all the rehearsals from the wings and that back in his soldier days he had played in *The Emperor Maximilian*. And, just to spite the stage manager, who had permitted himself a crooked grin, the director ordered Zherebyakin to dress up instantly and try for the part.

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A few moments later the musicians on the stage began to play the lion's march. The lion, Petya Zherebyakin, stepped out in his lion skin as though he had been born in the Libyan Desert instead of in a village in the province of Ryazan. But at the last moment, when he was supposed to fall from the cliff, he looked down—and stood petrified.

"Fall, you devil! Go on, fall!" the stage manager screamed at him furiously.

The lion obediently plopped down. He fell heavily on his back and lay there, unable to get up. Was there to be another catastrophe at the very last moment?

He was helped up. He climbed out of the skin and stood there, clutching his back and smiling in confusion. One of his upper teeth was missing, and this made his smile pathetic and childlike.

Fortunately, there were no serious injuries. He asked for water, and the director ordered a glass of tea to be brought from his office. After Petya Zherebyakin had drunk the tea, the director exhorted him, "All right, my friend, you've called yourself a lion. Now, climb back into the skin! Go on, climb, brother, and quick. We're starting soon!"

Somebody obligingly offered Zherebyakin the skin, but he refused to climb into it. He declared that he must leave the theater for a moment, refusing to explain why and only grinning in embarrassment.

The director flew into a temper. He tried to order Zherebyakin to obey, reminding him that he was a candidate for party membership, that he was a shock worker, but the shock-worker lion stubbornly persisted. They had to give in. Beaming his gap-toothed smile, Petya Zherebyakin rushed out of the theater.

"Where the devil is he off to?" the director asked everybody, turning red with rage. "What's the secret?"

Nobody could enlighten the director. The only one who knew the answer was Petya Zherebyakin.

Now, while he is hurrying through the autumn rain, let us slip away for a moment to the June night three months earlier when the secret was born. That night there was no night, but only the long, northern day. In the rosy glass of the canals, the upside-down trees, windows and columns of old imperial Petersburg dozed lightly. And suddenly there was the faintest breeze, and the image of Petersburg vanished. In its place was the newly renamed city of Leningrad, with the red flag over the Winter Palace stirring in the wind and a militiaman with a rifle standing near the wrought-iron fence of the Alexandrovsky Garden.

The militiaman was surrounded by a band of night workers. From behind their backs, Petya Zherebyakin could see only the militiaman's face, round and smooth like a Ryazan honey apple. Something very strange was taking place: The men were pawing at the militiaman's hands and shoulders, and finally one of the workers, stretching out his lips, tenderly smacked him on the cheek. The militiaman turned purple and furiously blew his whistle. The workers scattered. Petya Zherebyakin remained alone face to face with the militiaman—and then the militiaman changed just as suddenly as the mirrored Petersburg, when it was ruffled by the wind. Zherebyakin saw before him a girl in a militia uniform and cap, the first militiawoman posted by the Revolution on Nevsky Prospect. Her black eyebrows met angrily over her nose, and sparks flew from her eyes.

"Shame on you, comrade!" That was all she said to Petya Zherebyakin, but how she said it!

He was unnerved and muttered guiltily, "I swear to God, it wasn't me! I was just going home. . . ."

"You . . . A worker, too!" The militia-

Illustrated by Bruce Johnson

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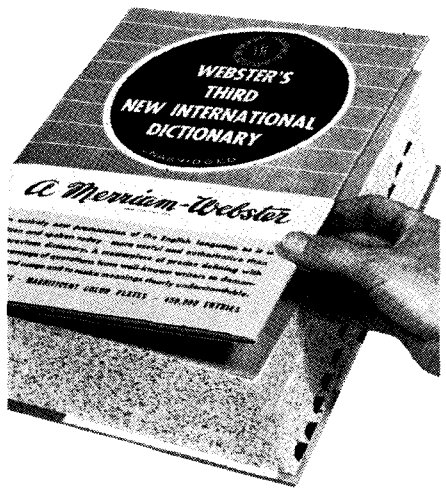

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woman looked at him. But how she looked!

If there had been a trapdoor in the pavement, Zherebyakin would have dropped into it, and that would have been a blessing. But he was forced to walk off slowly, feeling eyes on his back that burned him through and through.

The next night was again a northern white night, and again comrade Zherebyakin walked home from his job at the theater, and again the militiawoman stood at her post by the gate of the Alexandrovsky Garden. Zherebyakin wanted to slip by, but he noticed her looking at him and greeted her with guilty confusion. She nodded. Dawn gleamed on the mirror-black steel of her rifle, and the steel seemed pink. Zherebyakin trembled before this pink rifle more than he had trembled before all the rifles that had fired at him for five years on various fronts.

Not until a week later did he dare address the militiawoman. It turned out that she was also from the Ryazan province and still remembered the honey apples of their native Ryazan. Sweet, with just a touch of bitterness. There were no such apples here. . . .

Every night, on his way home, Zherebyakin stopped at the Alexandrovsky Garden. The white nights had gone altogether mad, and the green, rose and copper sky never darkened for a second. In the garden, embracing couples sought the shade, as in the daytime, to escape being seen.

It was on such a night that Zherebyakin asked the militiawoman, clumsily, in bear-like fashion, "And tell me, for example, are you militiawomen allowed to get married during the performance of duty? I mean, not during actual performance, but generally—seeing as your service is military-like . . ."

"Why get married?" Katya the militiawoman asked, leaning on her rifle. "We're now like men. If we want to, we love just the same. . . ."

Her rifle was rose-colored. The militiawoman raised her face to the feverishly flaming sky, then looked off somewhere past Zherebyakin and added, "For example, if there was a man who wrote poems. Or an actor, who'd come out, and the whole theater would clap . . ."

A honey apple, bittersweet. Petya Zherebyakin understood that he had better go and never return again: He was finished.

But no, he wasn't! There are miracles on earth! When the incredible event took place, and the lion, by the dispensation of the Lord, got himself stewed, Petya Zherebyakin had a mighty inspiration and rushed to the director's study. . . .

However, all this was a matter of the past. Now he was speeding through the autumn rain to Glinka Street, where he knew the militiawoman lived. Luckily, it was right around the corner from the theater, and, luckily, he found Katya at home. At this moment, however, she was not a militiawoman, but simply Katya. Her sleeves rolled up, she was laundering a white blouse in a basin. There were dewdrops on her nose and forehead, and she had never seemed more desirable than now.

When Zherebyakin told her that he was playing in the show that night and gave her a free pass, she did not believe him. Then she became interested. Then for some reason, she turned shy and rolled down her sleeves. Then she looked at him—but how she looked!—and said that she would come, without fail.

The bell for the curtain shrilled in the smoking room, the corridors, and the foyer of the theater. The bald-headed People's Commissar squinted through his pince-nez from the loge. On the stage, behind the still lowered curtain, ballerinas smoothed out their tutus, with the gesture of swans preening their wings as they lower themselves into the water. And behind the cliff, near the lion, the stage manager and the director were frenzied with anxiety.

"Remember, you're a shock worker! Remember, don't mess it up!" the director whispered into the lion's ear.

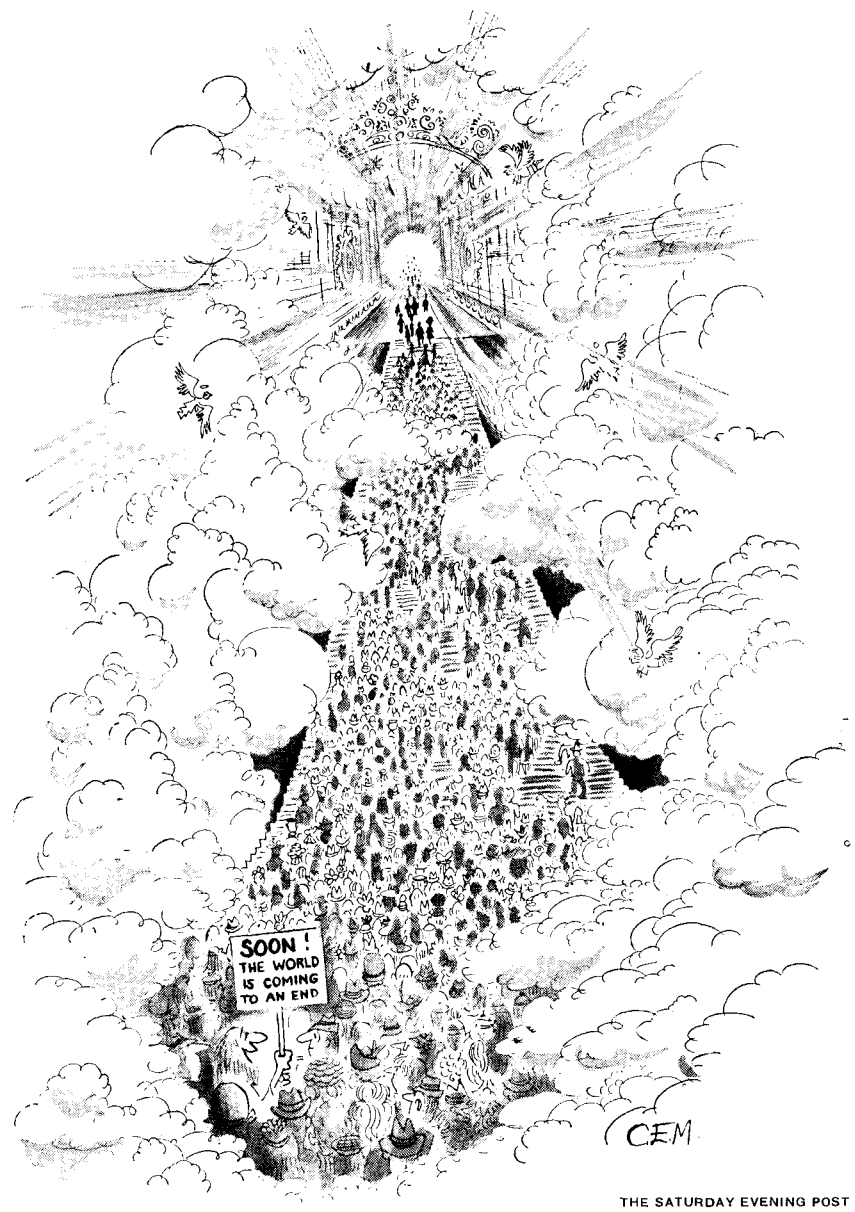
The curtain began to rise, and beyond the blazing line of footlights the lion saw the dark hall, filled to the top with the white blurs of faces. Once, long ago, when he had still been Zherebyakin, he had climbed out of a trench, with shells exploding around him. At each explosion, he had jumped and crossed himself by old peasant habit; nevertheless, he had continued to run forward. Now it seemed to him that he could not take a single step. But the stage manager gave him a push, and he dragged himself with suddenly alien hands and feet onto the cliff.

On the summit of the cliff, the lion raised his head and saw, quite near him, in the second-tier loge, the militiawoman, Katya; she was looking straight at him. The lion heart thumped loudly once, twice, and stopped. He shivered; his fate hung in the balance, and the spear was already flying at him. Wham!—and it struck his side. Now he must fall. But what if he made a mistake and spoiled everything? He was more terrified than he had ever been in his life, much more than when he climbed out of the trench.

The audience already had noticed that something was wrong on stage: The mortally wounded lion was standing motionless on the cliff, looking down. Those in the front rows heard the stage manager's desperate whisper, "Fall, you devil, fall!" And then came something altogether fantastic: The lion raised his right paw, rapidly crossed himself, and dropped from the cliff like a stone.

A moment of stunned silence followed, and then like a deadly, bursting shell, wild laughter exploded in the hall. Tears of laughter ran down the cheeks of Katya the militiawoman.

Backstage, on the mattress, the stricken lion sobbed, hiding his muzzle in his paws. □



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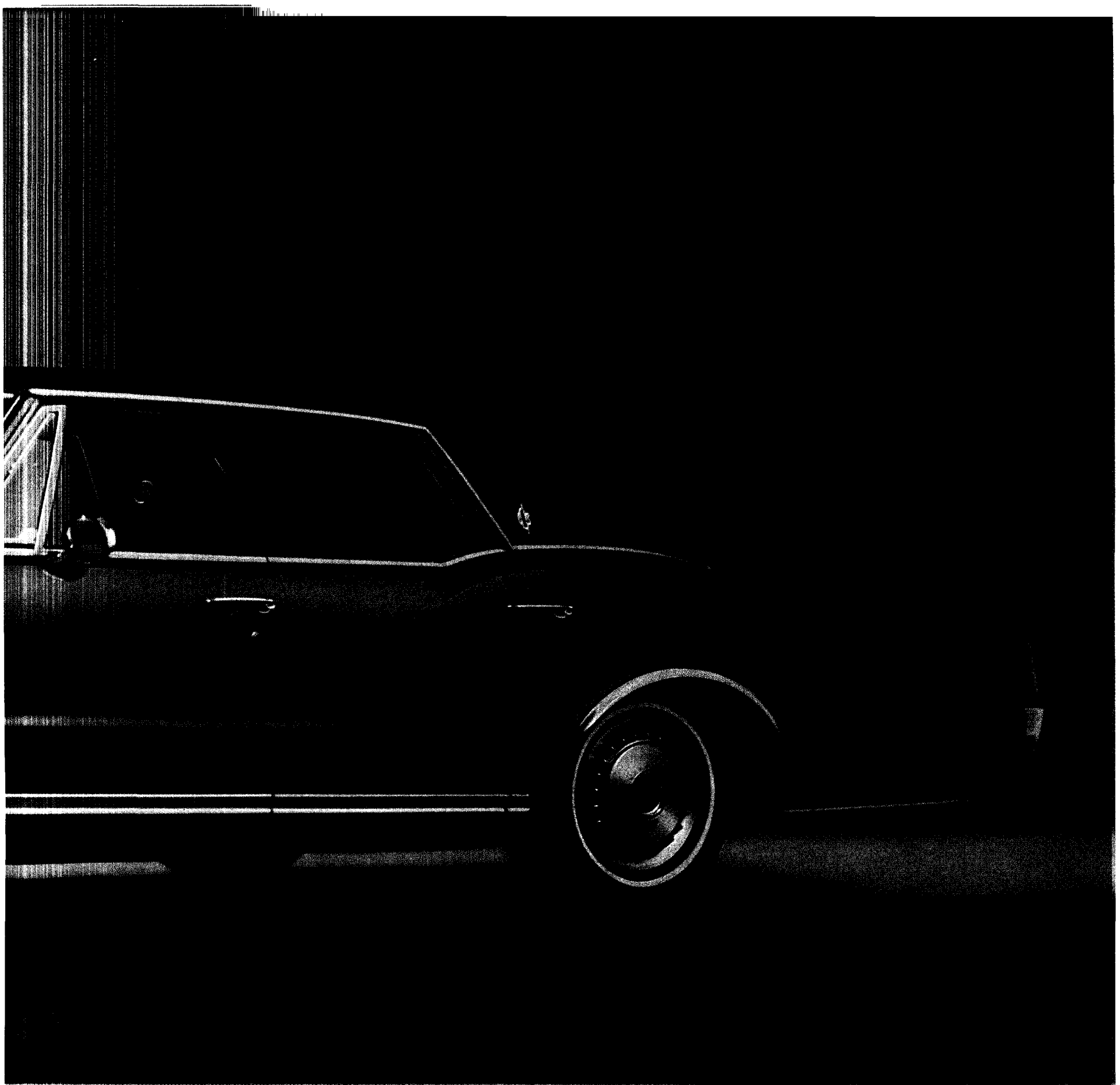

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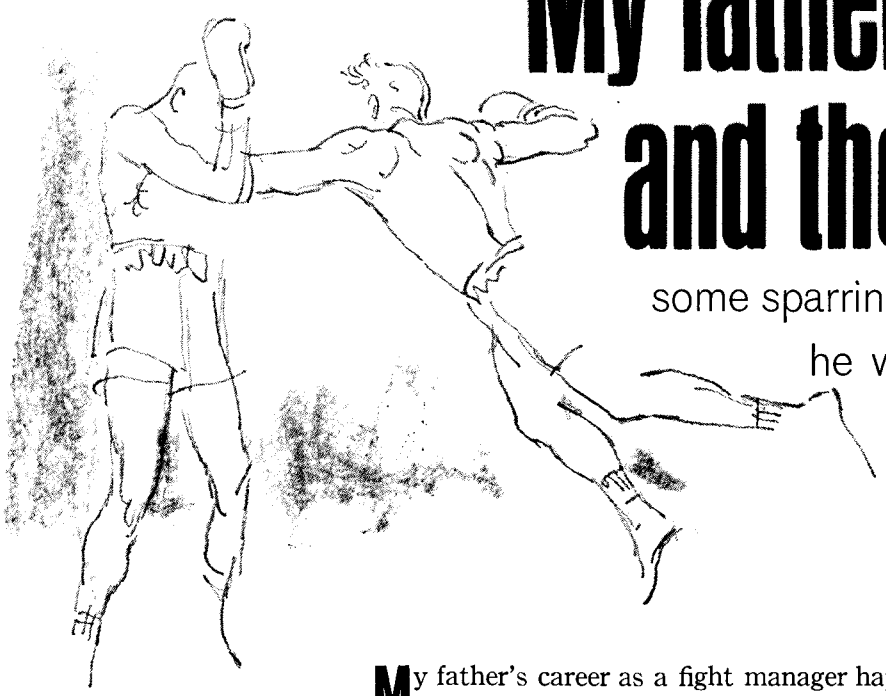


My father and the fighter

A few Martinis, some sparring in the living room, and suddenly he was a manager—for a clumsy kid who'd never been in a ring before.

By Tom Mayer

My father's career as a fight manager happened on a Saturday. There was a lot of tension in the house that morning, not because of the fight—Dad had not become a manager yet—but because that afternoon was the annual Santa Fe Opera fund-raising fashion show and cocktail party, and my mother wanted Dad to go with her.

He naturally didn't want to. For one thing, there was an important game on TV between Baltimore and the Yanks; for another, he didn't feel at home with opera people.

"That's just because you never try," Mother told him.

"Sure I try," he said. "I just run out of gas talking to fat ladies and funny guys."

"You never give them a chance," Mother said. "Some of them are really very interesting people."

"Hell, Peach," he said. "Fat ladies all talk too much, and funny guys are funny guys."

Mother said he wasn't being fair, but she didn't want to make him do something he didn't want to do. When he said he'd rather watch the ball game, she said, all right, she'd go alone.

She left after an early lunch, still not very happy about the whole thing, and Dad and I settled down in the TV room. Whitey Ford was pitching for the Yanks, and the game moved along quickly. The Yanks got one run in the first and another in the third, and the Orioles didn't get going at all until the seventh, when they got two on with only one out. But Ford got Robinson to pop up, and then struck out Powell. Dad said, "Damn."

Just then the doorbell rang. Dad started to get up, but I beat him to it.

Dad never admits it, but it's hard for him to get up and down. He has a bad hip from a bucking horse, and a trick shoulder from a roping accident.

Lou Malloy was at the front door. Lou is one of Dad's oldest friends. He used to be a professional boxer, and then a state policeman, but a motorcycle accident shattered his leg, and they retired him; he obviously wasn't the type for a desk job. After the leg mended enough so that he could get around, he bought a little place up near the Colorado line and began raising fighting cocks. Cockfighting is legal in New Mexico, and four or five times a year they have big week-long fights at Jal or Fort Sumner. The only times Lou passed through Santa Fe anymore were when he was on his way to cockfights.

Standing behind Lou was the biggest beanpicker I ever saw in my life. The guy was six-six if he was an inch, and weighed at least two-twenty, and he looked lean and hard but not very bright. He was a little dish-faced, like a good Hereford, with a lot of blond hair hanging like a mane over his forehead.

I opened the screen door, and Lou said, "Damn, boy, you've growed!"

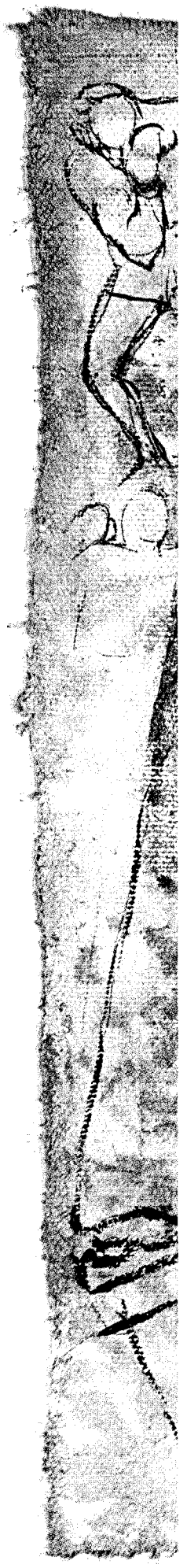
Lou and Dad had always planned on me being a heavyweight, but when it was clear I'd never make it, Lou took to kidding me about my size every chance he got.

"Some," I said. "How are you? Come in."

They stepped inside. "This here's Homer Truman," Lou said. "A future contender. Homer, meet Ben Speisser."

"How do," Homer said. We shook hands, and I winced.

Lou asked, "Is your old man around?"



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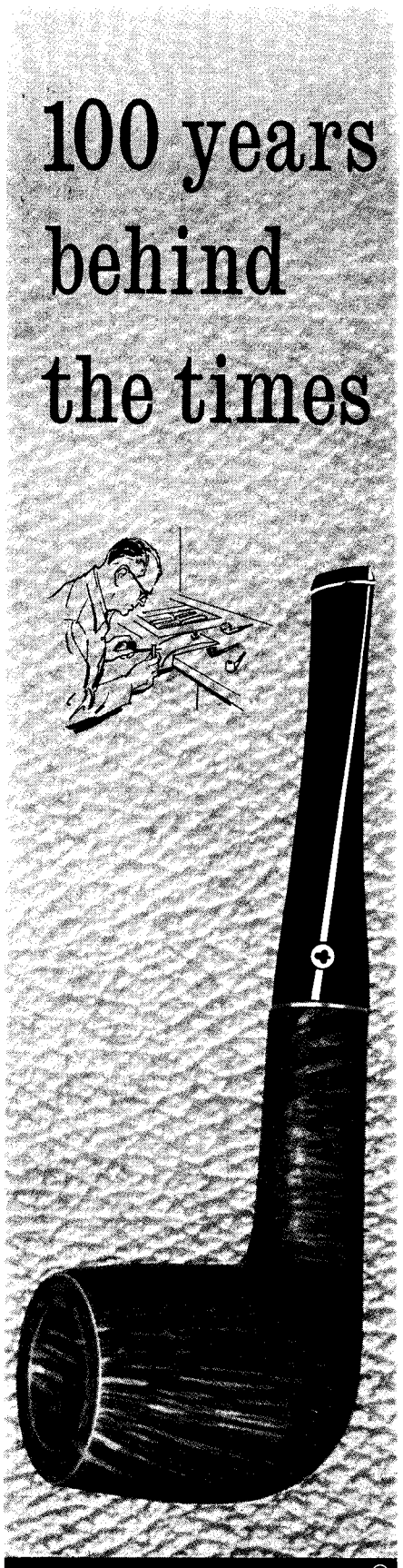

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"He's watching the ball game," I said. "I'll get him."

I told Dad Lou was here, and he got up, being careful not to twist the hip or push wrong with the trick shoulder, and came into the living room. He and Lou shook hands, and Lou introduced him to Homer. Then Lou said Dad was looking well, and Dad said, "I feel younger every day. How are the chickens?"

"Doin' fine."

"You still got shufflers?"

"I wouldn't own no other kind."

"I like blue-heads about as good myself," Dad said.

"Shufflers got more heart."

After they'd talked about shufflers and blue-heads awhile, Dad said, "How's the old one-two?" He turned to me. "Lou had a great one-two."

"I'm too old," Lou said. "But Homer here's got a one-two. Don't you, Homer?"

"I don't correctly know, Mr. Malloy."

"Homer's first fight's tonight," Lou said.

"That so?" Dad said.

"Mr. Malloy entered me," Homer said.

Lou explained that he had picked Homer up near Tierra Amarilla and that Homer had been hitchhiking towards Estancia to work in the sugar-beet fields. There were smoker fights at the New West Arena every Saturday night, and Lou knew the promoter, Santos Zamora. Lou had convinced Homer that he was a natural, with all that size and power, and had conned him into going after a hundred-dollar purse in the prelim. Homer had just taken his physical before he and Lou dropped by our house.

"Now let's give him a few pointers," Lou said.

"He fought any before?" Dad asked.

"Not any I know of. Homer, you fought any?"

"Sure," Homer said.

"I mean ring fighting."

"No," Homer said. "I never done no ring fighting."

"He looks in fair shape," Dad said. "That's a help."

"He's solid," Lou said, and punched Homer in the stomach. Homer didn't double over, though he looked as if he wanted to.

"Stick out your arm," Dad said, and Homer stuck it out. "Good reach. He oughta have a good jab."

"Looka the size of that fist," Lou said.

"I noticed," Dad said.

One thing led to another, and pretty soon they had rolled up the Persian rug in the living room and pushed back the furniture, and Dad had made a pitcher of Martinis. Lou sat in the window seat with his bad leg stretched out in front of him, and Dad and I took turns sparring with Homer. Homer took off his shirt before we started, and after one look at his chest and shoulders, I wished I hadn't volunteered. Dad told Homer how to stand, and showed him a little footwork and how to jab. Dad had a fine jab himself; he popped it fast a couple of times in front of Homer's face, and Homer jerked his head and stumbled.

"You keep the guy off balance with a jab," Dad said.

"I see," Homer said.

"Then, when you got him set up, you paste him. Carry your right high and ready. Like this. Now circle with me."

They circled awhile with Dad shooting quick jabs at Homer, but not trying to hit him, and carrying his right high and cocked. He moved easily, in spite of the hip, and it looked as though all you had to do was touch him and he'd explode. Homer swung a couple of times, and Dad head-slipped and feinted. He could have landed his right easily if it had been for real.

"The old man looks good, huh?" Lou said.

I nodded.

"He was some fighter. I coulda taken him, but I'm glad I never had to try."

Lou had lost about as many as he'd won when he was a pro, but to hear him talk you'd think nobody had ever laid a glove on him.

Dad sat down, and I took over. Lou and Dad used to work with me when I was a kid, and I remembered some of it, but I only weigh one-sixty. The closer I got to Homer the bigger and stronger he looked, and although he was clumsy, accidents do happen. I kept jabbing and stayed as far away as I could. Lou and Dad did some coaching and worked on the Martinis. Homer said he'd like one, but Lou said, "Not on your life. You're in training."

When they had finished about half the pitcher, Lou made Dad co-manager.

Dad took over with Homer again, and after they'd circled a few times, he said. "Try'n hit me. You're coasting."

But Homer just kept circling politely, so Dad jabbed him on the nose. Homer almost went down, he was so surprised, but the jab had stung; he got mad and began to flail. Dad slipped and feinted and bobbed and weaved. Homer couldn't touch him, and finally he stood back, glaring.

"Fighter shouldn't lose his temper," Dad said. He was sweating as if he'd fought a main event or pitched nine innings, but he was grinning.

Just then I heard gravel crunch in the driveway, and I knew it was Mother coming home.

When she saw the living room, she was furious. She does not like fighters or fighting, and she has spent a lot of time and effort on the living room. There are four or five chairs she doesn't like anyone to handle or sit on, because they are fragile and might break, and the Persian rug we had rolled up is her most prized possession. When she is not expecting company, she keeps a plastic mat in the middle of the rug to save wear, and she is always saying how old and beautiful it is. Well, we had cracked the leg of one of the chairs, and we had rolled the rug up crooked.

"What do you think this is?" Mother said. "A gymnasium? Look at my chair."

"But Peach, this fella's got a fight tonight," Dad said.

"Is that so?"

"He's got great potential. Doesn't he, Lou?"

"Yeah."

"Open some windows," Mother said. "At least let some air in."

She walked out of the room, and Dad said, "I guess I'm in the doghouse."

"I guess you are," Lou said.

"Ben, what should I do?"

"How should I know?" I said. I was surprised Mother hadn't jumped on me too.

After a minute Dad and Lou decided they should go see about Homer's dressing room, so we rolled the rug out, got the furniture in place, and left.

At the New West Arena, a crew was setting up the ring. Santos Zamora was supervising. He was tall and skinny, with a big wart on the end of his nose. "So," he said. "The future champeen."

"You know it," Lou said.

Zamora told us Homer was on at eight o'clock, the first fight of the night, and we should be in the dressing room, ready to go, at seven-thirty. Then he said there would be a fifteen-dollar fee for a second.

"We can second," my father said.

"That's no good," Zamora said. "You got to have a credited second."

"Damn," Lou said, but he and Dad paid the fifteen dollars.

We had dinner at Tony's, a short-order place with the best steaks I ever had anywhere. Lou and Dad and I each had a T-bone, but all Homer got was tea and toast. Lou and Dad kept telling him to stay loose and not worry, he was going to do fine. Homer said he was hungry. We went back to the gym.

The dressing room smelled of liniment and sweat. Homer got into his trunks, which were supplied by Zamora and were at least five sizes too small, and then Dad and Lou made him lie down on the rubbing table. They talked about strategy. The fight was scheduled for three rounds; Homer was to coast and observe during the first one, feel the other guy out. From time to time Lou rubbed his shoulders.

At a quarter to eight, the second arrived and taped Homer's hands and put on the gloves. After that nobody talked. Dad sat staring at the floor, and my stomach felt tight. Twice Lou walked to the toilet and spat. Five minutes before eight we heard footsteps coming down the corridor, and then someone banged on the dressing-room door. Dad said, "All right, let's go."

Homer got off the table, and the five of us walked down the corridor into the gym. It was dark except for the glaring floodlights over the ring, and until my eyes got adjusted I couldn't tell about the crowd. It was pretty big. When we got to the ring, Homer started to climb in over the ropes. Lou said, "No. Climb *between* them," but Homer was already straddling the top one. He slipped and fell into the ring on his back.

The crowd laughed, and Lou and Dad climbed in and helped Homer up. "It's all right," Dad said. "Happens to the best of 'em. Now settle down."

Homer's opponent was already there, sitting quietly on a stool in his corner. He was a Negro, and not very big for a heavyweight. But you could tell he'd been around. His ears were cauliflowered, and the ridge of scar tissue above his eyes made him look as if he were frowning. He was watching us carefully.

The second got a stool for Homer and gave him a mouthpiece. Then Zamora climbed into the ring, and a microphone was lowered from the brightness above. "*Señoras y caballeros*, ladies and hombres, good evening! The first event tonight ees a heavyweight. In thees corner, weighing two honnert twenny pounds, the Golden Glufs champeen of Estancia, Homer Truman." There was some po-

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Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **4** None of it **1**

How many miles do you drive in this car per year?
20,000 **8** 15,000 **7** 10,000 **5** 5,000 or less **3**

How long do you expect to keep this car?
2 years or more **7** 18 months **6** 12 months **4** 6 months or less **3**

How do you normally stop, start and corner?
Faster than average **7** Average **5** Slower than average **3**

Time's up!

If you score high (5 points or more) on any of the first four questions, consult the BFG salesman about the possible need for an oversize tire or additional ply rating.

TOTAL

Got your total score? Now find your BFG tire on the next page.

B.F.Goodrich

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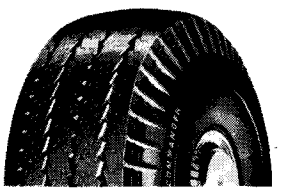
Only one of these B.F.Goodrich Tires is your best buy.

(To find out which one, match your total point score from the test on preceding page with the BFG tires shown here.)

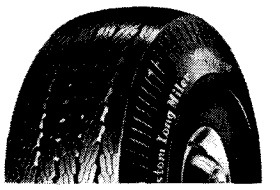
13-20 POINTS

We recommend the BFG COMMANDER or the BFG LONG MILER. Either is ideal for around-town driving, moderate speeds, light loads. Both give excellent mileage under such conditions. *The BFG Commander starts as low as $11.95* for tubeless blackwalls, size 7.00/6.50-13, plus $1.75 federal excise tax and your old tire. Long Miler prices slightly higher.* **$11.95**



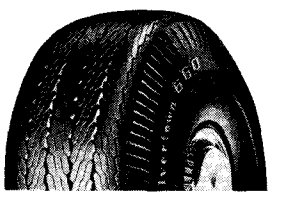
21-32 POINTS

We recommend the BFG CUSTOM LONG MILER. A good all-around tire for normal driving. At reasonable speeds and loads, it gives excellent performance. Mileage is well above that delivered by the COMMANDER, but not the equivalent of the SILVERTOWN 660. *Tubeless blackwalls, size 6.50-13, start at $18.45*, plus $1.90 federal excise tax and your old tire.* **$18.45**



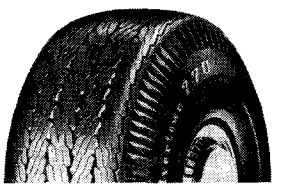
33-43 POINTS

We recommend the SILVERTOWN 660. This is the tire that comes on new cars, and is accepted as the standard of quality for today's speeds and loads. Mileage is above average under almost all driving conditions. *Tubeless blackwall Silvertown 660 prices start at $21.95*, size 6.50-13, plus $1.56 federal excise tax and your old tire.* **$21.95**



44-50 POINTS

We recommend the SILVERTOWN 770. Built with greater strength and extra rubber, this tire is ideal where roads, high speeds and distances call for extra performance. It delivers more mileage, too, than any regular-priced BFG tire! *Silvertown 770 is priced as low as $23.95* for tubeless blackwalls, size 6.50-13, plus $1.90 federal excise tax and your old tire.* **$23.95**



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price with trade-in.

Now that you know which BFG tire is best for you, tear out this page and take it to your B.F.Goodrich dealer. Show him the tire you picked out... and let him put a set on your car. Ready? Go!

The straight-talk tire people. B.F.Goodrich

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lite clapping, and Homer smiled, probably because this was the first he'd ever heard about being a Golden Gloves champion. "And in thees corner, from San Jose, California, weighing one honnert eight-six, Ralph Panther Johnson." The Negro stood up and bowed. He had a gut that hung over his trunks, and Lou said to Dad, "Some panther."

The referee explained the rules, and Homer came back to his corner. When the ten-second warning buzzed, Dad patted him on the back. "Watch him close. Feel him out." Homer nodded. The bell rang, and he went out to meet the Panther in the center of the ring, and the referee touched their gloves together. Dad and Lou stood at the apron with their fists clenched. The second was relaxing on the stool.

There was a lot of circling before any punches were thrown. Then Homer jabbed twice. His jab was awkward and without snap, and the Panther head-slipped easily. But his belly joggled when he moved, and I thought maybe Homer could wear him down. "That's the stuff," Dad yelled.

Homer jabbed again, but the Panther ducked it and moved inside. He hit Homer with a straight right to the ribs—I could hear it land—and moved out again. Flushing, Homer started to rush, but Dad yelled, "Easy. Easy now," and he held off. There was a bright pink spot on his side where the punch had landed. He jabbed again, and the Panther stepped under it and body-punched. This time it was a combination, and when he stepped back Homer went after him like a mad Brahma bull. He swung wildly with roundhouse lefts and rights, with uppercuts that would have decked a Percheron, with club-like punches that would have driven fenceposts into Panhandle hardrock, but he telegraphed everything; a blind man on crutches could have gotten out of the way. The air was full of Homer's leather, but none of it came close to connecting. The Panther just bobbed and weaved and back-pedaled casually.

After about a minute Homer quit in frustration, stood still, and dropped his hands. He was sweating and panting, and with his mouth open he looked bucktoothed because of the mouthpiece. Dad yelled, "Get your hands up! For God's sake, get your hands up!" but it was too late. The Panther slid in close, set himself, and let loose a one-two. Both punches caught Homer flush on the chin. His head snapped back and his eyes rolled; his arms flew up and his mouthpiece flew out. He turned completely around, grabbed at the Panther, slid down him, and hit the canvas on his face with a thud that puffed resin.

"Damn!" Lou said.

The crowd screamed, and the referee began to count. I noticed that our second was yawning. Dad was looking at his boots.

At the count of eight, Homer rolled over on his back and opened his eyes. Then he closed them again. The Panther stood waiting in a neutral corner until the count reached ten; then he walked back to his own corner and put on his bathrobe. Dad and Lou and the second had to work on Homer for five minutes to bring him around. Lou patted his cheeks; the second used smelling salts and finally doused him with water. As we left the ring, Zamora was announcing the next match.

In the dressing room, Dad and Lou stretched Homer out on the rubbing table again and worked over him, telling him everything was okay, that he should relax and sleep if he felt like it. Finally Homer came around enough to shower and dress, but he couldn't get into his shirt by himself, and he had to hold onto us when he walked. "I got a terrible headache," he said.

Zamora came in. "How's the boy?"

"Okay," Dad said.

"Thees Panther," Zamora said. "He has a good one-a-two."

"A bum," Lou said. "Our boy didn't have no experience."

"I tell you," Zamora said. "Before thees boy fight again he maybe should ——"

"I ain't gonna fight no more," Homer said. "Never."

Zamora left, and we walked Homer to the car. Then we drove him to the bus depot and bought him a ticket for Estancia. When Dad thought I wasn't watching, he gave Homer a twenty-dollar bill. Homer put it in his hip pocket without looking at it. He looked pretty sick. He was yellowish and he walked carefully, one slow step at a time, like an old man. Dad told him to go easy, because his stomach might be upset for a while, and we left him there at the depot.

Back home, Lou didn't want to come in, but Dad said please. I knew Dad was tired, because he was favoring his bad hip, and he kept his hands in his pockets. His face was gray, and the skin was drawn too tight across the bones. You'd have thought he got hit as much as Homer.

"Are you okay?" I asked him.

"Sure."

"Your hip hasn't gone out on you?"

"Hell," he said, "I'm fine."

"That guy of ours was a bum," Lou said.

"I don't know," Dad said.

"A glass-jawed bum."

"I don't know. It wasn't his fault."

"Sure it was," Lou said. "Nobody made him climb in there."

"I guess not," Dad said, but he didn't sound as if he meant it.

"It's not worth stewing about," I said.

"It damn sure ain't," Lou said.

"I guess not," Dad said. Then he said, "Lou, we're getting too damn old to fool around like this."

It was supposed to be a joke, but it didn't come out that way, and we walked down the path to the house without saying anything.

Mother was waiting in the living room. "Good evening," she said.

"Now Peach," Dad said. "Don't be sore."

"I'm not."

"That's swell. Lou says you shouldn't be sore at me."

"Yeah," Lou said. "It was really my fault."

"You needn't apologize," Mother said. "Either one of you."

For a long time nobody spoke. Mother wanted to know what had happened, but she didn't want to ask. Finally she did. "Well, what happened?"

"He got licked," Dad said.

"I thought so. Did he get knocked out?"

"Yes."

"You can say that again," Lou said. "He had a glass jaw."

"What inning?" Mother asked.

"The first," Dad said. "But he looked good going down."

"I'm sure. Where is he now?"

"We bought him a ticket to Estancia."

"That was very thoughtful of you," Mother said.

There was another silence. Dad started to say something a couple of times, but thought better of it. Lou stood counting the beams in the ceiling. After he had counted them three or four times, he said, "Well, reckon I'd best shove off."

"Don't rush," Mother said.

"Yeah, stay awhile," Dad said. "No rush."

"Gotta feed my chickens," Lou said. "I got a truck full of chickens out there, and I gotta be in Jal tomorrow noon."

Dad tried some more to get Lou to stay, but he wouldn't, and after he'd gone Mother bawled Dad out for about twenty minutes. She said it was horrible to have had that poor Homer beaten up, and then send him off to Estancia. She said she had known all along he *would* get beaten up; that was what made her so mad, much more than messing up the living room. She also said Dad had some nerve, bringing Lou home to take the blame for him. She ended up by saying Dad was thoughtless and childish, and didn't appreciate it that she tried to make the house beautiful.

"I guess you're right," he said. "I'm awful sorry." He looked miserable.

"What good's that going to do?"

"None, I guess."

Mother looked as if she was going to start in again, but she didn't. "Does your hip hurt?"

"No," Dad said. "My hip's fine."

"Then why are you limping?"

"I'm not limping."

"You are. I'm not blind. Are you sure it doesn't hurt?"

"Yes."

"Well, sit down anyway," Mother said, and he did.

They argued some more about whether his hip hurt, but Dad was very gloomy and didn't seem to be paying much attention to the argument.

"You ought to see a doctor," Mother said. "It's stupid to be a martyr."

"I'm not a martyr," he said. "My hip feels fine."

Mother decided she was thirsty and sent me out to the kitchen for a glass of milk. When I came back she was sitting on the arm of Dad's chair, rubbing his neck and shoulders. His eyes were shut, and the skin across his face didn't seem so tight and gray anymore, and he was smiling a little. Mother looked up and saw me standing there, and looked away, as if she was embarrassed. Then she told Dad that the fund-raising fashion show for the opera had been lovely, and the cocktail party delightful. She said everyone had asked about him.

Dad opened his eyes. "It's swell you had a good time, Peach," he said, "but funny guys are funny guys, and fat ladies make me nervous."

"You never give them a chance," Mother said.

"Sure I do," he said, and I gave them each a glass of milk. □

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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10.	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months†	Single Issue Nearest To Filing Date††
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	7,081,000	7,214,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	538,536	356,902
2. Mail Subscriptions	6,230,499	6,512,519
C. Total Paid Circulation	6,769,035	6,869,421
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by Mail, Carrier or Other Means	106,248	70,871
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	6,875,283	6,940,292
F. Office use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled After Printing	205,717	273,708
G. Total (Sum of E & F should equal net press run shown in A)	7,081,000	7,214,000

†July 1, 1965 through June 30, 1966
††June 18, 1966 issue

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Jess L. Ballew
Publisher

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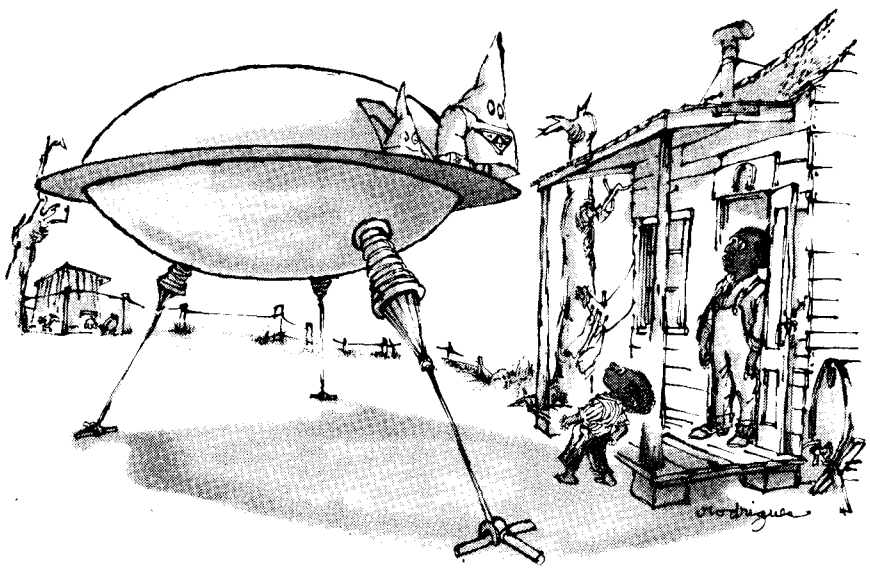
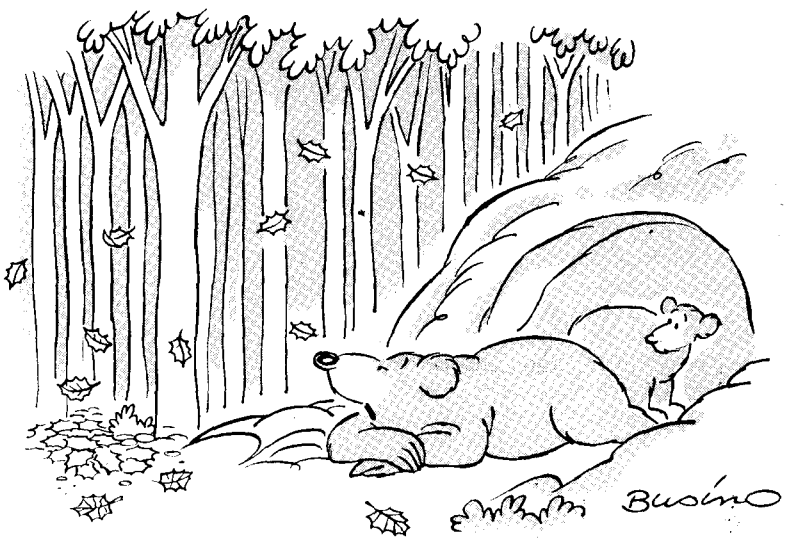
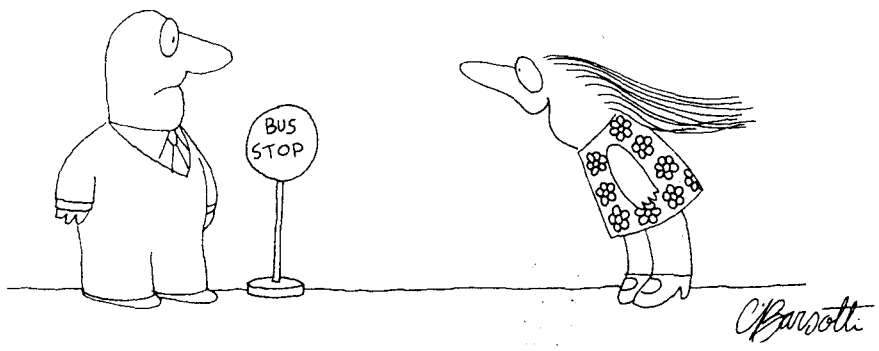
Post scripts



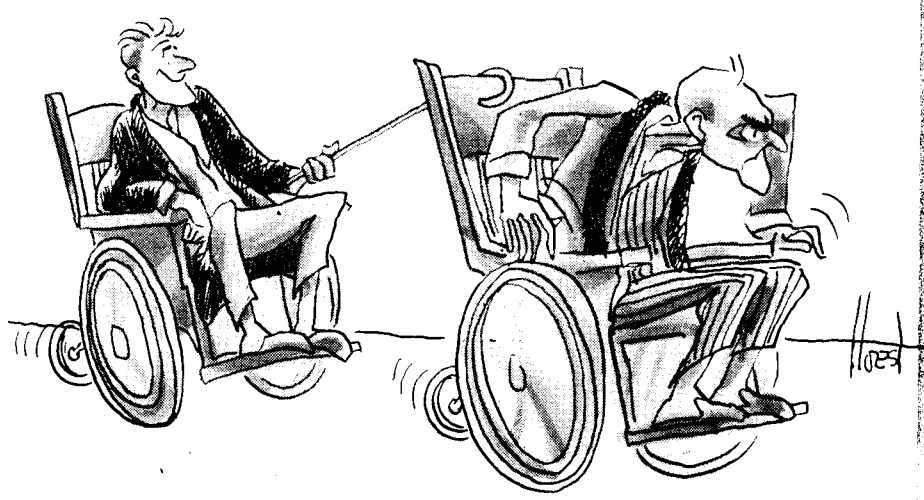


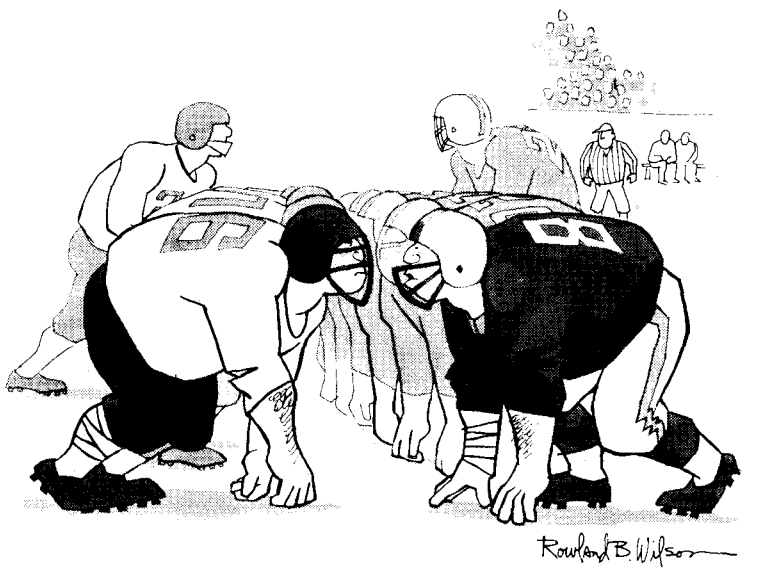
"Some winter I'm gonna stay awake just to see how those leaves get back up on the trees."

"Compliments of the chef."



"Waiting for something, Mister?"





"Say . . . are you wearing cologne?"

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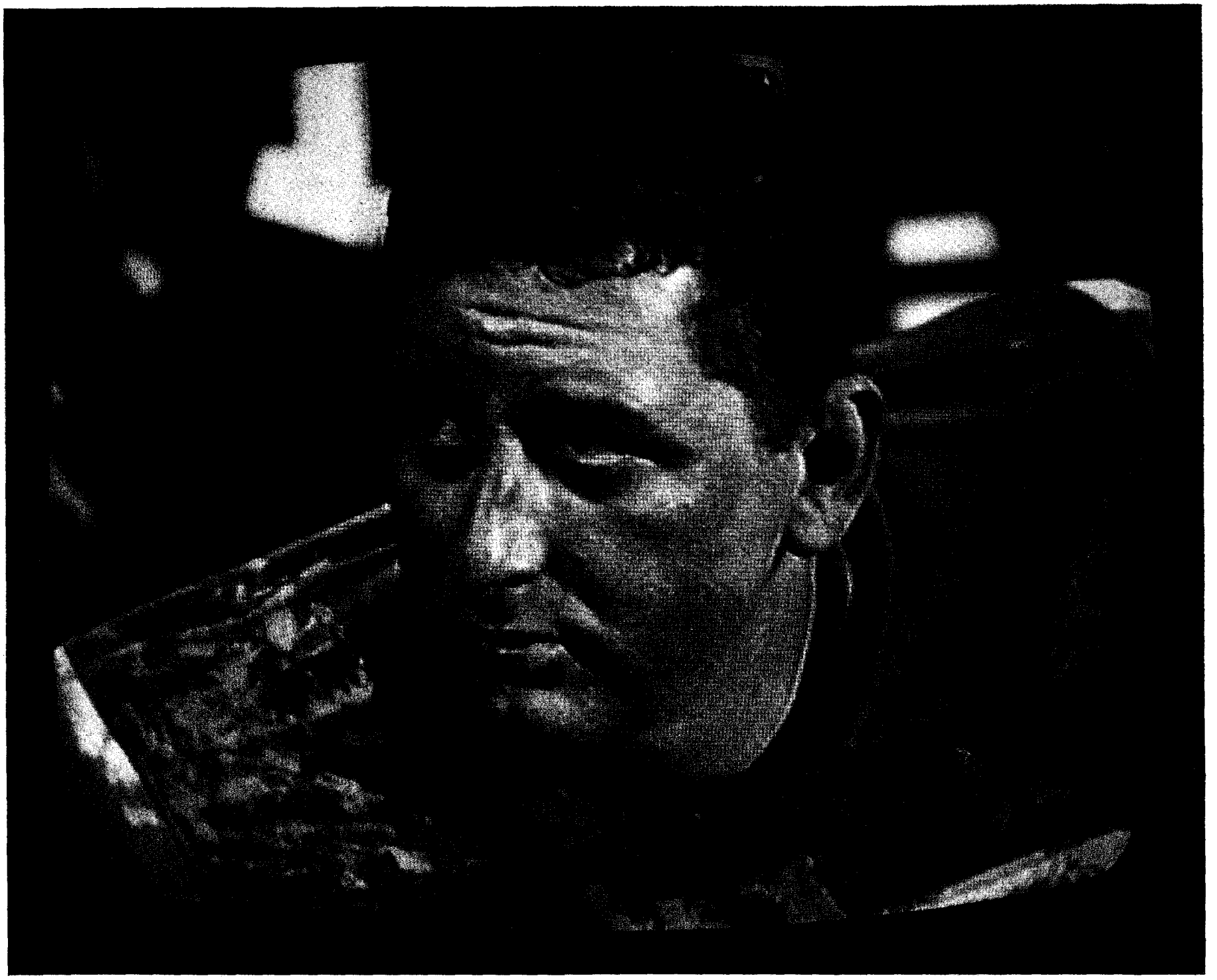

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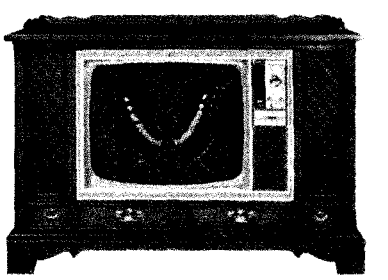

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THE WORST THAT EVER HAPPENED

Continued from page 33

The sick people were led in, arms tied behind their backs, chests bare, and put upon a chair.

JUDGE: Was anything said?
(HERBERT SCHERPE, *another accused nurse, answered*): No. I think they knew nothing—they were so very weak. I don't mean that they couldn't have got well.
JUDGE: You mean if they had been given something to eat?
SCHERPE: Yes. Children were told they were going to be vaccinated.

Klehr, or others, shot the phenol into the heart. Death was usually instantaneous. The bodies slumped on the floor, were dragged out on the double by a detail of prisoners. The job was called *Leichenschleifen*, body-hauling, and it carried extra rations.

The death register of the hospital of Auschwitz I is still extant. The number of dead entered between the summers of 1942 and 1944, the period when the accused men Josef Klehr, Herbert Scherpe and Emil Hantl were block führers, is 130,000.

"Well," says Klehr, "they were hardly people anymore, they were half dead already, walking skeletons."

That first phase, the examination of the accused, lasted over two months. We all knew from the outset that it would be a very long trial, and a slow-moving one. There was the sheer number of defendants and their counsel; there were the hundreds of witnesses expected, the overwhelming mass of oral and documentary evidence to be presented, and the formidable task of sifting and coordinating it. There were also the pinpricks of the multiple technical points—much leaned upon by the defense—which had to be dealt with at every session. To all this had to be added the extreme thoroughness of the court and the choking mass of paperwork involved. It was decided early that hearings would be held only three days a week (anything more would have been unendurable), and the trial was expected to take six months, or even eight. No one dreamed then that it would go on for nearly two years.

Everything in legal omniscience was done to avoid having to begin all over again because of a mistrial. There were appointed two spare judges and five spare jurors—understudies, as it were. They had no function other than to be mutely present throughout the whole proceedings; thus if anything should happen to a judge or juror, a spare would be legally qualified to take over.

Of the three acting judges, two speak little. Judges in Germany are civil servants and quasi-anonymous. Not much is known about them, and the press does not insist. The presiding judge, *Landgerichtsdirektor*, now *Senatspräsident*, Dr. Hofmeyer, is a man in his 50's, lightly built, with a pleasant round face and a quiet pleasant voice and provincial accent. He tries, as judges will, to keep the temperature down. Though patient and courteous, it would seem unwise to underrate his toughness; and he has a gift of being able to convey a freezing degree of moral condemnation.

Occasionally the bench appears swamped by the untiring interruptions by the defense. Dr. Laternser, the Nuremberg veteran who comports himself more like an opera tenor than an advocate, simply will not sit down when told to do so. The remedy is often a brief suspension of the hearing.

The prosecuting attorneys—*Oberstaatsanwalt* Dr. Hans Grossmann, *Staatsanwälte* Vogel, Wiese and Kügler—may not be as smooth or experienced as some older hands; what is impressive is the strength of their conviction: They do not seem to stand here as functionaries dealing with a job but as men driven by a mission, the exposure of a German past by a new Germany.

The jury, as ever, remains the unknown quantity. All we know is that none of the six was in the Nazi Party; the rules allow screening to that point.

German criminal procedure is markedly different from British and American procedure. Their *Schwurgericht* is a hybrid form of jury trial; the judges and the jury do not merely sit together, they deliberate and decide together, and they decide on sentence as well as guilt. The verdict is arrived at by majority; a simple majority is enough for an acquittal, while a two-thirds majority is necessary for a conviction.

The accused in this system—the inquisitorial system prevalent in most of continental Europe—is not a party to his trial but an object of investigation. He is examined at every stage, and the fount of all examinations is the judge, who does not act here, as in our adversary system, as the arbiter between prosecution and defense, but is himself the probe exposing the evidence on both sides. The accused may refuse to answer all questions, or certain questions. He is not, and cannot be, put under oath, and he has the right to defend himself by telling lies. His previous convictions, or clean slate, are disclosed to the court from the start.

The stages of a trial are the examination of the accused by the presiding judge, followed by supplementary questions by the junior judges, the jury, the prosecution and defense; the examination of witnesses and documents; the closing speeches of the prosecution and defense; verdict and sentence. A trial ends with the judge's delivering a—usually written—postverdict summing-up of the facts and considerations which led to the decision. The death penalty was abolished in West Germany in 1949. Consequently the maximum sentence that could be given to any of the defendants here is life imprisonment.

But then what was at stake in Frankfurt was not the fate of these 22 accused men. They had to be judged because it would have been indecent to condone and forget offenses such as theirs. What was at stake in Frankfurt was the establishment of truth: a unique opportunity of testing what many Germans, and non-Germans, still like to evade, in the hardest, straightest arena of all, an open court of law. A German court, it must be repeated, not at Jerusalem, not at Nuremberg under an alien code, but under the German criminal code as established nearly a century ago.

But why—as was asked then and is still asked—why did the trial come so late, 20 years and more after the events? Though the reasons for this are complex, the answer is simple: It was technically not possible before. Given the dislocation and confusion of German civil life after the defeat, it needed time to find the will and organize the means. West Germany is a federation administered by the *Länder*, the individual states, which delays the prosecution of a diffuse and complex case. Many potential witnesses were dead; hard evidence was dispersed; incriminating documents, if not destroyed, were in the East Zone or in American, Russian or Polish archives.

Then in March, 1958, one Adolf Rögner wrote to the Public Prosecutor of Stuttgart that he knew the whereabouts of a "human monster named Wilhelm Boger." Two months later Hermann Langbein, a survivor of Auschwitz and Secretary of the International Auschwitz Committee in Vienna, was able to furnish evidence against Boger and produce 11 witnesses. In October, Boger was arrested. The wheels began to turn. By the end of the year the new Central Office for Research into National Socialist Crimes of Violence had opened at Ludwigsburg. At the same time a Frankfurt journalist found a bundle of half-charred documents in the apartment of a former Auschwitz prisoner who had kept them as a souvenir. The journalist handed the documents over to Dr. Fritz Bauer, attorney general of the state of Hesse. Prosecutions can be pursued with greater or lesser zeal. In some German offices Nazi crimes have been investigated with energy, in others with reluctance. Dr. Bauer became the moving spirit behind the Auschwitz investigation. He believed that it was necessary to present the facts to Germany and the world in the clearest and the most dramatic way. Dr. Bauer is an anti-Nazi veteran—resistance movement, concentration camp, exile—a kindly, brilliant, excitable man, shining with a sort of nonconformist goodness ("I couldn't hurt a fly; could *you?*") who wore himself out over the case. He spoke of the prosecuting attorneys as "my boys."

In 1959 Ludwigsburg was able to supply the names of Franz Hofmann, Hans Stark, Pery Broad, Viktor Capesius and Klaus Dylewski. In April, Kaduk was found living under his own name in West Berlin. Eventually some 1,300 witnesses were questioned, many of them living outside Germany, and a huge file was collected. The Supreme Court in Karlsruhe ruled on the problem of venue. In 1963, after five years of preliminary investigation, the trial was able to open in Frankfurt, the capital of Hesse.

On February 24, 1964, the first live witness was heard: a small, thin man in his 60's, a G.P. from Vienna, deported to Auschwitz as a Jew. His name is Dr. Otto Wolken, and his voice is calm.

"May I begin with two or three remarks? I have come without any feelings of hatred or revenge. I had the good fortune to survive; twenty years have passed. Yet we must not forget that the murder machine could never have run if there had not been thousands of individuals willing to serve it."

He describes the daily condition. Twelve hundred men crammed into a windowless stable built to hold 500: "They lay literally packed like sardines inside a can." The plague of fleas, "billions of fleas. At Auschwitz II it was rats, they were large bold animals, they gnawed not only at the dead but at the bodies of the sick and dying." He speaks of the lines for the stinking latrines; he speaks of hunger. "If a few drops of soup slopped over on the ground, people would fling themselves on it in a heap, trying to spoon it out of the mud into their mouths." He speaks of his own arrival. After he had been made to undress and give up his belongings (nothing ever remained, not a comb, a scrap of photograph), he was taken to a washroom already full of naked people. There they stood, they waited and they stood, hoping that a bit of food might be brought to them. None came. They were able to lick a little water from the taps. After dark, still without clothing, they were shooed outdoors. It was a cool spring night with a light drizzle. "We stood and waited the whole night." In the morning the SS came, and they were shaved and were tattooed with a number.

There was separation ever after between men and wives, parents and children. They did not see one another again; they did not know who was dead, who still alive. Only Gypsies were kept together in a so-called family camp.

Doctor Wolken says that he must speak of some things. One morning he saw a group of naked women being beaten onto trucks. "We were standing at roll call before our barracks. The women cried out to us, the men, to help them. We only stood and trembled." The trucks moved off to the crematorium; a last car was marked with a red cross. "That was the car that carried the Zyklon B."

The children. Child detachments were routed up at 6 A.M. and made to stack potatoes until 6 P.M. "The children were so stone-tired that they fell into their bunks; they couldn't even eat." Children who caught scarlet fever were taken into the gas. Doctor Wolken asked one small boy, "Aren't you afraid?

"He said to me, 'No, I'm not afraid, it's all so terrible here, it can only be better up there.'"

It was at this moment that one of the women jurors began to cry.

The next witness was Frau Ella Lingens, M.D. and LL.D. Not Jewish. Sent to Auschwitz in 1943 for having helped a Jewish family to escape. She was put to work in the hospital block. "It was only if you got some special job that you had a chance to survive. Calories were 700 to 800 maximum a day. No ordinary prisoner could hope to live longer on that than four months." In her case she was given the saving job because an SS doctor found out that she had been to his old university. "He felt sentimental. There isn't an SS

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"Show me a filter cigarette that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!"

The filter cigarette with fine tobacco.

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man who cannot claim that he saved at least one life. There were few sadists. Only five to ten percent were instinctive criminals in the clinical sense. The rest were normal people who perfectly well knew good from evil. They knew what they were doing.

"During the terrible winter of 1943–44, 20,000 out of 30,000 women died. They weren't gassed, they just died. Sickness, lack of food. . . . I saw diseases one normally only learns about, like pemphigus, an extremely rare disease that attacks the skin and kills in a few days. The common camp diseases were spotted fever, typhus, typhoid and T.B. We'd have 500 women or more in a ward with about 180 beds." There were no medical supplies. "We couldn't even wash them. All suffered abominably from lice." When there was no more room, there would be a selection. "I saw the blankets torn off sick, naked women with the words, '*You* won't need that anymore.' I saw corpses stacked in the yard three feet high the length of the hospital block."

There was one exception—one island of peace, Dr. Lingens called it. It was because of one man, an SS officer called Flacke. He was good to the prisoners, his block was clean, there was even food. "We never knew how he did it. The women called him daddy. I don't know what became of him. I spoke to him one day. I said, 'You know, there's no sense for us in going on, there's no hope, when the end of the war comes we shall all be killed. They cannot afford to let any witnesses survive.' And Flacke answered me, 'I hope that there will be enough of us to prevent it.'"

The judge said, "Do you mean to say that everybody at Auschwitz was able to decide for himself whether to be good or bad?"

"Exactly."

Next came a former SS officer, a camp physician, Dr. Wilhelm Münch (tried and acquitted after the war by a Polish court). He tells of his effective refusal to serve in gassings and selections. "A human reaction was possible only during the very first hours. A man who had been at Auschwitz for any time was unable to react normally. He became an accomplice, he was trapped."

How was it possible? Those SS men were brought up in the climate created by the Nazis. Himmler said in a speech to the SS in 1943:

> . . . How the Russians are doing, how the Czechs are doing, is not of the slightest concern to me . . . Whether foreign populations live prosperously or die from hunger interests me only insofar as we might need them as slaves for our own civilization; in any other respect it doesn't interest me at all. Whether ten thousand Russian females drop with exhaustion digging an antitank trench for us, interests me only insofar as the trench gets finished for Germany. . . . We Germans, who are the only people in the world with a decent attitude to animals, will also have a decent attitude to those human animals, but to care about their welfare would be a crime against our own blood. . . .

Herr Hermann Langbein of the International Auschwitz Committee speaks of his work in the registration office. "At Dachau, too, I had to keep the death lists. There, it was a bad day when we had to book ten deaths; at Auschwitz we did shift work, day and night, on seven typewriters."

There was also a secret monthly report (to which Herr Langbein had access through his job) which gave candid figures about "Special Treatment Actions." He was able to note the contradictory directives coming from Himmler's SS Headquarters at Oranienburg, which were reflected by the divided policies in the camp itself: Commandant Höss aimed at the liquidation of the greatest possible numbers, while SS Untersturmführer Grabner, the head of the Political Division, wanted to lower the death rate in order to get more work out of the prisoners.

"Life counted for nothing. To have killed a man in the evening was hardly worth mentioning next day. The personal power of an SS man was enormous. There were many who were neither fanatical nationalists nor anti-Semites—there was one officer who had the most beautiful manners with the prisoners, and men like [the accused] Dr. [Willi] Schatz or Dr. [Willi] Frank never did harm to individuals. Yet in that atmosphere no one had scruples about sending people into the gas."

Soon there is corroboration. Frau Maryla Rosenthal (deported five days before her wedding day with her non-Jewish fiancé and her mother—both died at Auschwitz) worked as interpreter in Boger's department. He treated her decently, she says, and gave her his own food. He rescued her when a woman *capo* had got her sentenced to a punishment squad, and certain death, for careless dusting. Boger used to say to men sent to him for interrogation, "I have a talking machine here that will make you speak." He took them to another room. She could hear the frightful screams. "After several hours the victims were carried out on a stretcher. I could not recognize them." When Frau Rosenthal cried, Boger told her, "Here, you've got to cut out all personal feelings."

Two times we heard a witness who survived Boger's machine. They were among the very worst moments of the trial. When one witness, a man in his 50's, saw the model of the Swing in court he cried. His crime had been to allow a Polish prisoner to say a word to his mother across a fence. The witness described how Boger tortured him until he was unconscious. Three times he was revived by buckets of cold water. Afterward he was put for several days into a standing cell. In the cell next to his, another man, Heinz Rothmann, had been left to die of hunger.

The judge recalled a warder of those cells, the accused Schlage. "Were you under orders not to feed the prisoner?"

Schlage shows himself as impervious as before. "Food issues had nothing to do with me."

The judge: "There are things one cannot get over. Those gruesome installations in which men slowly died. At the end their bodies had to be literally scraped out through the hole near the floor."

Schlage admits that this had been so. But none of his business.

The second survivor, a Polish architect, had been tried for treason by a German court and acquitted. The SS arrested him on release. Interrogations by Boger. Six weeks—*six weeks*—in a standing cell with his hands tied behind his back. Food every third day only. Other men, whom he names, were given no food or water whatsoever.

Men were put into these cells because they had attempted to escape, were suspected of plotting to escape, refused to betray. One man was there because he had picked some apples off a tree.

"No door ever opened. One might shout, scream, curse. One might call Hitler names. *No one ever came.* Starvation is no easy death. Hunger stops on the fifth day. On the seventh day thirst begins. The men screamed for mercy, licked the walls, drank their own urine. After the thirteenth day they could no longer speak. One could still hear their groans. On the fifteenth day they died."

In court, Boger sat silent through this evidence. At times one thought one saw a thin smile flicker across his face.

At that time, seven of the accused were still free on bail. When the trial opened, their number had been 13; since then Mulka, Schlage and others had been arrested in open court as the evidence against them became grave. The seven men still free—among them Adjutant Höcker, Dr. Lucas and the two dentists, Drs. Schatz and Frank—were legally entitled to their liberty. In German law a man on trial—even for murder—is not kept in custody unless or until the case against him is very strong and there is reasonable suspicion that he may choose to escape. The meticulous justice of the Frankfurt court was perhaps in itself a tiny triumph over that vast injustice of the past.

The rest of us, the press, the public and—far worse—the witnesses, have to rub shoulders with men on bail, in elevators, or in the cloakroom, or lining up for a beer. They stamp about with their heads held high. Their photographs and crimes had been splashed over many a front page, yet they were not protected by police when they entered or left court or went to eat and drink in public places. The men of Auschwitz were not protected because they did not need to be protected. The spectators, the public, never threatened them.

Yet the public was there, watching. The German press and radio provided admirable coverage of the trial. The serious papers, notably the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, which published the work of Bernd Naumann, carried columns of first-rate reporting and perceptive comment after every court day through the whole of the trial.

The public gallery in the court was filled chiefly by the very young, boys and girls with a teacher, students on their own. They were learning at first-hand what they had never before had much opportunity to learn. Outside the courtroom many Germans were concerned about the trial and spoke of it with distaste, hostility. "Why rake it up again—what good can it do? Those men were not the only ones—anyway, it's too late." There is a desire nowadays among people who were grown-up during the Third Reich, even, surprisingly, among those who hated it and took risks to defy its worst commands, to be done with it all and not think of it again for the rest of their lives. The young, who were born after the events, are more disturbed and curious and shocked. They want to know what happened, and how, and why, and they hold their elders to account for what the elders want to forget. I heard a son attack: "Mother, how could you let it happen?" and her answer, "You don't know, you can't *know*, what it was like—we were all afraid."

As the first winter turned into spring and that spring into early summer and still no end in sight, the court had to move out of the town hall, where its presence was causing inconvenience to the normal business of city administration. The new quarters, chosen once more for size, were a festival hall near the outskirts of town. So now the court sat in what was a casually converted cinema theater on a second floor above a restaurant. The judges and jurors occupied a platform at the end where the screen would have been, the prosecution was placed at right angles on a slightly lower platform; there were benches set out for the accused and their lawyers and their guards, while the public sat in the back rows. The vast balcony was reserved for press and for TV cameramen.

On June 7, the prosecution introduced a curiously direct piece of evidence, the Broad Report. It was written shortly after the war by one of the accused himself, Pery Broad, and handed to the British. The report, about 10,000 words long, was now read to the court. Here are some extracts.

> Concentration camp Auschwitz was situated near the (Polish) town of the same name on marshland between the river Weichsel and its tributary the Sola. It was founded in 1940. . . . At first it only consisted of what was called the Main Camp. Its heavily guarded entrance lay on the road connecting Auschwitz town with the village of Raisko. From the road one could see the luxurious villa of the commandant. One could not look into the camp, which was surrounded by a high concrete wall and a chain of watchtowers. Inside, there were twenty-eight blocks of two stories each housing the prisoners, the hospital, the administrative offices and the kitchen. The camp was protected by two tall, electrically charged, barbed-wire fences which were lit up at night by a chain of strong lamps. The towers were fitted with searchlights. Inside the first wire fence there was a strip of gravel 10 feet wide, the so-called neutral zone. Whoever stepped into this zone was shot on sight. In this Main Camp 20,000 to 25,000 men and women were imprisoned.
>
> "Three miles farther on lay the notorious Camp II, Birkenau, built up in 1941–42. It later held 50,000 to 60,000 men and 30,000 women. If one took the train at night from Bielitz to Auschwitz one could see the endless string of glaring lights along the fence of Birkenau.
>
> "Conditions there were even more unbearable than at Auschwitz I. With every step one took, one's foot sank into tough mud. There was hardly any water. The prisoners were kept in primitive stone buildings, the walls of which were still damp, and in horse barracks without windows. They slept on wooden bunks three tiers high, six men to a bunk. Most bunks even lacked straw. The two daily roll calls meant standing in wet, cold and mud for hours. If it rained during the day, the prisoners had to lie on their bunks in their wet clothes. No wonder that hundreds died each day. . . ."

The author of this document, Pery Broad, is charged with having taken part in selecting prisoners for the gas chambers and with killing individual prisoners by shooting in the back of the neck. He is a technician, a man of 43, born in Rio de Janeiro, son of a Brazilian citizen and a German mother. At Auschwitz, Broad became a member of the Political Division. Witnesses described him as an "opaque personality," cruel at times, detached at others; "We never knew whether he was filled with hatred for us or with pity." When he was asked if he stood by his report, he hemmed and hawed and finally said yes.

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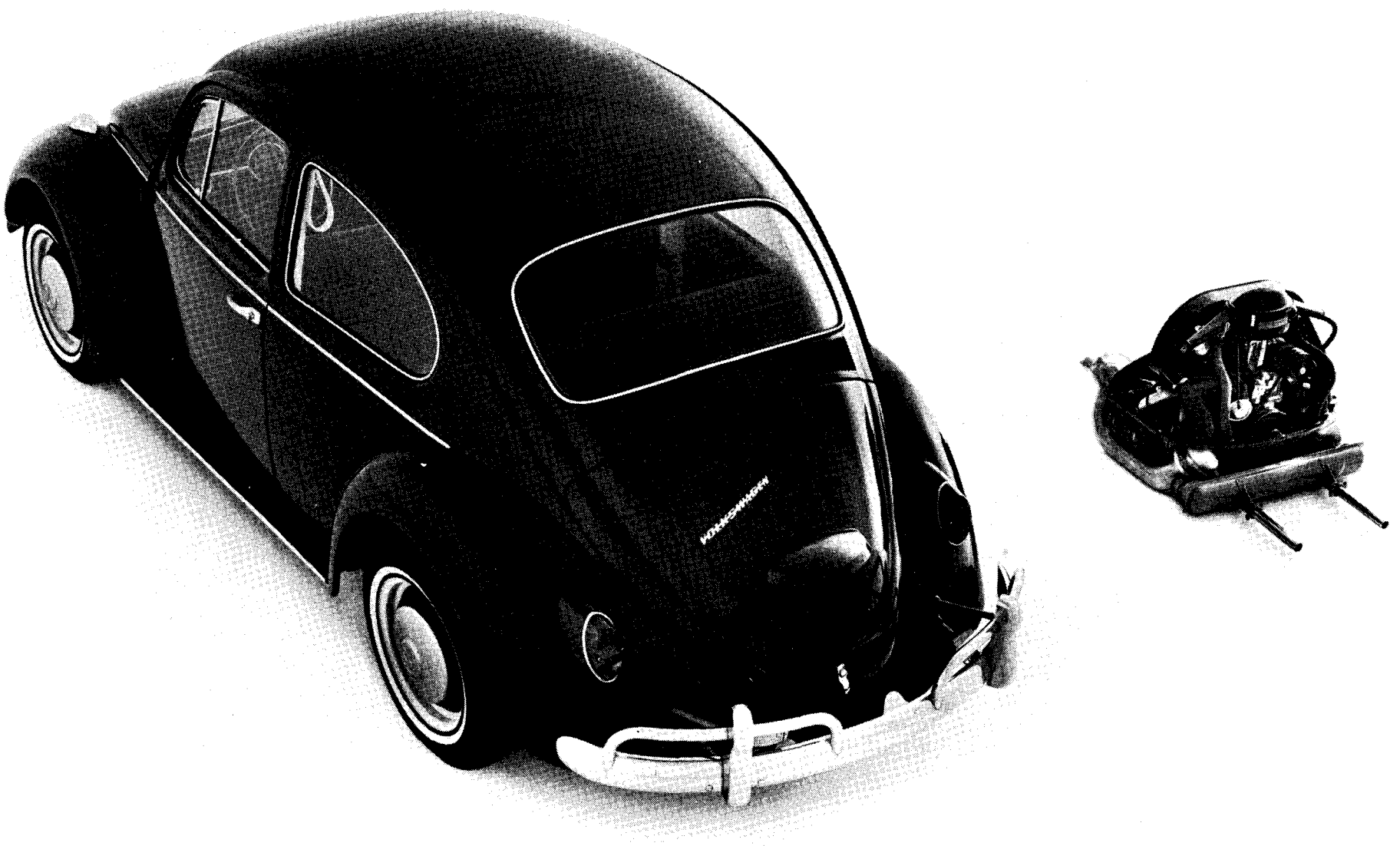

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If that doesn't sound like a lot to you, it's because it isn't. And wasn't meant to be.

We put most of the power increase (from 50 horsepower to 53) into the lower gears. So you could climb hills easier. And accelerate quicker.

But we didn't do all this at the expense of the engine. In fact, we made the engine turn even slower. So it would last even longer.

You'll be very happy to know this speedy new Volkswagen has dual brakes as standard equipment. If the front brakes should ever fail, the rear brakes will stop you. And vice versa.

We even put in some changes you can see, like retracting seat belts, recessed inside door handles, and back up lights. They're standard, too.

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But there's never a day off for their New Generation Maytags.

Mother's Day, 1966, was a great day for Mrs. Adolph Meyer, of Newport, Ohio.

That's the day her husband surprised her with a New Generation Maytag Washer and Dryer.

Now, usually a husband and wife will talk things over before buying anything as important as a washer and dryer. But Adolph Meyer knew exactly what he was doing.

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Mrs. Meyer thinks her new Maytag Washer and Dryer are the nicest Mother's Day gifts she's ever had.

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Broad's detachment is very strange. (It may be typical.) There is not a hint that he, the accuser, the compassionate narrator, was in fact a member of the oppressor caste. He describes a "clean-up," generally held on Saturday morning. High-ranking SS would assemble in the main office of the block.

"They descend. A bunker is laboriously unlocked. The stench released is overpowering. A guard howls, *Achtung!* The prisoners stand up. Some can hardly do so. The candidates for death are led upstairs into a washroom where they are made to undress; fellow prisoners ink their number in large figures on their naked chests to facilitate registration of the bodies in the crematorium . . . SS take up position in the yard. By the blackwashed wall, a man is waiting with a shovel. The victims are brought out at a run, two by two, stood face against the wall. Behind their backs, rifles are at the ready.

"In the last seconds of their life many of these walking skeletons, emerged after months of sub-animal existence, hardly able to keep on their feet, cry out, 'Long Live Liberty! Long Live Poland!' Their executioners try to shut them up by a brutal blow or make an end of it with a quick bullet. Men or women, bent old men or youths, there was almost without exception the same picture of human beings gathering their last grain of strength for an upright death. Never an appeal, no whining for mercy; instead, often a last look of abysmal contempt which drove the guards to paroxysms of fury. Thus died Poles and Jews, the people whom Nazi propaganda had always presented as slave creatures."

Broad comes to the first mass gassing (of which he implies he was a witness). All entrances to the crematorium area had been blocked, even to highest-ranking personnel; offices of adjacent buildings had been cleared. Picked SS men were waiting on the ramp.

"The train drew up. Men and women were discharged from cattle trucks. All wore large yellow stars. From their faces one could see that they had already been through a good deal. There were about 300, most of them elderly. A few guards with revolvers discreetly tucked in their pockets escorted them to the crematorium yard. SS were acting strictly to orders: Not an unkind word was heard.

"Grabner and Hossler were standing on the roof. Grabner called down to the apprehensive but unsuspecting crowd, 'You are going to have a bath and be disinfected, and afterward you'll be shown to your quarters where some warm soup will be waiting for you. Tomorrow you'll be given work, each according to his capacity or trade. Now get undressed here in the yard and leave your clothes on the ground.' Grabner's tone was warm and friendly; people willingly complied. They were immensely relieved that the anxieties of the journey were over and that their worst fears were not going to be fulfilled. They were looking forward to their soup. More reassuring advice came from the roof. 'Put your shoes next to your bundle of clothes so that you're sure of finding them again after your bath.' . . 'Hot water? Certainly—hot showers.' 'What's your trade? . . . Cobbler? Splendid. We need one badly. Come and report to me tomorrow.' So last misgivings were dispersed. The first walked into the gas chamber—everything was scrupulously clean and bare; there was only a strange oppressive smell, and there were no perceivable water pipes and taps. Meanwhile those outside were pressing on, and the chamber was filling up with people followed by joking and chattering SS who kept an eye on the door. When the last was inside, the SS skipped. Suddenly the iron-and-rubber doors flung shut; heavy bolts fell. The people inside began to hammer against them in helpless terror. The doors were then screwed airtight from outside. 'Don't get yourselves scalded in your baths,' an SS shouted.

"The Disinfecting Squad on the roof took off a lid revealing an aperture with six holes in the ceiling of the chamber; people below screamed when they saw a head in a gas mask appear in the aperture. The disinfectors then opened some tin cans. The labels read ZYKLON—PEST-KILLER—POISON—TO BE OPENED BY TRAINED PERSONNEL ONLY. The cans were filled with blue grains, the size of peas. These were immediately poured through the holes in the ceiling, and the opening shut tight again. Grabner gave a signal to a truck driver who had drawn up in the yard below: The engine roared up and the noise helped to cover the cries of 300 people dying of asphyxiation. Grabner was studying his wristwatch with clinical interest. After about two minutes the cries had ebbed into a low humming moan. Most had already lost consciousness. After two more minutes Grabner lowered his watch. Everything was over. Everything was quiet. The truck had left. Detachments were beginning to collect the bundles of clothes left in the yard. So it began in the spring of 1942!

"Transport after transport disappeared in the crematorium. Every day! Larger and larger numbers of victims arrived, and

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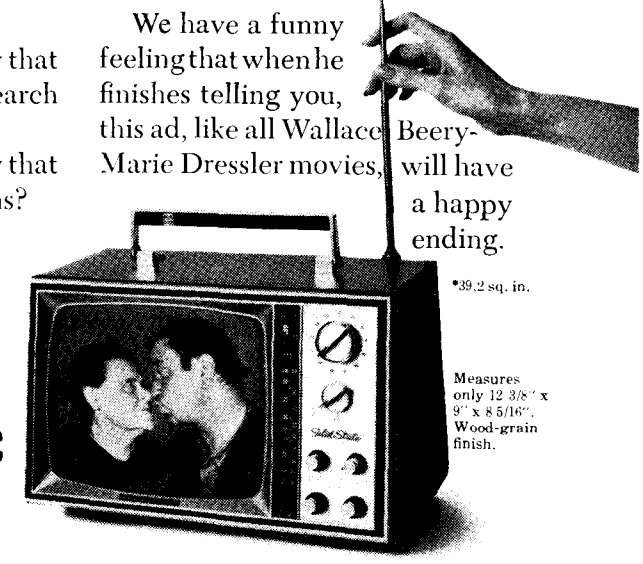
We have a funny feeling that when he finishes telling you, this ad, like all Wallace Beery-Marie Dressler movies, will have a happy ending.



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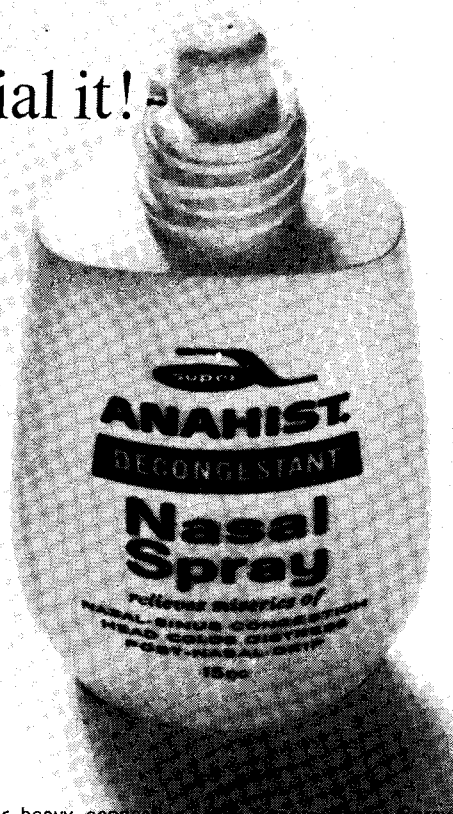

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murder had to be organized on a larger scale. The chamber held too few, the burning of the bodies took too much time. Hitler was waiting with impatience for the liquidation of millions of French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Polish, Greek, Italian Jews. They arrived in their long trains from the collecting camps in France and Holland or straight from Antwerp, Warsaw, Salonika, Berlin. . . . Birkenau had to expand.

"Speed and secrecy were the slogans. The construction of four new crematoria was pushed on by all possible means. Two of them had subterranean gas chambers, fitted now with dummy pipes and showers, in which 4,000 people could be killed at one time. Each of these death factories had a large hall for undressing. Crematoria I & II boasted 15 ovens, each capable of burning up to four or five corpses in record time.

"Auschwitz was so proud that the Construction Office publicly displayed photographs of the new crematoria in their lobby."

In 1943 the procedure at Birkenau changed. By then rumors about Auschwitz had seeped out. A large detachment of SS, now openly equipped with revolvers, whips and dogs, would be waiting to meet the transports on the ramp. Also on the ramp stood the selectors, generally a doctor accompanied by an SS officer. Searchlights were trained on the trucks as men, women and children in a state of great exhaustion, misery and fear were ordered out and driven past. By the moving of a hand the selector indicated the side they were to stand on—to one side those who looked fit enough to work for a few more months; to the other, the old, the sick, the weak.

Broad's report continues:

"In the spring of 1944 Auschwitz was at its height. Endless trains came and went between Hungary and Birkenau: An order was out that all Hungarian Jews were to be destroyed in one quick blow. Sidings were installed so that the next train could draw in while the last one was still being unloaded. All four crematoria worked at full capacity. On an average, 10,000 men and women arrived daily. Some of them had gone mad on the journey from thirst or fear. Time and again the furnaces burned out, the chimneys split from being overworked. There was nothing for it but starting up the open fires again to burn up the arrears of corpses that lay heaped behind the crematoria walls.

"Gas chambers were opened when the last groans had barely ceased, bodies barely dragged out before the next living batch was driven in. Höss had been given the Distinguished Service Cross First Class with Swords; he himself often urged on the—usually drunk—personnel. The Russians had already occupied the whole of Eastern Hungary; camp Lublin, Auschwitz's sister enterprise, was out of action in Soviet hands: There was no more time to be lost. The number of killed during those few weeks of spring must have been a half million."

That mental, moral and spiritual perversion, that barely conceivable degradation, that abomination in the center of civilization—how was it possible? How could it ever be? Such hell is not created in a day; such evil, on such scale, must have long roots.

How did it begin?

Primarily, germinally, the capacity for cruelty must lie in our natures. Man's capacity for giving pain to man is staggering. Yet the cruel and the brutal are not an all-powerful mass. The men of Auschwitz were scum from the start, but the point is that the Third Reich deliberately trained and licensed that scum; it endowed its promising criminal with the personal power to maltreat not a pair of oxen on the farm but large numbers of human beings. On a lesser scale, it has always happened. It happened to Christians in Rome, to medieval prisoners, to heretics; it happened in the Star Chamber, in slave ships, in convict settlements and nineteenth-century penitentiaries. It is happening now. It is happening to political dissenters. In the Iron Curtain countries, in China, in Africa. . . . It happens wherever the administration and the climate of society allow the use of violence for ideological, political or economic ends.

It is well to realize this when thinking about Nazi Germany; it is well to realize, too, that Nazi Germany went farthest. There was the ideology that was a monstrous insult to every human and religious value; there was the hubristic abuse of science, the abuse of German talents for organization and hard work; there was the sheer size of the terror, the ultimate madness of will. If a child, with history book in hand, were to ask one day, Was that the very worst that ever happened?, the answer may have to be, Yes.

A beginning of the tragedy can be found in the 1920's. (There were earlier steps, of course, such as the First World War, the Franco-Prussian War, modern nationalism and, in turn, its origins in the Napoleonic Wars, the impoverishment and brutalization inflicted by the Thirty Years' War—the historical treadmill is unending.) In the 1920's Germans first listened to the vile ravings, and many found them agreeable and went to vote accordingly or joined the organizations that provided them with hope, aggression, soup and boots. The beginning was made manifest when the raving voice became the government of Germany.

Toward the end of the Weimar Republic, Germany was a country politically split and in economic distress, unused to, and uneasy under, the processes of parliamentary democracy. Governments were formed, and failed; so did the banks. The unemployment rate rose. In the last free elections, in November, 1932, the National-Socialist party polled 33.2 percent of the vote. Bad enough, but not enough for Hitler's party to be called to govern. Nevertheless, through a web of intrigue, misplaced self-interest, weakness and opportunism in high places, Hitler became Chancellor of Germany in January, 1933. He was in power; but it was mere constitutional power, and the government he headed was a coalition with but two Nazi Party members in the cabinet. He found that he had to consider the bureaucracy, the army and the business world; in fact, he had to conform to the lawful administration of the country. The opportunity for a breakthrough was presented four weeks later by the Reichstag fire of February 27, only six days before the next general elections. Hitler proclaimed that the fire was the signal for a Communist revolution, and he was able to issue a decree, the *Decree for the Protection of People and State*, which ordered a temporary emergency. That decree was never rescinded. The emergency was to last until the end of Nazi rule in 1945.

Overnight the first terror was on. The SA, the Brown-shirts (who in those days played a more active part than the SS) were enrolled as auxiliary police. The beatings began, the arrests at dawn, the suppression of newspapers

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dispersal of meetings, intimidation at the polls. People by the hundreds began to disappear into the first detention camps.

In spite of the terror, more than half the Germans voted against Hitler on March 5. And surely this, too, ought to be remembered. The Nazis got 43.9 percent of the total vote. What Hitler wanted was a clear two-thirds majority in order to pass an enabling act through the Reichstag. He got the majority by having the 81 elected Communist members arrested and thus prevented from taking their seats, and by scaring the center parties into compliance or abstention. Only the Social Democrats remained opposed. The Enabling Act was passed on March 23. Hitler was in command. The rule of law ended.

From then on Hitler was able to bypass—with sham legality—the still existing legal order. He was able to create the Gestapo, the concentration camps and, ultimately, the apparatus for the Final Solution. Hitler's hostility to law was a significant personal characteristic. He used to fall into a rage whenever it was pointed out to him that his orders were against the constitution. He regarded any form of legislation, even his own, as politically unwise, a restriction of his freedom of maneuver. (It was for this reason that there never was a National Socialist criminal code in force. One was drafted and completed by 1936 but was never promulgated. Thus Bismarck's Criminal Code of 1871 remained uninterruptedly the law of the land, a point that is of some importance in connection with the legality of the Frankfurt trial.) Hitler often spoke of his historical task of building an authority that was not founded on common law or moral law: All human beings were to be at the total disposal of the Führer power, *Führergewalt;* on principle, there were to be no basic guarantees, no Magna Charta, no Bill of Rights.

Back in the 1930's the Nazis proceeded gradually. Their political opponents were put out of action one by one. First the Communists; then the labor unions; then, in turn, while the next victim was looking on, the Social Democrats, the democratic center parties, the churches, the aristocracy; even Jehovah's Witnesses came to be locked up in droves.

The first camps, the "wild camps" as they were called in the early days in 1933, were private prisons improvised by the SA in disused barracks and in vacant cellars. Torture, not mere beating and bullying, but extreme torture, took place.

Excesses, people said, a young movement, it'll soon get normal again.

It never got normal again.

By June of 1933 there were in existence in Prussia alone six official camps, holding some 14,000 people. They were run then by the SA, SS and a number of ex-soldiers. It was impressed upon them that they were front-line troops in peacetime, the enemy being the prisoners behind the barbed wire who must be treated with the utmost, but impersonal, hardness. "Any leniency, any pity towards the enemies of the state is unworthy of an SS man," they were harangued by Theodor Eicke, a violent man who had been both a convict and a mental patient and was now Inspector General of Concentration Camps. "Softies have no place in our ranks and would do better to retire into a monastery. We have use only for hard, decided men who obey every order mercilessly."

Inevitably the concentration camps became the magnet that attracted the most corrupt and brutalized elements of the population. Himmler counted on and covered up "excesses" whenever the lawful administration attempted to intervene. In one case, for example, criminal proceedings were initiated against the commandant, a Gestapo official and 21 SS men of camp Hohenstein in Saxony for "grave ill-treatment of prisoners." The Nazi gauleiter of Saxony wrote to Berlin to have the prosecution quashed. The minister of justice, Franz Gürtner, wrote in answer on January 8, 1935:

> The nature of the ill-treatment shows a degree of cruelty and callousness in the accused that is entirely foreign to German feeling. For atrocities of such oriental and sadistic character no explanation or excuses can be found.

A trial took place; the accused were convicted and given light prison sentences. In consequence, the prosecuting attorney and two jurors, the three of them Nazis, were expelled from the party. Hitler personally reprieved the convicted men.

In the same year Wilhelm Frick, the minister of the interior, alarmed by the high number of camp prisoners, ordered an inquiry into the cases of all persons held beyond six months. The order was returned to him by Himmler:

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Submitted to the Führer 20th Feb. 1935. *The prisoners will remain.* H.H.

In 1938, 60,000 people were in camps. With the war came the ghastly escalation. The prisoners were no longer chiefly Germans, but Czechs, Poles, Belgians, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Greeks, Croats, Serbs.

Buchenwald and Sachsenhausen became overcrowded during the winter; many new camps, Auschwitz among them, were founded in 1940. In December, 1942, there were 88,000 prisoners in the camps—by next August there were 224,000. The monstrous increase went on. Five hundred thousand by August, 1944. Finally, on January 15, 1945, there were counted 511,000 men and 202,000 women—713,000 prisoners in all. The staff required to guard them numbered 40,000.

Many, many—though by no means all—were Jews.

Anti-Semitism had been official government policy from the early days. The belief in race as the determining factor of human quality, apart from being false and wicked, is a hopeless and defeatist creed. There is no room for grace. The Nazis tried to establish a kind of perverted Calvinism in this world—damnation by birth.

In the spring of 1933 the windows of Jewish-owned shops were smashed in many towns; at Breslau the SA policed the entrances to the courthouses, blocking admittance to Jewish judges and lawyers. Two weeks later, all Jewish judges and attorneys in Germany were officially requested to apply for indefinite leave. In May, Jewish doctors were forbidden to treat non-Jewish patients; in July, Jews were banned from jury duty; in September, Jewish artists and musicians were excluded from performing in concerts, films and on the stage; writers could no longer publish. Next, farming was forbidden to all who could not prove freedom from any Jewish strain back to the year 1800.

In September, 1935, came the Nuremberg Decrees for the Protection of the Blood. *Blutschutzgesetz*, as that repulsive idea was named. All Jews had to leave the civil service. They lost the vote (for what it was worth). Marriage, and sexual intercourse, with a non-Jew became a criminal offense. Jewish families were even forbidden to employ a non-Jewish woman servant below the age of 45. Soon after came an order to the effect that the names of Jewish war dead must in the future be omitted from memorials. By 1938, Jews had to carry special identification cards; men had to add Israel, and women, Sarah, to their given names.

On November 7, 1938, a 17-year-old Jewish boy, Herschel Grynszpan, shot a German Embassy secretary in Paris. In the aftermath 20,000 Jews from all walks of life were taken from their homes and thrown into the camps, synagogues set afire all over Germany, "spontaneous" looting of 7,000 Jewish shops, "spontaneous" killing of Jews in the streets. Yet the British chargé d'affaires wrote at the time:

> I have not met a single German who does not disapprove . . . of what has been going on. But I am afraid that unqualified condemnation even on the part of declared National Socialists and high army officers will not have the slightest influence on the gang of lunatics who are ruling Nazi Germany at present.

The lunatics, instead, were giving another turn to the screw. Compulsory sale of all Jewish businesses; compulsory sale of land. Exclusion of Jews from all German schools and universities. Prohibition to go to theaters, concerts, cinemas, museums, to use sports grounds, beaches or swimming pools.

Then came confiscation of driving licenses. The order to hand over gold, precious stones and pearls. The order permitting landlords to cancel leases of their Jewish tenants. The abolition of all civil-service and retirement pensions.

The war began. With it, new degrees of civic savagery. By 1942 the daily life of such Jews as were still at liberty in Germany had become wholly intolerable. They had to give up their radios and their telephones; they were forbidden to use public telephone booths or vending machines. They were not allowed to ride in public transport.

Jewish rations cards were marked J, and they received:

No clothes coupon whatsoever (after 1940); no tobacco and no egg ration (after June, 1942); no meat; no processed meat; no wheat products (October, 1942); no milk for children (1942).

Jews were ordered to:

Buy their food between the hours of 4–5 P.M. only (1940); give up all furs and nonessential warm clothing (January, 1942); mark the outside of their dwellings with a yellow star (April, 1942); hand over all electrical and optical appliances, bicycles, typewriters, phonograph records, etc. (June, 1942).

Jews were not allowed to: Walk in public parks or gardens; eat and drink in restaurants, cafés, bars; subscribe to newspapers and periodicals; buy books; keep a dog, a cat, a canary, or any pet whatsoever.

The Jews in Germany had lost every civic, legal or human right. The subhumanization process that had begun from both ends—executioners and victims—was about completed. After such preparation, the Final Solution had moved into the realm of the conceivable.

At Frankfurt the reading of the Broad Report ended in June of 1964. The trial continued for over one more year. Three hundred and sixty witnesses were heard in all; the tale they bore was substantially the same: Each man and woman in that long, sad, restrained file recalled a sea of suffering and horror. To repeat it here in dry print would stun the mind. What was inflicted and endured at Auschwitz cannot be faced by normal human consciousness for long; the heart cannot take in pain on such a scale, the brain cannot contend with wickedness so measureless and so diseased. Pity and anger are inadequate. The law is inadequate—the law is not, and should not, be shaped to grapple with enormities such as these. Comment is inadequate. Expiation will be inadequate. And yet, letting it go, looking aside, would be an offense against justice, morality, the sense of fate itself.

That is why the Frankfurt trial had to go on to the weary end. Even when the events themselves were proved, far beyond the most unreasonable doubt, the court's task remained to prove—or disprove—link by link the guilt of the individual men accused. No single witness's story was enough; it was but a piece in a vast and intricate mosaic; it had to be checked, collated, corroborated by other witnesses, by documents, by dates. Had that man been in that place, on that duty, at that time? Was that witness able, personally, physically, to see that act? What was the distance? Was there a crack from which you had a view of the Black Wall? (And it must be remembered that only murder was involved; the time for prosecution for maltreatment, cruelty, torture—unless it caused death—had already lapsed by an old German statute of limitations.) In its determination to search for the truth, the court made a trip to Auschwitz in December, 1964; among the accused, only Dr. Lucas chose to revisit the camp.

The courtroom evidence, necessarily, was presented piecemeal. Witnesses came, or failed to come on time, from

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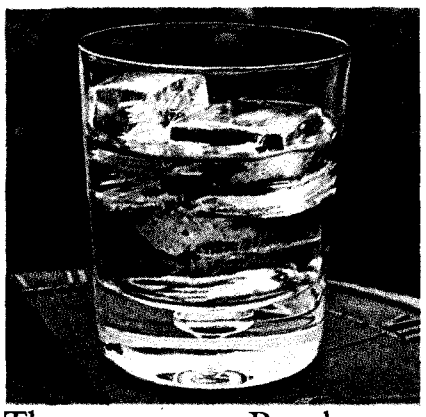

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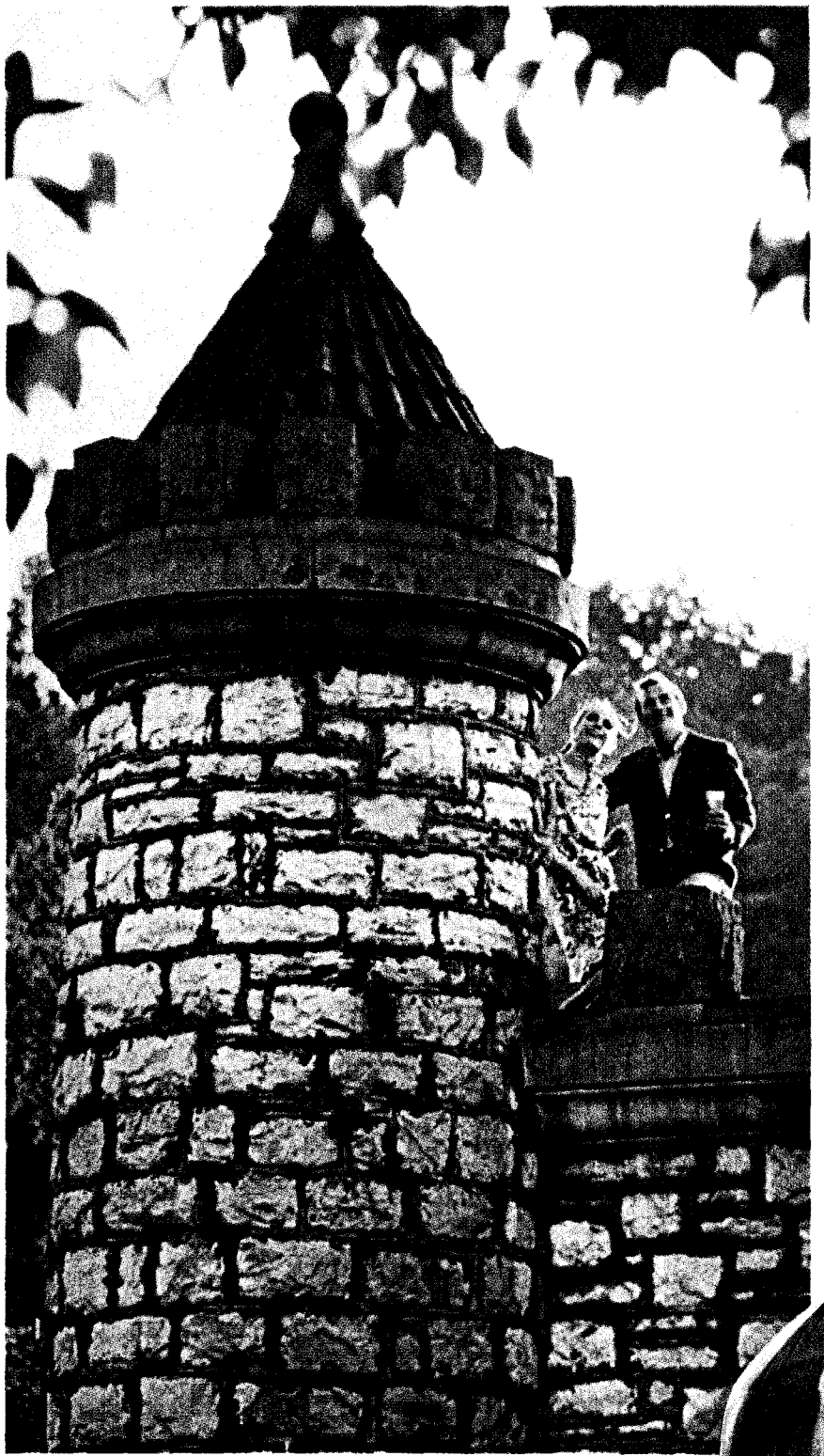

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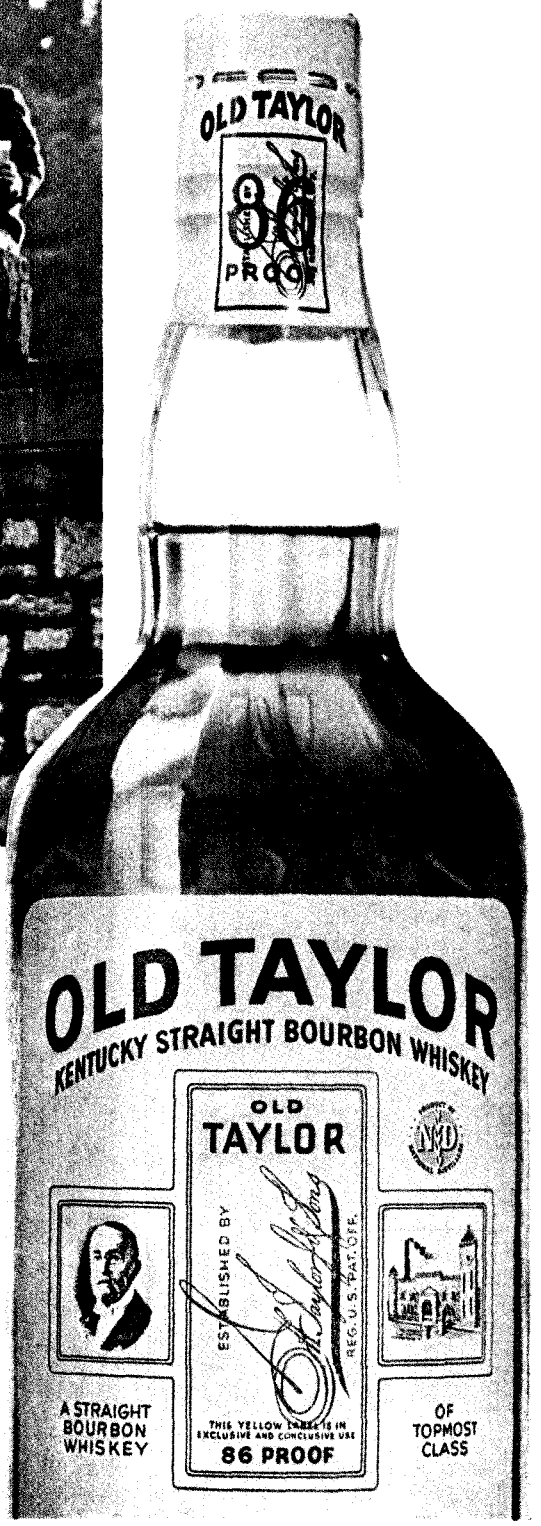

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Poland, Israel, France, East Berlin, the United States. Timing was not in the court's control. Many witnesses—survivors, attempting to recollect, after 20 years, events experienced in circumstances of unparalleled stress—failed to identify their man. "I don't know . . . he used to be in uniform . . . he must have changed." The judge later summed up the court's difficulties:

> In an ordinary murder case, not only are memories fresh, we moreover have the body, the medical evidence, the evidence of fingerprints, footprints, many material clues. . . . All these were lacking here. Here, our unhappy witnesses often did not know the day, the month, the year, deprived as they had been at Auschwitz of the ordinary props to memory: They had no watches, no calendars. . . .
> No wonder then that . . . sometimes their evidence, if patently true in essence, was not solid enough to convict in a court of law.

The accused themselves, who were frequently called upon to elucidate, were ready to admit that terrible things did happen, but—and here they always became eloquent—not when *I* was there. *I* was away—on sick leave, off duty, transferred; it happened on another day, in another block, under another man. The other man was not named. They stuck together.

If little so far has been said about the defense, it is because they were unable to contribute much of value to the case. Their role was not an easy one; they did, as was their duty, what they could. They contested evidence, exposed contradictions, shook some witnesses. For the most part they had to fall back on technical points and rhetorical lines—the accused were a few of many, were small men drawn into the vortex of history, had obeyed orders.

That vexed question of orders was submitted to expert evidence and much debate. The judge read out the section of German Army regulations (never rescinded) that forbids the carrying out of orders of a criminal nature. (Many people, among them court police, showed genuine surprise.) What was less clear was what actually happened to a member of the SS who refused such orders. Hans Buchheim, a German historian called as an expert witness, denied the common contention that refusal to obey orders necessarily entailed prison or death. "The arbitrariness which threatened every citizen from the SS was not practiced on their own kind."

There was one other element that came to light again during the trial—the ugly link between German industry and the concentration camps—and it aroused very mixed emotions. During the war, as is known, German firms set up subsidiary factories in the vicinity of Auschwitz and some other camps. These were worked by forced labor, prisoners under supervision of the SS—50,000 men at one time in an I.G. Farben works alone. Some of the firms engaged in war production had little freedom of choice; others, notably some directors of I.G. Farben, had themselves approached the SS. The handful of executives who gave evidence at Frankfurt made sad hearing.

There was for instance chief engineer Kurt Bundzus, who had been engaged in recruiting prisoners for a Siemens-Schuckert factory in 1944. To be of any use at all, he said, they needed feeding. His description is involved and remote. "Their condition was not such that I had to tell myself that some weeks of feeding would remain without effect on their capacity to do a day's work."

Then there was a Dr. Carl Albert Krauch, ex-chairman of I.G. Farben, who had been sentenced to six years in prison by the Nuremberg Tribunal as an accessory in the use of slave labor. He was asked if it was true that prisoners who had grown too weak to work were selected to be killed according to an arrangement with I.G. Farben.

DR. KRAUCH: This was not confirmed by findings at the Nuremberg trials.
QUESTION: What do *you* know about agreements between I.G.F. and the camp in regard to prisoners who could no longer work?
DR. KRAUCH: Nothing to my recollection.
QUESTION: Did you know about selections?
DR. KRAUCH: I was not informed.
QUESTION: Did you know who ran the camp? Who gave the orders?
DR. KRAUCH: I did not know.
QUESTION: Did you meet Adjutant Mulka?
DR. KRAUCH: Only from this trial.

"I walked through the works once," the witness adds, "and had the impression that there was no difference between those people and other foreign labor. The sick received treatment, if someone had appendicitis, for instance. It was in our interest to keep skilled workmen alive."

How many Germans knew? Germans in the interior who did not see and smell the fires? They knew a lot, of course. The camps were feared; you cannot fear what you do not know exists. They saw things happening to Jews; they knew that neighbors—Jews and socialists and priests and the man who had criticized the Goebbels speech—disappeared. There were rumors about far-off places where nameless things were happening. The extermination camps were a state secret of the highest classification. Correspondence was in code. There were leaks, inevitably, through men on leave and local populations. Yet all in all it was a fiercely guarded (and scarcely credible) secret in a gagged country in time of war, and I think one must assume that the mass of Germans did not know of the death camps.

Yet what *was* known was terrible enough. Why did not more Germans react, recoil, cry out in 1933, in '34, in '35, before it was too late? Why was there not more revulsion, more clear-cut condemnation, why no effective protest, then, in government offices, big business, the army, the foreign service? It will never be an easy matter to judge.

Many, far too many things heard during those 183 days of the trial haunt the mind. There was the witness who saw four- and five-year-olds hold up their arms: "*Block-capo*, please look how strong we are"; the witness who saw Kaduk drive children who were begging for their lives into the gas at pistol point; the boy who wrote in blood upon a wall "Andreas Rapaport—lived sixteen years." The old man from Haifa who had been dragged to Auschwitz with wife, two children, mother, sister, brother, his in-laws and their children, "because I was a Jew."

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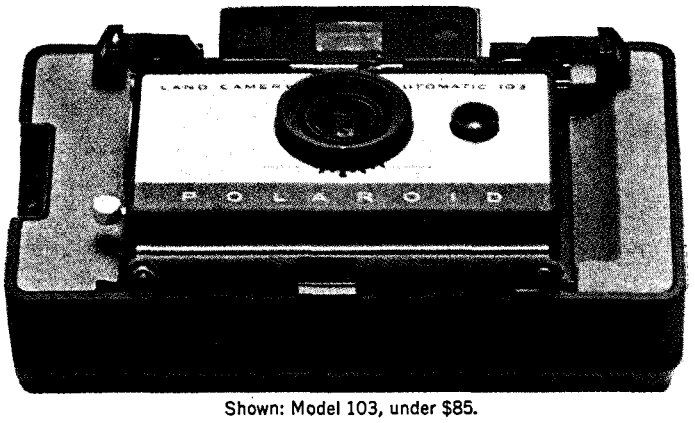

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The judge asked him, "And are you the only one who remained?" And the old man standing there alone, saying, "Yes."

There is much still that cannot be told here that belongs forever to the history of Auschwitz. The individual heroism, the acts of kindness and self-sacrifice by men and women whose spirit surpassed the limits of the human condition as they stayed good and brave and charitable in extreme hunger, bodily weakness and degradation; the rabbis and priests who remained a source of strength and faith; the—extremely few—successful escapes; the breakdowns, the disorganization that so ironically dogged those untiring administrators; the uneasy final weeks, the last ghostly roll call on January 17, 1945: 60,020 prisoners, and the evacuation before the advancing Russians, in the bitter winter weather, through the desolate landscape . . .

The closing speeches began in Frankfurt on May 7, 1965. They occupied 30 days. The four prosecutors spoke, the 18 defense counsel spoke. Nothing new was said. The prosecution asked for life sentences in most cases, and for the acquittal of Johann Schoberth, former guard, and Arthur Breitwieser, former member of the disinfection division, for "lack of evidence." The accused have the last word. The judge instructed them:

"It is your right. It is not a duty. But I am asking each one of you to reflect most earnestly whether you do not wish to break, at this last minute, the ice of silence. We should have come a great deal nearer to the truth had you not so obstinately remained behind that wall. Perhaps some of you have realized in the course of these proceedings that we are concerned here not with revenge but with expiation." Mulka rose first. His response was a few stilted sentences.

"Venerable Court . . . I concur subjectively, objectively and legally with the submissions of my counsel . . . It only remains for me to express my . . . confidence in a just decision."

Boger: "Throughout National Socialist rule there existed for me only one consideration—to carry out the orders of my superiors to the limit. I came to Auschwitz without my volition. I see today that the idea I adhered to brought harm and was false. I carried out third-degree interrogations as ordered. I did not then regard Auschwitz as a cruel place for the destruction of European Jewry; my overriding concern was the fight against Polish resistance and Bolshevism."

Stark, ex-member of the camp Gestapo: "I was associated with the death of many people. After the war I often asked myself if I had become a criminal because as a believing National Socialist I had killed people. I never found the answer. I believed in the Führer, I wished to serve my people. Today I know that these ideas were false. I regret the wrong path I took then, but I cannot undo it."

Schoberth, ex-guard: ". . . When Hitler came to power I was ten years old. I was brought up to be a good Nazi. . . . I must ask you to consider what happened to people of my year. I was wounded four times, operated on eight times, decorated five times. I don't know what more I am supposed to say now. Aren't we, also, the victims of National Socialism?"

Dr. Lucas: "Most Venerable Court, the period of my life during which, against my will, I was assigned to Auschwitz is one that I cannot get over. Pressed into duty on the ramp, I naturally tried to spare the lives of as many prisoners as possible. But today, as then, I am moved to the question, And the others? I fought my way through to telling you the truth. So I can only hope that you will arrive at a judgment that will help me to free myself from this tangle and begin a new way of life."

The court stands adjourned; public and reporters go home. Judges and jurors deliberate in privacy; presumably they meet daily, presumably they keep office hours. Nobody stands by with watch in hand. There is no pressure of fatigue, no pressure to go home, no drama. On August 19, 1965, the court reconvened.

It was a hot, gray, leaden morning. As on the opening day, the hall was crammed again with representatives of the world's press. Mulka looks aged; many look thinner. Of the 22 men originally accused, 20 are left. (One defendant, Heinrich Bischoff, died at home; another, Gerhard Neubert, had become ill but would be tried and convicted in 1966.) All but three are now in custody. Two of the jurors have been replaced by substitutes. The map of Auschwitz is still there.

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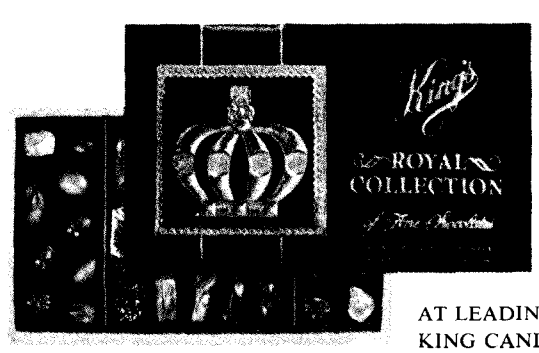

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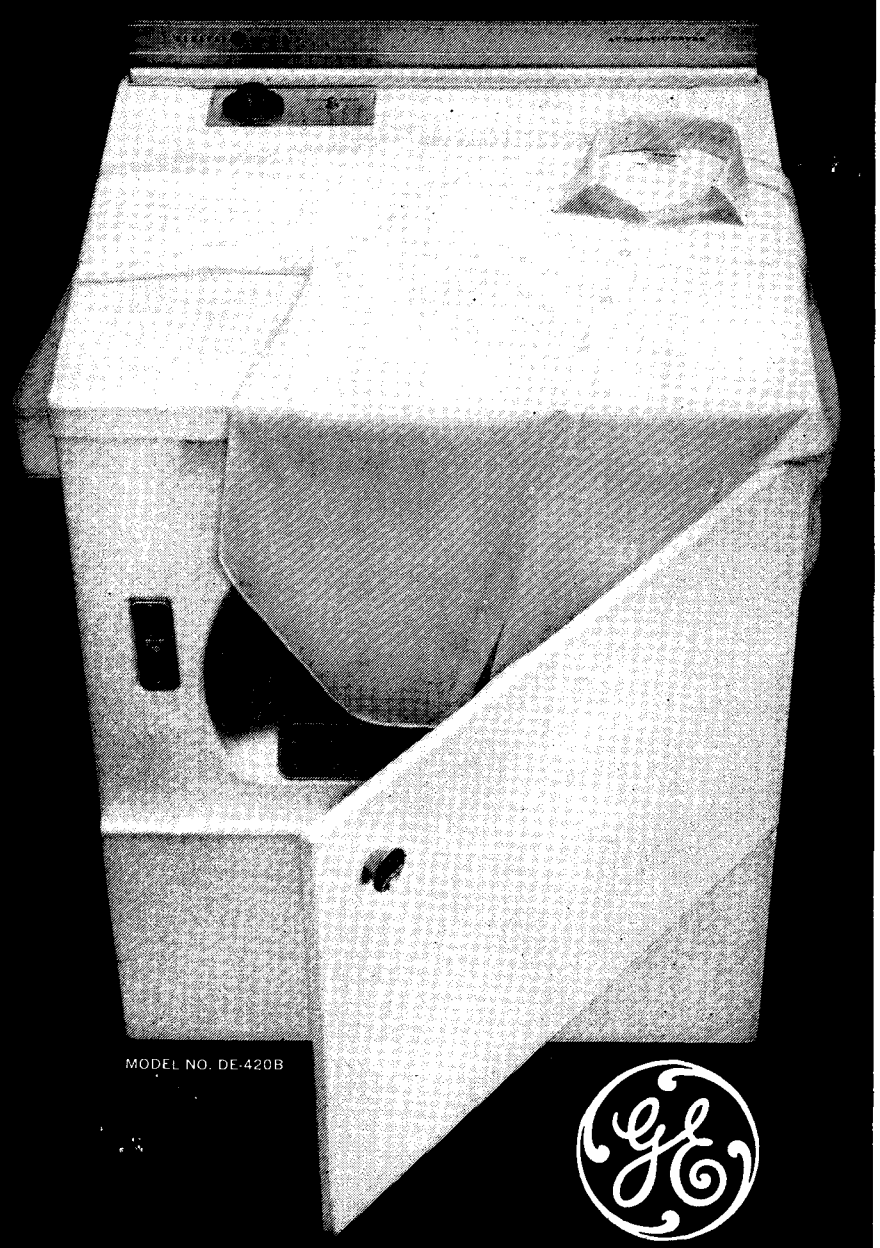

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the judges came in. The chief judge immediately pronounced the verdicts and sentences in his firm, quiet voice. The court stood as it listened.

"In the name of the people, these have been found guilty:

"The accused Mulka guilty of being an accessory to collective murder in at least four cases of seven hundred and fifty men and women each;

"The accused Boger guilty of murder in at least one hundred and fourteen cases, and guilty of being an accessory to collective murder of at least one thousand men and women;

"The accused Broad guilty of being an accessory to collective murder in at least twenty-two cases, of which two cases of one thousand each;

"The accused Kaduk guilty of murder in ten cases, and guilty of collective murder in at least two cases, one of at least a thousand men and women and the other of two men;

"The accused Baretzki guilty of murder in five cases, and guilty of being an accessory to collective murder in at least eleven cases, of which one case of at least three thousand, five cases of at least one thousand, and five cases of at least fifty each;

"The accused Dr. Lucas guilty of being an accessory to collective murder in at least six cases of a thousand each;

"The accused Klehr guilty of murder in at least four hundred and seventy-five cases and guilty of being an accessory to collective murder in at least six cases of at least two thousand six hundred and sixty men and women."

In all there were 17 convictions. Then came the sentences. There were life sentences for Boger, Kaduk, Baretzki, Klehr, Hofmann and Bednarek; 14 years for Mulka; seven for Adjutant Höcker; four years for Broad; three years and three months for Dr. Lucas. The accused Schoberth, Breitwieser and the dentist Dr. Schatz were acquitted for lack of evidence. The convicted men, who remained in court, showed no visible reactions.

Judge Hofmeyer then started the *Urteilsbegründung*, the postverdict summing-up, which lasted through that day and the next. It took 11 hours. The judge began by saying that there had been an understandable desire to make this trial the basis for a historical analysis of the Third Reich and the political, pyschological and social developments that led to the catastrophic events of Auschwitz; yet the court did not have the right to be tempted into such a multiplicity of issues.

"This trial has attracted attention well beyond the borders of this country. It has acquired the name of Auschwitz Trial; for this court it remained the criminal trial of Mulka & Others. And that means that the only determining factor of the verdict of the court is the evidence as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. The court was not entitled to conduct a political trial; even less was it entitled to conduct a show trial—a trial in which the outcome is a foregone conclusion and the proceedings are a farce staged for the general public. Anyone who has followed the proceedings here will know that . . . the court has labored to get at the truth, nothing but the truth, and that has been the heart of the concern of these hearings."

The judge then dealt with the defense contention that only the small fry were being held responsible here. It is true, he said, that the big men who planned it all are dead—Hitler and Himmler and Göring—but the small men also had been necessary to carry out the Final Solution.

Then he spoke of it all once again, in simple words, in the same quiet, rather homely voice,

"... The place that was Auschwitz... that hell inconceivable to any normal mind. The poor human beings arrived, their possessions were taken from them, their clothes; their hair was shorn; they were given a few rags, or even left stark naked. Here they were at the mercy of their cynical *capos* and SS guards, plagued by vermin, covered in sores, hungry day and night, beset by deadly fear of what sufferings the next hour might bring; forced to wear heavy clogs on their chafed bare feet, driven along roads like cattle to do hard, unaccustomed work; they were beaten, they were kicked, they were mocked, and in the evenings their guards rejoiced in making the exhausted creatures do exercises, do sport as it was called, until the poor martyred bodies fainted and this became an excuse to shoot them. That was their daily existence until life itself was taken from them in the gas chambers. There they died, naked, packed one against another, with their prisoners' numbers scrawled upon their skin, men separated from wives and children. It was death by suffocation, after a last struggle for air, the still living standing on the bodies of the dead. It was a cruel death. Outside, a doctor stood watching. Such was the fate of Jews and Christians, of Poles and Germans, of Russian prisoners of war and Gypsies, of men and women from all of Europe at the Camp of Auschwitz. . . . Even if all the men convicted here had been given the maximum penalty, there can never be an approximate retribution for what was done at Auschwitz. Human life is too short."

And during the last minutes of the trial, Dr. Hofmeyer, the judge who had done so much to keep the atmosphere cool, who had steered the court through so many clashes of temper and had never lost his own, allowed himself to break down. After having thanked the jury and his fellow judges, he said in a voice no longer quite audible or controlled that for nearly two years the bench had been under an almost unbearable emotional strain. "No one who was here will ever be able to forget what he has heard. . . ." Then the judge pulled himself up and icily addressed the convicted men. It was his duty, he said, to inform them of their right to appeal. All but one have done so.

We, too, should hear and not forget. This story is a part of our lives and time. It is irreversible for those to whom it happened, the unfortunate men and women who were plucked from home, from family, from cares and habits, from the entire normal context of human expectations. What was done cannot be undone. What we can do is to honor them by memory, to mourn them, to think of them in sorrow and in awe. And we can learn. The SS man's word, "At last we have the means," is true now more than ever. Final solutions are within many a reach. We can remember Auschwitz and beware of listening to the siren song of expediency, beware of abrogating mercy, of setting aside the law. Beware of being sheep. □

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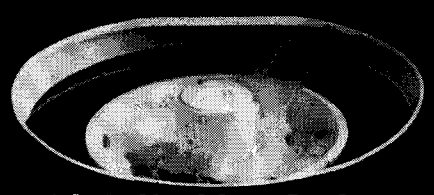

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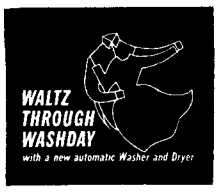

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The return of Horowitz

By ABRAM CHASINS

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

Fear, and the defiance of fear, do not ordinarily seem relevant to the profession of playing the piano, but Sergei Rachmaninoff was among the first to recognize the unique quality of Vladimir Horowitz's art. "He has the courage," he said after hearing the young pianist blaze through the Rachmaninoff *Third Concerto*, "the intensity and daring that make for greatness." And so, on a sunny afternoon in New York last spring, after this taut, slender magician had enchanted a packed Carnegie Hall with his lyrical performance of Mozart and Chopin, it was fitting that he should select as his last encore Rachmaninoff's impossibly difficult *Étude Tableau in D Minor*, a display of virtuosity that brought the entire audience to its feet, roaring bravos. Rachmaninoff's daughter, Princess Irina Wolkonsky, was sitting in the row ahead of me, and through the uproar I said, "When Valodya plays your father's works, he is always at his most wonderful." She turned and replied, "Father *never* played it so wonderfully."

There was nothing so spectacular in Horowitz's beginnings. Born to a wealthy family in Kiev, he made a modest debut there at the age of 17, toured Russia for two years, then set out for Germany. It was in Hamburg, where Horowitz had to substitute for another soloist who had fallen ill, that his transcendental performance of the Tchaikovsky Concerto produced his first standing ovation. In New York, three years later, it was the Tchaikovsky Concerto again, conducted by the hot-tempered and strong-willed Sir Thomas Beecham. The conductor wanted to play it slowly; Horowitz didn't. For the first two movements, Beecham had his way; then Horowitz started off the finale with an explosion of speed that left Beecham helplessly trying to catch up. The audience reacted the way hypnotized Horowitz audiences usually do. "A mob is a mob," wrote Olin Downes of *The New York Times*, "blood is blood; the call of the wild is heard whether it is a savage beating a drum, or a young Russian, mad with excitement, physical speed and power, pounding on a keyboard."

Twenty-five years later, February 25, 1953, Horowitz was on the same stage again. It was the silver jubilee of his American debut, and everybody had come for the great show. For his last encore, the virtuoso did his supreme act, an unbelievable transcription of Sousa's *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, in which Horowitz's keyboard included every instrument in Sousa's band, even the piccolo. "Possibly the most phenomenal pyrotechnical exhibition in the entire annals of piano playing," said one critic. My wife, the pianist Constance Keene, had taken a 10-year-old pupil to hear Horowitz, and, in the midst of the excitement, the boy cried out, "Keenie, Keenie, where's his third hand?"

"I'll never know," Horowitz said recently, "how I could have ever allowed myself to land so far from the destination that I had set for myself in my youth. From time to time I felt I would rather do anything in the world, or nothing at all, than to continue to be a sort of glorified juggler. I never wanted to become 'superman of the piano.' "

The routine of a concert career, however, like that of any career, is set long in advance. There are contracts, obligations, appointments to be kept. Two weeks after the silver-anniversary concert, Horowitz was in Minneapolis.

"During the day I felt myself growing ill, and getting a fever," Horowitz recalls. "By late afternoon I felt so dreadful that I canceled the concert. When I got back to New York, my doctor came immediately, and he said, 'You have the flu and nervous exhaustion. Have you any more concerts to play?' I said, 'Three or four.' The doctor said, 'Cancel them. You must stop playing.' So I stopped. Naturally, when the word of the cancellations got around, the rumors began."

I heard the rumors. Everyone did. The pianist had canceled tours that would have netted him at least a quarter of a million dollars a year. "Horowitz is sick," they said. "Horowitz will never play again." I had met Horowitz at the Steinway Piano Company's basement in London in 1926, where each of us was trying out pianos for a London debut, and we have been friends for 40 years, so when I began hearing the rumors, I went to his home to see what had happened. I found him looking white and wan, sitting in a living-room chair and reading Thayer's *Life of Beethoven*.

"What's going on, Valodya?" I asked.

"Look, Abrasha, right now I'm not well," he said. "I'm exhausted."

"Is it true that you've decided not to play again?"

"Am I not entitled to maybe a sabbatical after thirty-three years? Thirty-three years of constant travel, bad hotels, uncomfortable trains, drafty halls and lousy food? Being always exposed to public and critics, and to have to be 'superman' all the time? Each time better than the last? My nerves are shot. I'm at the breaking point."

At 48, he was certainly entitled to a sabbatical year, and it is impossible now to tell how long he expected that sabbatical would last. "I need time to rest," he said at the time, "and I have a lot of things to think about." His dark and handsome wife, Wanda, the daughter of Toscanini, did not know either. "I went along with him," she says now. "After all, *he* had to walk out on that platform, and *he* had to play, not I."

For one full year, that sabbatical year, Horowitz never even touched his piano. Much of that time he accepted no social invitations and invited no one to his home. Rachmaninoff, his great idol, had once urged him to go for long walks. "If you don't walk," he had said, "your fingers will not run." And so now Horowitz walked alone, through Central Park, watching the spring come, and then the summer. "In the first few years, besides walking, reading and resting, I used to go to the pool at the Ninety-second Street Y to swim. But it took time. Too much time. Also the water is much too cold, so after a while I stopped. I used to go to art galleries, but then I became more engrossed in musical matters." He did not play, but he listened to recordings of music he had never had time to hear before. "Mainly the great old Italian singers of the *bel canto* school. The greatest lesson that any instrumentalist can get on phrasing and on melody playing in general is from them."

Horowitz's house provided a splendid sanctuary. It is a five-story mansion in the East 90's, just off Fifth Avenue and Central Park. The furniture is almost entirely 18th-century Venetian, and the living room contains a stunning collection of paintings by Picasso, Degas, Rouault. In this sanctuary Horowitz gradually recovered his peace of mind, and after a year of silence there came a day when he finally sat down at his piano. I asked him not long ago what he had first played, and why. "I haven't the faintest idea. My decision not to play in public was not a decision to stop playing. That was only for one year. The first year. Then came the need to express myself. . . ."

Once he was back at the keyboard, the slow resurrection began. "I learned something important about retirement," he recalls. "You must immediately impose new disciplines upon yourself. Becoming free as a bird after a lifetime of routine can make you feel awfully lost. At first I just

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moped around. Then I realized I had to work out new daily schedules for myself—so much time for study, for rest, for reflection, for exercise. . . . Soon my days had a new rhythm, a new serenity. Every day I start with what I call calisthenics. Exercises that I invent myself. Each day a new set, which I play very, very slowly. When I practice the standard literature that I have played before, I practice section by section, and I never move from one to the other until I am satisfied. Each week I devote at least two to three hours of my practice time to music I have never seen or played before."

Every once in a while, now, a few of his closest friends would hear the results of Horowitz's studies. He would invite them, one at a time, to his home for the evening, and there would come a point when he would move toward the piano to demonstrate some piece he had been practicing. He spoke almost apologetically about his playing, offering the performance purely as a curiosity, a piece "which you might not know." What his friends then heard was soon to become public. "I felt the need for some outlet," Horowitz recalls. "I didn't want to remain in a total vacuum." After a year of silence and a year of study, the next inevitable step was to begin recording.

To generations of music students, the 18th-century composer Muzio Clementi was known solely for a series of studies called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, but Horowitz had searched further. "I had read lots of books about Clementi. He was a fascinating man, and I started to look over the music, but there were only about a dozen sonatas available here. Then Wanda went to Milan, and she brought me back sixty sonatas in the original edition. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears when I started to read through them. This man actually anticipated modern piano writing. We did our first recordings right here in this living room, on my own piano."

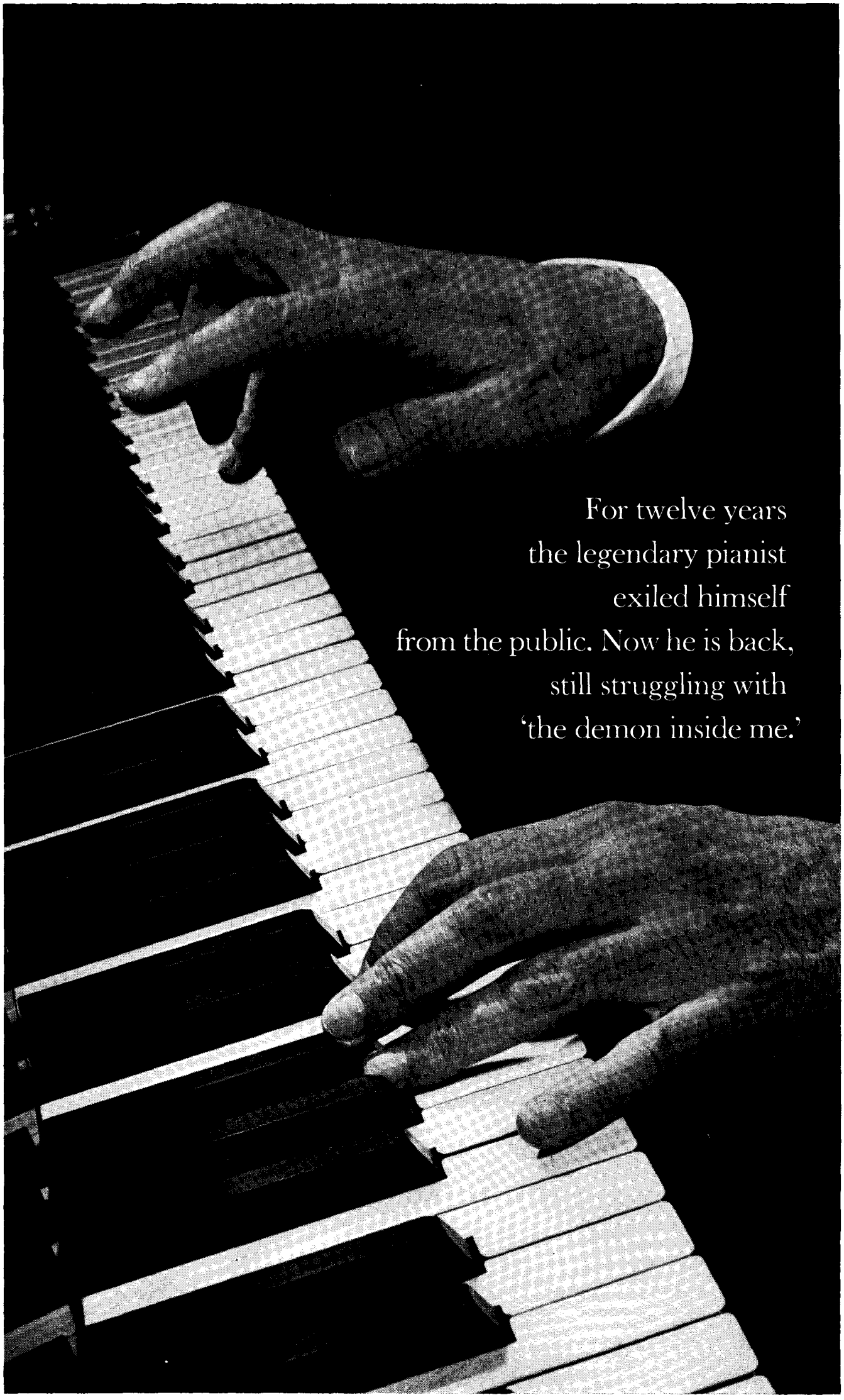
Horowitz's first recording in 1955 was a revelation not only of Clementi but of Horowitz himself. "A man cannot go through life playing octaves," he had said. Now the fingers flashed through the rapid passages once again, but there was no display for the sake of display; everything was controlled, disciplined and, precisely because of that artistic discipline, more passionate. A year later Horowitz followed the Clementi record with an equally unusual and equally beautiful record devoted entirely to the mysterious sonorities of Scriabin. "If you want to know why I chose this, I will answer you before you ask me. Because again I thought, 'Nobody knows this music.'" Then, the next year, came a return to more familiar works—two Beethoven sonatas, then a Chopin record. "But I was frankly glad that there was no public," Horowitz said recently. "Something was lacking in the sound. I was looking for a sonority that a smaller room cannot give, so we went to Carnegie Hall to record."

"And that hall and that sound began to inspire memories, and you began to make plans for the future, right?" I said.

"Wrong. It gave me a little bit of depression, so that I realized inside that I still did not want to play publicly. I also thought that recording doesn't capture the real tone, so I won't record anymore. I didn't for three years."

The series of recordings prompted some of Horowitz's admirers to think he might be lured back to the concert stage. In 1957 more than 1,000 of them signed a petition urging him to return to public life. His only answer was, "I am not ready." The following year I was finishing a book called *Speaking of Pianists*, and I asked him the familiar question. "I do not expect ever to play in public again," he said, offering no explanation.

Possibly there was a kind of liberation in this expectation that the retirement would be permanent. If there would be no more crowds roaring their applause for his feats, there would also be



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no more crowds demanding stunts and tricks he did not want to perform. Or as Horowitz himself put it: "During the early years of concertizing, you become a little uneasy and afraid of people. Such crowds! Always pushing and shoving. So many faces, so many voices, each of them wanting something from you. If you were to stop and talk with one, the others would expect you to talk with them too, and then you would miss your dinner or perhaps your train. So you run."

On his daily walks through Central Park, often accompanied by his two poodles, Milca and Pippo ("I am like a father to them; I love them"), Horowitz cut a rather odd figure—aloof and preoccupied, immaculately dressed—but he repeatedly encountered people who knew him and looked up to him. "You know, the police lieutenant is an amateur pianist, and whenever he sees me he asks a question about some piece he is practicing. Why not get free advice? I think that is very clever of him, don't you? Then there is another policeman who asked my advice about buying a new piano. They have become very good friends of mine. I am never afraid to walk in the park."

Horowitz went walking not just to air the dogs, but to go shopping for cakes and cheeses, for as his life became less secluded, more and more guests came to visit the living room where Wanda Horowitz kept a samovar of tea steaming. The great musicians came to feed and gossip—Rubinstein, Milstein, Piatigorsky. Rudolf Serkin came, and the two pianists sat down to play duets by Mozart and Schubert.

Brought back into the swirl of New York musical life, Horowitz could not remain silent forever. "In 'Sixty-two I changed to Columbia Records, and it so happens that they have a charming little studio in an old church, acoustically very dry, but with a very high ceiling. I enjoyed playing there. Then, early in 1965, I said to Columbia, 'Let's go to Carnegie Hall and record, and let's see, maybe the dry sound will disappear there. Perhaps it *is* the best place for me after all.' So we went two or three times, and I played for forty-five minutes or an hour. Later, for a few afternoons, I invited a few close friends to listen.

"Now, Abrasha, let's face it. Musical New York is like a provincial town. Everybody knows what everybody else is doing. One day in March a story suddenly appeared in the *Herald Tribune* saying that Vladimir Horowitz is giving secret concerts in Carnegie Hall late at night. The next day *The Times* telephoned and said, 'What's this all about?' So I said, 'I'll tell you. I'm playing tomorrow afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and Columbia Records is taping. You can send a reporter and see exactly what I am doing there.'"

The young reporter, Howard Klein, asked the routine question about Horowitz's return to the concert stage. "Maybe someday," Horowitz said. "I don't know." Then he went to the piano and played for an hour the Chopin works he planned to record. Klein, who knew the Horowitz recordings of these same works, was astonished at what he heard now. "The recordings don't do you justice," he told Horowitz. "You play completely differently. You are like another pianist."

"That did it," Horowitz told me later. "Suddenly it came to me—so that is the younger generation that does not know me at all! At that moment I knew I must play again." It was not that simple, of course. For 12 years the old bruises of concert life had been healing, the old pressures and anxieties and doubts fading; the artist's sense of what he wanted to do, and his confidence in his ability to do it, had grown gradually through a series of challenges met and tests passed. Horowitz himself later agreed. "Of course, it was many things," he said. "My recordings were coming out better, my rehearsals were more satisfactory, and the urge to play again—to communicate directly—was brooding within me. The front-page bath in the newspapers, saying that I might return to the platform, also was a big shove. I felt a responsibility. Klein's remarks 'triggered' my decision, you might say, but I also felt artistically and psychologically ready to take the plunge."

HOROWITZ ON ROAD BACK TO CONCERT STAGE, said the headline on the front page of the next day's *Times*. As soon as the date of May 9 was announced, the stampede began. Tickets would go on sale at 10 A.M. on a Monday, first come, first served. The first students started a line on the preceding Saturday night. By Sunday there were about 1,500, camping on the sidewalks with blankets and sleeping bags. It was May, but at dusk it began to rain. The next morning all the tickets were snapped up in two hours, and nobody who had joined the line later than 6 A.M. could get in.

As the end of Horowitz's exile drew near, everybody was nervous. At the last minute, as the family was going out the door, it was the butler, James, who couldn't face it. "I'm just not up to it," he told Wanda Horowitz. "I can't go."

"If that is your decision," she said coolly, "we must accept it."

At Carnegie Hall the crowd waited tensely. The scheduled concert time of 3:30 P.M. came and went. "Nobody," one pianist in the audience muttered as the tension increased, "could play to a house like this." Suddenly, at 3:36, the pale, gaunt figure strode out from the wings. The entire audience leaped to its feet and roared.

At the first commanding declamation of the Bach-Busoni *Toccata in C*, everyone knew that the new Horowitz had arrived. The old nervous energy was still there, and the incredible virtuosity, but Horowitz was determined to prove that the legendary showman was dead. Backstage, Wanda Horowitz watched and listened with tears streaming down her face. "I never thought I would live to see this day," she said.

"One of the most dramatic events in recent musical history," said the next morning's *Times*. But Horowitz himself was not satisfied. "Pianistically not too bad," he said after hearing the tapes that were to become the best-selling classical record of the year, "although there are far too many wrong notes. This was really too emotional an experience for me. I did not find my playing sufficiently satisfactory. I have to do more homework. And you know the demon inside me. I always have to do better, each time. It's my character. I can't change it. I should have much more control when I play again, if I play again."

"*If* you play again?" I demanded. "What on earth do you mean?"

"You know," he said, walking to the window and staring out into the distance, "I've been thinking that it makes very little sense for me to give another New York recital. It can only be an anticlimax, a horrible thought. I don't have to prove that I can still play. I've already done that. In any event, I am not going to play again until I can feel entirely secure and happy and comfortable about it."

One day in April, almost a year later, my telephone rang. It was Horowitz. "I'm going to play, I think. I wanted to tell you myself, before you read it in the newspaper."

Whereupon history began to repeat itself. The clamor for tickets, the long line forming overnight outside Carnegie Hall. This time Horowitz drove to Carnegie himself to make sure everybody was supplied with coffee and doughnuts. When he was recognized, somebody shouted, "Don't be nervous, Mr. Horowitz, we're all with you!" Horowitz waved to them, and cried, "God bless you." The next day was much the same too. Once again James, the butler, felt himself unable to go. Once again the crowd rose and greeted Horowitz with a standing ovation. Once again he had chosen a program that might almost be described as chaste. ("When are you going to give the public one of those hair-raising transcriptions of yours?" I asked him. "Sousa's *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, or the Mendelssohn *Wedding March*, or the *Carmen Fantasy!* That's what they're all hoping and waiting for." "I'm sorry, Abrasha, but I can no longer play these things," Horowitz said. "I have forgotten them.")

And so he began with a slow and gentle Scarlatti sonata, then Mozart. Yet this virtuoso who scorns virtuosity ended with one of his old specialties, the Chopin *B Minor Scherzo*. It is designated *Presto*, to be played at top speed, but Horowitz plays it at the very edge of chaos, and as he flew through it on this sunny spring afternoon, taking risks that no ordinary pianist would ever think of taking, Rachmaninoff was proven right in the judgment that he had offered so many years ago—"He has the courage, the intensity and daring that make for greatness." Toward the end of the manuscript, the young Chopin had confidently written his instructions: *Risoluto e sempre piu animato* (resolutely and ever faster), and finally there is a running passage in which both hands race up the keyboard in a pair of scales that hit a high B, then a series of six closing chords. Horowitz, speeding toward that climax, could not resist a show of what he had so long denied the audience. Instead of a simple scale, he had rewritten the passage and turned it into an overpowering flow of interlocking octaves, rolling upward in a blur of two hammering wrists. There were audible gasps in the audience as he began this unbelievable display, and when he hit the top B, the final chords were completely drowned out in an explosion of applause.

Horowitz is back now, and, at 62, he has overcome both the fever of youth and the anxiety of middle age. Still young, as pianists go, he has years and the world ahead of him. "I will next play in New York in November," he said recently. "And it will be better. I promise you." □

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THEY COULDN'T CUT OLD OLLIE. COULD THEY?

In 13 seasons, Ollie Matson has gained more yardage than anybody now playing pro football. This year some were saying he wouldn't even make the bench.

By LARRY L. KING
Photographs by Joseph Consentino

The local citizen was on the dark side of 60, paunchy and white-haired, with a ruddy face that was more a testimonial to sour mash than to sunshine. He had gone a long way toward quenching his terrible thirst when Ollie Matson and a companion entered DeAngelis's taproom. The temperature had reached 92 stultifying degrees in Hershey, Pa., on this August day, and Matson's work for the Philadelphia Eagles had caused him to drop four of the 217 pounds hung on his six-foot, two-inch frame, to suffer a new lump along the cheekbone ridge under his right eye, and to develop a grand craving for just one cold beer. He hardly had it in his huge hands before the local citizen, squinting and gawking down the bar, hailed him: "Hey! You! . . . Ain't you Ollie Matson?"

Ollie Matson half ducked behind his companion, and under his breath protested the invasion of privacy: "*Aw*, Man!" After wiping out half his beer in three convulsive gulps, he admitted his identity with a rapid nod and a small grimace.

"I knew you was!" The local citizen beamed. "Minute I seen you come in that door, I says to myself, 'I bet that's Ollie Matson.'" He drank a quick toast to his own sagacity. "You been in the league nearly twenty years, hadn't you?"

"*Thirteen*," Matson corrected firmly. "Fourteen, if I make it this time."

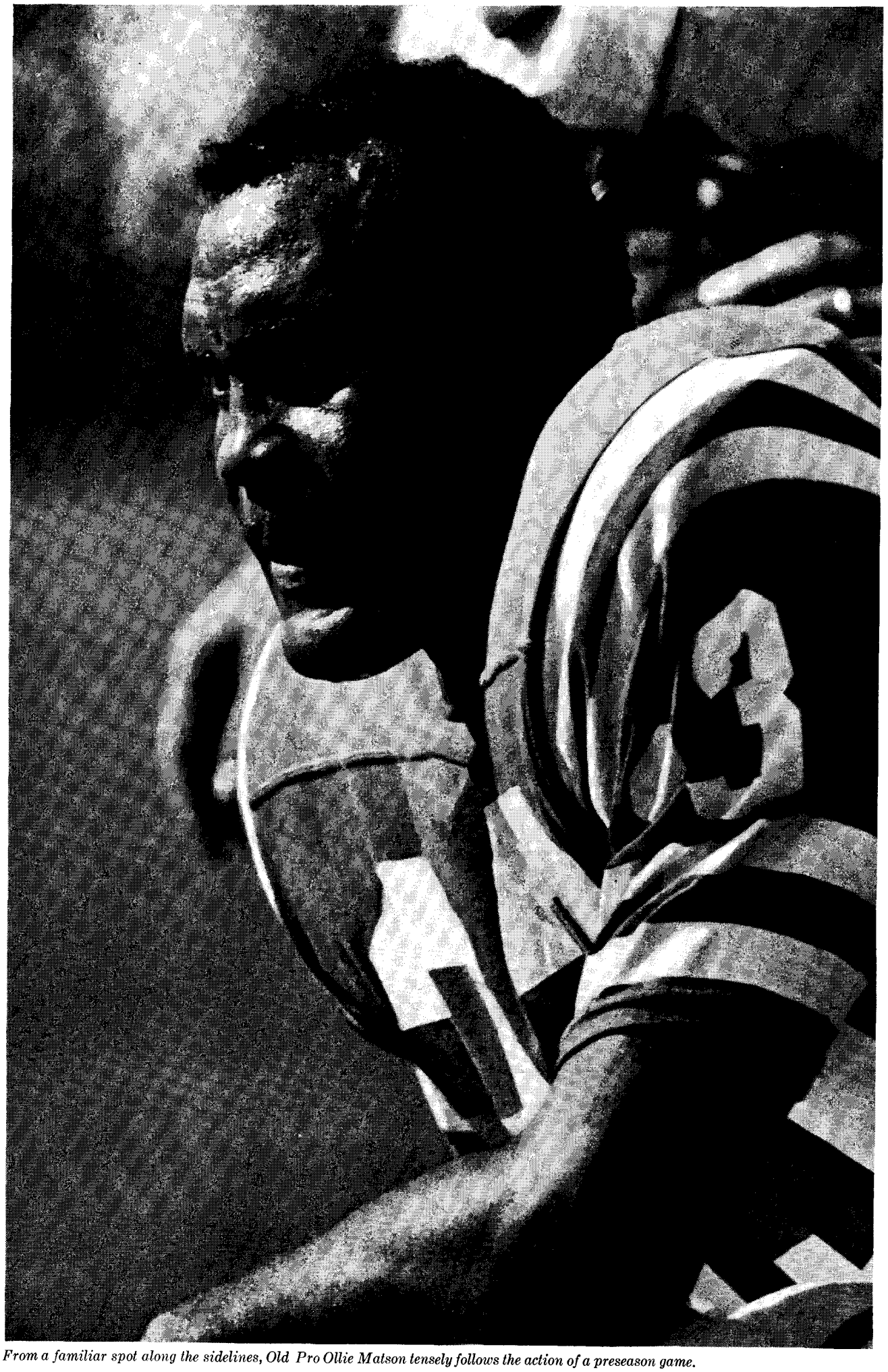
"You'll make it. The e young punks you get today. . . . Say, didn't you go to Morgan State?"

Matson chuckled. "Naw. . . ."

"Florida A. and M.?"

"Naw."

The local boy wrinkled his brow as if pained by



From a familiar spot along the sidelines, Old Pro Ollie Matson tensely follows the action of a preseason game.

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'I guess I'll play as long as these ole legs hold out. I'll play somewhere.'

thought. "*One* them southern schools, wasn't it?"

Ollie Matson is a Negro. He feels so strongly about racial matters that he does not participate in civil-rights demonstrations for fear he couldn't stay nonviolent "if they pushed me." He knew the taproom athlete didn't mean "southern" schools but "Negro" schools.

"He went to the University of Mississippi," Matson's companion called down the bar.

"What?" the citizen asked. "He went *where?*"

Half choking on laughter, Matson said, "Naw, Man! University of San Francisco!"

"Oh," the citizen said warily. Then he brightened. "I seen the Eagles beat Atlanta on TV," he announced. "You didn't play much, did you?"

"About five plays," Matson said. "Coach was looking the rookies over."

"Seen you drop that pass," the stranger said.

Ollie Matson favored the barroom veteran with a long, level look. The old boy squirmed, shifting his paunch on the stool. "Them lights," he said weakly. "I heard them lights down there wasn't any too good. You wouldn't of dropped it, Ollie, hadn't been for them lights." When Matson said nothing, the fellow added, "Looked to me like Snead threw a little bit behind you."

"Well," Ollie Matson said, "whatever it was—I *dropped* it, didn't I?"

Ollie Matson is generally as easygoing as the script makes Andy Griffith. If he was miffed that hot day in Hershey, maybe it was because some were saying that Ollie didn't have any bird's nest on the ground when it came to making the Philadelphia squad this year. The Eagles were up to their thigh pads in fine running backs. Their 363 points topped the Eastern Division last year, and the offensive team ranked second in the league, even though the Eagles finished fifth. A prime reason was one Tim Brown, a halfback who habitually runs to gaudy sport coats and the opposition's secondary. Last year Brown ran for 861 yards and caught 50 passes for another 682 yards, and nobody—not even Cleveland's Jim Brown or Green Bay's Jim Taylor—could match his 5.4 yards-per-carry average in the National Football League.

Ollie Matson plays behind Tim Brown. That means that Ollie Matson plays when a game is all sewed up, or down the drain, or when Tim Brown is tired or hurt. Matson does not back up the other halfback, Ron Goodwin, because that is the wingback position and is reserved for tall, skinny speedsters. Add to that the fact that Ollie is 36, and with every season his legs have to be considered a little less certain to hold up. Then add to that the fact that two big rookies with good press clippings were in the Eagles' camp competing for the privilege of backing up Tim Brown, and you have an idea of Ollie Matson's situation.

There was a time when Ollie Matson didn't play behind anybody, but that was long ago. Matson broke into the N.F.L. in 1952 with the old Chicago Cardinals, who have long since shifted to St. Louis; he likes to say that he has personally outlasted "eight coaches and one franchise" in traveling from Chicago to Los Angeles to Detroit to Philadelphia. In 1951, as a senior at the University of San Francisco, Ollie Matson led the nation's collegians in ground gaining (1,566 yards), average gain per carry (6.4 yards) and touchdowns (21). He was a superstar on an all-conquering team that included such future N.F.L. tough guys as Gino Marchetti, Joe Scudero, Ralph Thomas and Ed Brown, and his coach was Joe Kuharich, who now coaches the Eagles. He played in the East-West and College All-Star games, and when the season was over, he ran third in the Olympic 400-meter run and a leg on the 1600-meter relay team. Dick Evans, of the Eagles' staff, calls Matson "the greatest athlete I've ever seen."

The Cardinals made Ollie Matson their No. 1 draft choice in 1952, and since then he has gained more yards than any player now active in the N.F.L. In the entire history of the league only the retired Jim Brown is ahead of him. All in all, in his 13 years of league play, Matson has (1) gained a total of 6.9 *miles*—12,209 yards—in rushing, pass receiving, punt and kickoff returns (Brown has 15,459 yards); (2) scored 39 touchdowns rushing, 22 on passes, six returning kickoffs, three toting back punts, and one more scooping up a fumble while (3) playing halfback, fullback, flanker, spread end, tight end and—yes!—even defensive back. In 1959 the Rams surrendered nine players to get Matson. Never have so many front-line players been given up to get one man.

In the N.F.L., however, yesterday does not count for much. Not a season goes by but that one or two or more of the league's once-feared Old Pros are given a little speech of regret and their walking papers. "When you retire from a factory," says the Eagles' nine-year veteran tackle, Eddie Khayat, "at least they give you a five-dollar pocket watch." This year the Pittsburgh Steelers gave the gate to their Old Faithful, John Henry Johnson, and the Eagles themselves dropped George Tarasovic, who had been at the game for 13 years.

When Ollie Matson checked into the training camp in Hershey, in mid-July, he knew that his 1965 effort (22 rushing attempts for 103 yards and two touchdowns; two pass receptions for 29 yards and one touchdown), while certainly not bad, was not good enough to keep him from gathering bench splinters. He also knew that two strong, youthful rookies would be trying to crowd him off the team entirely. One of them, bearing the ominous name Jim Brown, had been a star for South Carolina State in 1964 and while he had failed to make the Eagles in 1965, he had shown enough to be invited back. The other, Jim Todd, came to camp with everybody talking about how he had smashed all existing records at little Ball State (Indiana) University—which happens to be where Tim Brown went. Todd, it was rumored, came to camp with a $30,000 bonus and a "no-cut" contract that would afford him immunity on September 6.

September 6 is the date by which all N.F.L. teams must pare their rosters down to 40 active players. At least 80 would-be heroes report to the average training camp, with perhaps a dozen more passing through after being cut from other squads. Old Pros have christened this day of reckoning Judgment Day or, more poetically, Loser's Christmas. Ollie Matson expressed no worry about any of that, but did observe, "You don't keep four running backs for the same position."

They formed a tight, sweating ring in the middle of the practice field adjoining Hershey High School Stadium. By 11:08 A.M. the Philadelphia Eagles had suffered through synchronized physical tortures led by defensive coach Dick Evans, a lean whip of a man who exhorted the squad in a

Matson stretches rusty muscles during his first workout at the Philadelphia Eagles' summer training camp in Hershey, Pa. He reports to camp in better shape than most rookies.

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hoarse hoot, telling the boys to "get those knees up" or to "stretch those gut muscles till you feel it hurt!" Head coach Joe Kuharich strutted among the straining forms, spying out malingerers.

Coach Kuharich, built low and powerful and broad, makes you think of Napoleon in football pants. "Gentlemen," he said, "today we find out who came here to play football." Though it came off like a bad scene from an old Pat O'Brien movie, nobody laughed. Kuharich is a tough coach of the old school, and enjoys a good, head-knocking scrimmage the way Lyndon Johnson enjoys hitting the hustings with his greeting hand outstretched. Kuharich barked for his starting backfield as though he could hardly wait for the fun: "Snead! Gros! Goodwin! Timmy Brown!"

Old Ollie Matson tucked his helmet under his right arm and jogged to the sidelines for maybe the millionth time. He touched one knee to the ground, draping his full weight on the braced leg, a loose arm dangling over the knee. Jim Brown and Jim Todd, the two challengers to Matson's job security, watched shoulder-to-shoulder as offensive and defensive units formed on the field.

"Ten minutes late," Kuharich admonished all hands. "Get cracking now!"

Tim Brown got cracking immediately. He took a pitchout from quarterback Norman Snead, floated out to the right, performed a little flutter-step that somehow propelled him around the defensive end, faked a cornerback, and galloped 33 yards downfield before finally coming to grief at the hands of two defensive backs.

A rookie in the watching pack said, "Did you see those *moves?*" There was a note of disbelief, as if he'd just been tricked by a carny shill in a shell game. Ollie Matson glanced around with a half smile. The two youngsters—Todd and Brown—wore the look one might find on the face of a violin student who has just heard Jascha Heifetz in concert. Three plays later Tim Brown wiggled and squirmed nine yards for a touchdown. Kuharich let the first unit score once more and turned toward the reserves. "Todd!" he barked.

Jim Todd, licking his lips, pulled on a green helmet and trotted onto the field. On the sidelines Tim Brown washed his mouth with cold water and squatted by Ollie Matson. "New linebacker's a tough boy," he said. "That number fifty-one."

"Looks pretty good," Ollie Matson agreed.

A bystander asked Matson the rookie's name.

"I dunno," Matson said. "You *never* know the rookies' names."

The fellow motioned toward young Jim Todd: "You know *his* name, don't you?" Tim Brown, handsome enough to be a movie star, threw back his head and laughed. Matson chuckled at the joke on himself.

The first time Todd tried to imitate Timmy Brown's moves on a wide sweep, the veteran linebacker Dave Lloyd ran four yards behind the line of scrimmage to slam him down. A few plays later he cracked Todd so hard it might have been heard over at the chocolate factory a good mile away. Lloyd, a native Texan who played his football at Georgia, pulled the rookie up by one hand, inquiring amiably, "Savin' your money, young 'un?" Some of the veterans sniggered appreciatively. After Todd went glumly to the sideline, young Jim Brown got a shot at fame, and got belted around even harder.

Thirty minutes later Kuharich motioned Ollie Matson into action. Softly, the Old Pro said, "Work time." He did a couple of quick, dipping knee bends before joining the huddle. On the first play Matson plunged off tackle for eight yards. You didn't notice any particular finesse. He just downed his head and charged like a billygoat butting a stump. Three plays later he got fancy, sweeping for a dozen yards around right end, fooling the tough rookie Ike Kelley (who had drawn Tim Brown's praise) with a double cross-step that left Kelley headed the wrong way. Within five minutes he glided and faked his way into the open so that it was duck soup to take a 15-yard scoring pass from quarterback King Hill.

Split-end Ray Poage, watching from the sidelines, grinned. "That ole devil!" he said. "He don't know *how* old he is."

Ollie Matson is only 36, but he is the graybeard on the Philadelphia squad, with almost two full years over center Jim Ringo and end Pete Retzlaff. Of the 79 men who reported to Hershey in July, only six had reached 30; some 25 Eagles had been too young to vote in the last presidential election. Still, Ollie Matson didn't think of giving way to the younger generation. "I guess I'll play," he said, "as long as these ole legs hold out."

They were saying Matson's old legs were gone when he came to Philadelphia as a "throw in" in a 1964 trade. But when Tim Brown suffered an injury that year, Matson came on strong to finish as the club's second-best ground gainer. Now he crossed those old legs in his cracker-box room at the Hershey Community Center and guessed that maybe they'd hold out "until I'm forty." He reclined on the bed and glanced at the TV set, where a Western was on. Carefully he said, "I'll play *somewhere*. Pittsburgh dropped John Henry Johnson, and Houston grabbed him so fast it made your head swim. Now, whether or not I'll play with Philadelphia—well, Timmy Brown's sure not going anywhere. . . . They got high hopes for Todd, and he may have that no-cut contract. . . ." His voice trailed off. Randolph Scott rode down a dusty street, slid to one side of his galloping horse, fired under it and scored a remarkable bull's-eye on a black-hat who tumbled from a hotel roof, clutching his chest convulsively and spinning like a merry-go-round. Matson laughed. "Go get 'em, Randolph. Hot damn . . ."

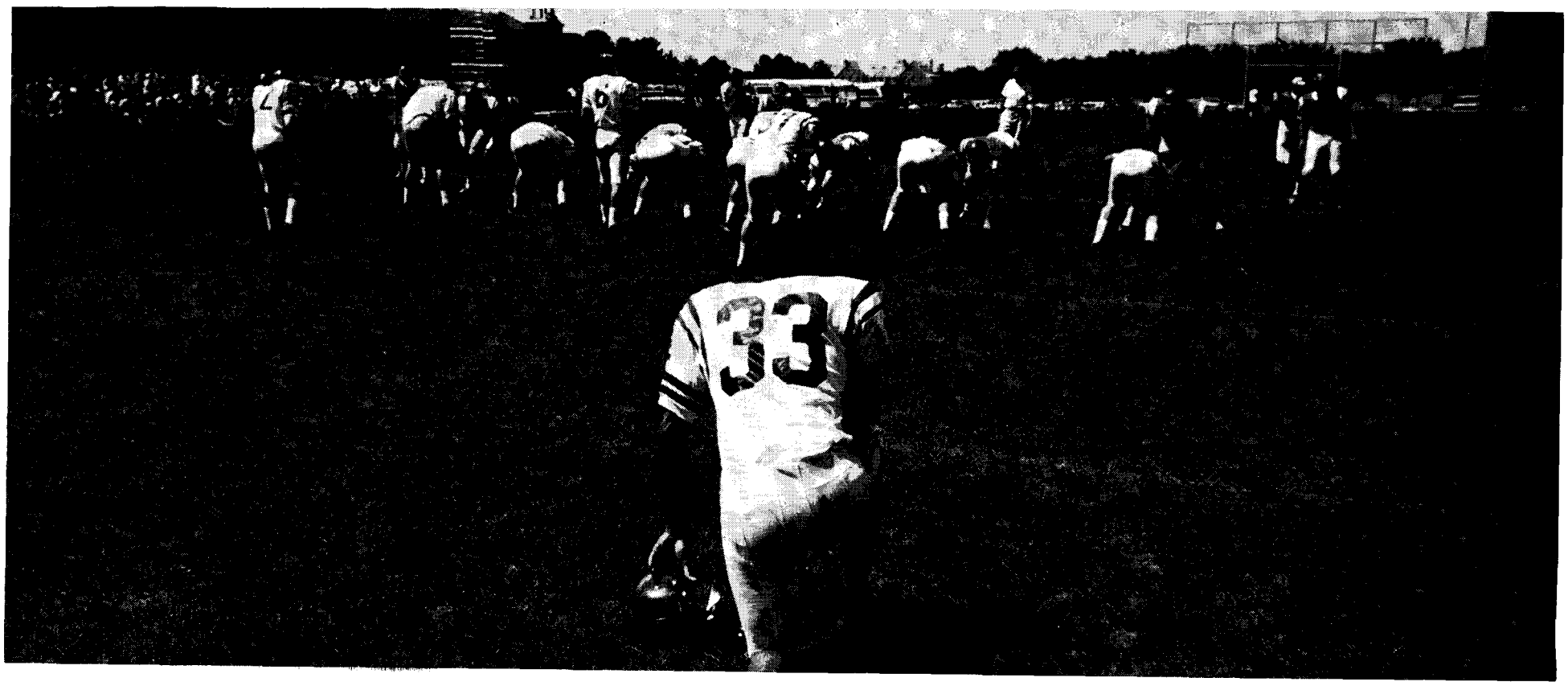
After a moment Matson stirred on the bed. "I came along too early. What's that old comic strip? You ever read it? 'Born Thirty Years Too Soon' was it? If I was coming up *now*, I'd get so much money I'd have to carry it in shopping bags."

Matson won't say what he got as Chicago's first draft choice in 1952, but the $711,000 Green Bay reportedly paid this year to rookie Donny Anderson is easily more than twice what Matson has earned from the game in 13 years. By the best estimates—though neither he nor the Eagles will verify the guesses—he now draws down $30,000 per year. That, of course, is not bad money, and Matson hasn't found any other calling that comes close to paying him as well, but he obviously is not nearly so affluent as, say, teammate Pete Retzlaff, whose shrewd investments have made him a near-millionaire. Matson owns a duplex in Los Angeles, and, one suspects, little else.

He was never able to make much from endorsing products. Several times he agreed to endorse some razor blade or line of haberdashery, but somewhere up the line something always went wrong. After five or six disappointments a rookie, who hadn't had anything like the good year that Matson had, signed an endorsement Matson had been on the verge of getting for three years. It suddenly dawned on Ollie that maybe not enough people were color blind. These days, a number of Negro athletes are making money from endorsements, but of course Ollie is now past his prime.

Matson grew up in a small town near Houston, the son of a schoolteacher mother who separated from her husband when their child was a toddler. Later she went to California, and Matson remained in Texas with his grandparents. He joined her when he was 14. "It was just about that age," he remembers, "that I first got really aware of racial differences." Matson has remained aware of them ever since, and of course he has had reminders. For instance, there was the game against the

In training camp, the Eagles scrimmage while Matson watches. He hates the bench and always prowls the sidelines during games. 'I just can't sit *there,' he says, 'you know?'*



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'This sure beats pickin' cotton,' said the linebacker. 'Man,' said Ollie Matson, 'I mean!'

University of Tulsa, which had tried to get San Francisco to leave its Negro players behind. "I got hit with everything: fists, elbows, knees," Ollie remembers. "Finished that game with two black eyes, a bloody nose, and my face puffed up like a pound cake. And you know what? I scored *three touchdowns*—and they were *all* called back."

In the pros, Matson has acquired the usual lumps, bruises and scars, but no injury resulted from below-the-belt blows. "Tell you the truth," he says, "anything that happened to me that was a little bit dirty, happened because I came up as a big college-boy hotshot, you know? It's just natural for the Old Pros to give a rookie a going-over. See if he can take it." Ever since then, Matson has been an Old Pro himself. He'll work by the hour with any rookie who asks his advice. "I like it better when they don't," he confesses. "You get a rooting interest in one kid, and then he fails to make it, and you feel bad."

Matson likes kids. During the off-season this year he traveled for the Federal Government in an exercise known as "Operation Champ," in which athletes visited kids in the slums. "I can talk their jive," he says. He gets along well with all his teammates, but he has no really close friends on the squad. Matson numbers the reasons why: "One, I prefer to go my own way. Two, there's not much in common between a guy thirty-six and a guy twenty-three or so. Three, you get real buddy-buddy with somebody, and then his problems become your problems. It just messes you up."

By mid-August, Ollie Matson had been in a total of five plays in the Eagles' first three preseason games. In the opening 9–7 win over Atlanta, Tim Brown broke for 35 yards on the first play, was the game's leading gainer with a net of 102 yards, and set up two of Sam Baker's three field goals. Ollie Matson got in long enough to drop that pass the barroom interrogator would remember. About 15 players had already been cut, but Jim Todd and Jim Brown were still on hand.

Five days later, in Memphis, when the Eagles bombed the Chicago Bears, 40 to 21, Tim Brown was an early casualty with a leg bruise. Ollie Matson looked expectantly at Coach Kuharich, but it was rookie Jim Todd who got motioned into the game. All at once Todd looked like a blue-chip investment. He dashed nine yards on a quick opener, picked his holes well, gained 31 yards on nine carries and scored a touchdown in the process. Jim Brown, in briefly, gained a few yards in three carries. Ollie Matson didn't play a lick.

Jim Todd inspired cocktail-hour visions during the next week, with everybody saying how grand he'd looked against the Bears. "He grew up a little," Kuharich said. "I liked his moves out there." A Philadelphia sportswriter praised him in a column. Todd, who had grown progressively more sullen and uncommunicative, was suddenly laughing at training-table jokes older than Ollie Matson. Matson was asked how he thought Todd looked. "He ran well," he said carefully. "He's coming along." Matson was not disturbed because he was not playing. "Coach knows what I can do," he said. "You got to let him look his rookies over."

On another day Matson asked Kuharich for a day off to go to Washington where Vice President Hubert Humphrey would host a party for "Operation Champ" workers. "Coach said something about he might need me," Matson said gloomily, "but for all the good I'm doing, he could give me a month off and not miss me."

Kuharich approached Matson after practice a few days later. "They must have some big problem down in Washington," he said, deadpan. "The Vice President wants you to fly down right away."

Sure enough, they flew Ollie Matson down to Washington to be with the Vice President. A chauffeured limousine delivered him to the door of Hickory House, where the V.P. clapped him on the back and begged him to take it easy against "*my* team—the Minnesota Vikings." Matson said, "Well, sir, we don't play 'em this year. And to tell you the truth, I'm glad." Why, the Vice President asked, were the Vikings that good? "They're just like the Chicago Bears, sir. Even if they don't win, they whip you *physically*." Hubert Humphrey laughed like he'd just seen Bobby Kennedy slip on a banana peel. Matson, in his own words, was "king for a day."

Three nights later in New Orleans, Matson mingled with the bench herd, unnoticed, as the Baltimore Colts gave the Eagles their first taste of adversity, 31 to 17.

Matson hates the bench. ("I just can't *sit* there, you know?") He prowled the sidelines, often in step with Kuharich, exhorting the sluggish Eagles to a greater effort in the sultry night. When several Eagles returned to the bench, blaming each other for various defensive sins, Matson admonished them sharply. "Come on, let's get together! You can't win fussing at one another!" With the Eagles down by 14 points and less than three minutes to play, Matson found new hope. Sam Baker's punt pushed the Colts back to their 10-yard line. Edging to the sideline, Matson said to nobody in particular, "If we could get a fumble now and score a quick one, we could try an onside kick. *Then*. . . ." Standing near him Earl Foreman, a young lawyer who is a vice president of the Eagles, whispered that "Ole Ollie just won't give up."

On Sunday, the Eagles were testy and on edge. Many of them, including Todd and Brown, had worked without distinction against the Colts. They knew squad cuts loomed around the bend. The airline strike wore on, and the plane Philadelphia had chartered was three hours late getting off the ground. Sitting in buses, a number of the boys damned the machinists' union, the nonsked airline, and the Philadelphia management. Eddie Khayat puffed a cigar while monitoring the gripes. After a bit he drawled, "Look, fellers, this can't be helped. There's an airline strike on. You want to ride on that thing before they check out the nuts and bolts?" That ended the mutiny temporarily, but once aloft, a defective cooling system caused the cabin temperature to soar to 100 degrees, and the moaning started again.

"When I came up," Ollie Matson said, less perturbed than most, "we traveled by train a lot. We were on the road more. Things have improved all over. You know, when I started, we didn't know much about treating injuries. If you got hurt you just wrapped your hurt up and got a shot of something and *played!* Nowadays, you get a little hurt they'll plop you down on the operating table and cut out whatever's bothering you. It really used to be *tough*. One of the best linemen I ever saw was a big boy from Texas Tech who came to camp with the Cardinals. We caught him packing his gear one night—slipping off. He admitted it was just too rough for him."

The hangman came for a dozen of them that night. As they stepped out of the bus in front of the Hershey Community Center, a couple of Kuharich's assistants tapped this one or that one, saying in a quick tumble of words, "See-coach-at-ten-tomorrow-morning." Some of the boys looked sick, some angry, and others seemed to have earlier braced themselves to hear that the dream was over. Joe Kantor, a first-rate fullback for Notre Dame in 1964, who had to settle last year for a spot on the taxi squad, did not take kindly to an offer to join the Eagles' cannon-fodder unit again and walked out of camp forever.

One of the boys who got the bad news was young Jim Brown. It was tough, and all that, but maybe Jim Todd and Ollie Matson breathed a little easier.

The Eagles broke summer camp at Hershey on August 26 with a whoop and clatter that reminded you of kids greeting the end of school. Forty-nine survivors cracked wise and indulged in horseplay, busing up to Princeton, N.J., for the game against the New York Giants. Nine of their number would be gone within 11 days, but nobody acted as if he expected the bell to toll for him. There is a kind of conspiracy of silence toward the brutal business of the player cut, which doesn't soften the blow any but does conceal it. Nobody talks much about it, and hardly anybody seems worried. When the blow falls, it falls in the privacy of the coach's office. No announcement is made until the next day's scrimmage, by which time the player is generally on his way home.

The Eagles pulled out a wild one against the Giants, after being 13 points down with only 93

In action once again, Matson crashes through for yardage during last preseason game, against the Redskins.

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seconds to play. The Giants started blowing it by holding Matson on a pass pattern, which gave the Eagles a first down inside the Giant 20. Then Snead found fullback Izzy Lang standing out in the flat, and Sam Baker's kick made it 23–17. Baker made a beautiful onside kickoff which delicately touched a Giant lineman and curled back toward the Eagles like a homing pigeon. One of them jumped on it, and the Eagles had the ball again. Two plays later, flanker Ben Hawkins simply ran 46 yards downfield, jumped as high as he could, threw his arms over his head as if warding off a blow—and caught Snead's long pass for a touchdown. When Baker kicked the point after, the Eagles had a 24–23 lead. Linebacker Dave Lloyd preserved it, intercepting a pass and stumbling along on a cockeyed course until time ran out.

Ollie Matson's eyes were as bright as the rawest rookie's as he dogtrotted toward the dressing room, dodging well-wishers and saying to a dozen kids who begged for his chinstrap, "Sorry, son, I got to keep it." Stripping for the shower, Matson said, "Man, it's always great to win one like that. That's three out of four now, and the guys are thinking they can come up number one." He wanted to know how he'd looked out there. Told that he looked great, absolutely great, he beamed and said, "I beat my man every time on those pass patterns. I *needed* this game. You got to play the game to get that timing down! We're coming along, you know? We're getting together out there." Over in a corner, Sam Baker was putting on a bunch of solemn newsmen about how he'd known for sure his onside kick would come back because he'd put reverse English on it. Dave Lloyd was singing a hillbilly song, *Dad Gave My Dog Away*. A friendly kibitzer told Lloyd that he ran his pass interception back like a washerwoman with sore feet. The old Texas boy grinned. He said, "This sure beats pickin' cotton, don't it?"

Knotting his tie, Ollie Matson laughed and said, "Man, I *mean!*"

Three days before Loser's Christmas, when the Eagles trekked down to Washington for their final preseason game against the winless Redskins, it was apparent that old Ollie Matson wouldn't find any pink slip under the tree.

That week Philadelphia pared its roster down to 43, and Jim Todd was among the casualties. It happened quickly, the way a magician might make the four little white balls disappear. One minute Jim Todd was there, and the next minute another of Saturday's heroes was gone—gone along with the training-camp fiction that Todd had come to Hershey with a no-cut contract. He had reverted to his early ways following the Bear game: missing holes, dropping the ball, or simply standing confused at the line of scrimmage while the defense ganged him. He had also become gloomy and silent again. A few weeks later, a free agent, he was picked up by Detroit.

And then Timmy Brown's bones had started to look fragile again. The Colts had bruised a hip for him, and the Giants had aggravated it. The gingerly, egg-walking way he moved about told that the Eagles' bread-and-butter runner needed healing time. So, at least for the moment, Ollie Matson was again No. 1.

He was out there at halfback when the Redskins game started. The first time he carried you'd have sworn that it was 1952 again. Ollie shed the years for you just as he shed Redskin tacklers, bolting upfield for eight yards after making a pluperfect fool of Sam Huff with a bit of dipsy doodle just past the line of scrimmage.

But it was all illusion. It wasn't 1952 again. The next time Ollie tried to flim-flam Sam Huff, he came upon Sam and a scalping party of about six hostiles, five yards behind the point of origin. After that he always seemed a half step away from the big break. Once, he thundered around end to pick up four yards and a first down, but he rose so slowly that Eagle linebacker Harold Wells shouted from the bench, "Stay with 'em, Cousin!"

The Eagles lost it, 35–20, and they were glum in their dressing room. A bystander, trying to offer some small comfort, told Matson, "Well, at least you've made the team." Matson, bruised and weary, poked a forefinger into the fellow's size-40 waistline. "Man," he said, "the way we played tonight, *you* could have made it."

Trenton Jackson didn't make it, nor Taft Reed. Eddie Khayat didn't make it, either. They handed the nine-year veteran his walking papers about noon on Judgment Day, Tuesday, September 6, 1966. Eddie left quickly, avoiding the good-byes and the feeble backslaps simply by making himself scarce, and for once the surviving players seemed stunned. But he was luckier than most, catching on with talent-poor Boston in the A.F.L.

So Philadelphia was down to the required 40, for better or for worse, and Ollie Matson had qualified for the 14th year. Some year—maybe next year—they will hand him his walking papers, too, and he knows it. Maybe he will catch on with Denver, or Kansas City, or someplace where they can use an old hand for spot duty, and it will start over again: the training-camp grind and the loneliness; the hard knocks and the long trips for exhibition games to places like Norfolk and Wichita Falls and Mobile, with now and again a roar from the crowd, rising up to cheer some ghost of the past, the ghost wearing number 33, and for a moment taking you back in time. Whatever happens, it will be nothing new to Ollie Matson—until the day, somewhere, when they finally let him go. □

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Beware of being sheep

Editorial

Faustus: How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
Mephistophilis: Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.

In one sense, there is nothing to be added to Sybille Bedford's account of the Auschwitz trial (except to note that three more of the killers were convicted last month in a subsequent prosecution known as "the little Auschwitz trial"). There is nothing to be added, in fact, to the testimony of the witnesses who had seen and suffered and survived. This is what happened, they told us, this is the way it was when all our imaginings of Hell became reality, when, without a Judgment Day or the hope of Grace, the Inferno was built on the face of the earth.

Among the millions who never returned from Auschwitz, there was a boy of about 10, whose last hour is recorded in Peter Weiss's new play about this same trial, *The Investigation*. The boy got into a conversation with one of the guards overseeing the shipment of prisoners to the gas chambers, and the guard said through the barbed wire, "You know a lot for a boy of your age." And the boy said, "I know that I know a lot, and I also know I'm not going to learn any more." The trucks were duly loaded with women and children, and some of the children cried as they were shoved aboard for the trip to the gas chambers, and the boy who knew quite a lot for his age shouted to them, "Stop your crying. You saw the way your parents and grandparents went. Climb in. Then you'll get to see them again." And as the trucks began driving away, the boy who knew a lot for his age looked back and shouted to the guard: "You won't be forgiven anything."

The testimony of the witnesses, then, is not just a description of Hell but an insistent demand that this mindless barbarism never be forgotten or forgiven—or repeated. In a purely negative sense, we should remember these lost souls every time anyone offers a vulgar joke at the expense of some minority, or claims that some downtrodden race gets as good as it deserves. In a negative sense, too, we should remember these lost souls every time some bumptious German official calls for the reunion of his vivisected nation, every time some smoothly technocratic German general argues the need for nuclear weapons to "defend the free world," every time some pygmy philosopher of Western unity proclaims the profit in letting bygones be bygones.

But these are only the easy lessons of Auschwitz. For Auschwitz cannot be categorized simply as a dark monument to German racism, or even as a symbol of race hatred throughout the world. Its existence represents a far more profound sickness in all of us, the sickness of doing what should never be done and permitting the impermissible. The agony of the Auschwitz prisoner was no different from that of the Russian who was starved, beaten and worked to death at Vorkuta. And the brutality of the Auschwitz guard was no different from that of the French officials who carefully applied electric wires to the bodies of Algerian prisoners. Among all people in all lands, men are killing and torturing, being tortured and dying.

The basic question, then, is whether the ends can justify the means. The unprecedented act of dropping an atomic bomb on the city of Hiroshima, killing perhaps 100,000 civilians, can perhaps be justified as the means that brought World War II to a rapid end. The saturation bombing of Dresden, which began a fire storm and immolated a quarter of a million people, might be justified as a blow that helped to destroy the regime that had created Auschwitz in the first place. But the terrible fact is that we are all willing to perform the atrocity as a necessary evil, with or without the justification. If there is any evidence that anyone balked at the incineration of Dresden, it remains as shrouded as the evidence of anyone's balking at serving on the death ramp at Auschwitz.

"Beware," Mrs. Bedford says, "of being sheep." But the tragic fact is that we are all sheep, and will remain sheep, bleating as we run with the flock to avoid the dogs nipping at our heels.

And so we come, inevitably, to the war in Vietnam. It can easily be said that there is no connection between Auschwitz and Vietnam, between killing for the sake of killing and killing for what we may consider a just cause. If the freedom and self-government of the people of South Vietnam is our cause, then it is indeed a just one. But the fact remains that in this "just" struggle against Communism, we are killing civilians as surely as any Communist ever did. Our bombs drop on friend and enemy alike; our napalm burns them alive, friend and enemy. We are just carrying out someone's orders, of course, like all soldiers, and we are certainly not Nazis. We provide doctors to treat the children we have bombed. We hold "elections" so that we can reassure ourselves of popular support. And we promise that we will provide money someday to rebuild the land we are destroying.

But what if the ends do not justify the means? Not as a philosophic principle but as a matter of fact? What if the surgical experiment is a success but the patient dies under the knife? What if no future form of "freedom" or "self-government" can ever make up for the pain being inflicted now? Some strategists say that the Vietnamese must suffer their role as pawns, for the war concerns larger issues—the containment of Communism on a global scale, final proof that Communist "wars of liberation" will be defeated at any cost. It is a harsh doctrine, not unlike shooting a few hostages to make the rest of the population behave, and it was well answered by U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations. "I see nothing but danger," he said, "in the idea, so assiduously fostered outside Vietnam, that the conflict is a kind of holy war between two powerful political ideologies. The survival of the people of Vietnam must be seen as the real issue, and it can be resolved not by force but by patience and understanding, in the framework of a willingness to live and let live."

Someday we will wonder why we failed to realize that greater and ever greater amounts of force do not always solve a problem. Someday we will remember that there are no "final solutions." Someday we will wonder why we keep on being sheep.

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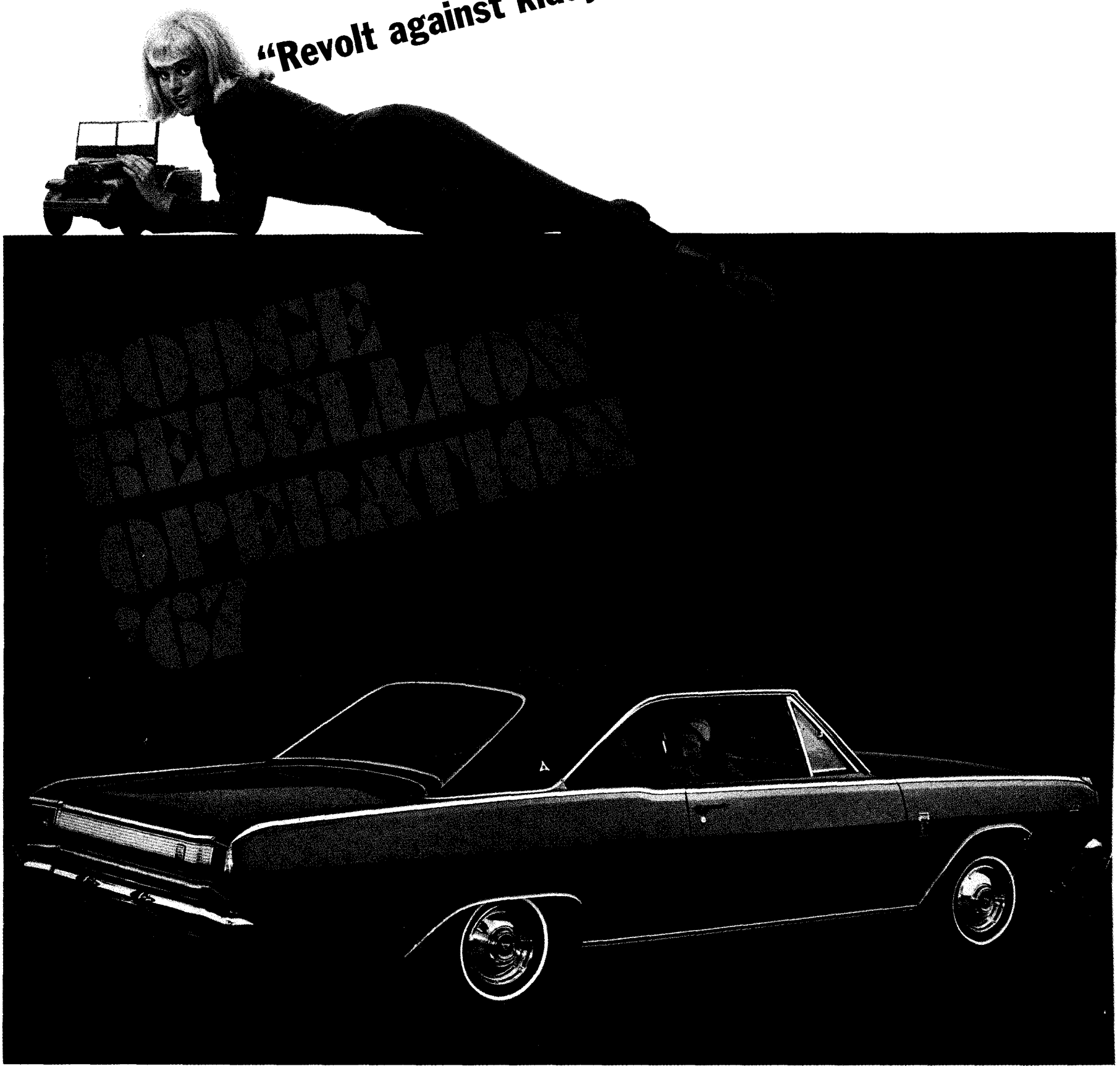

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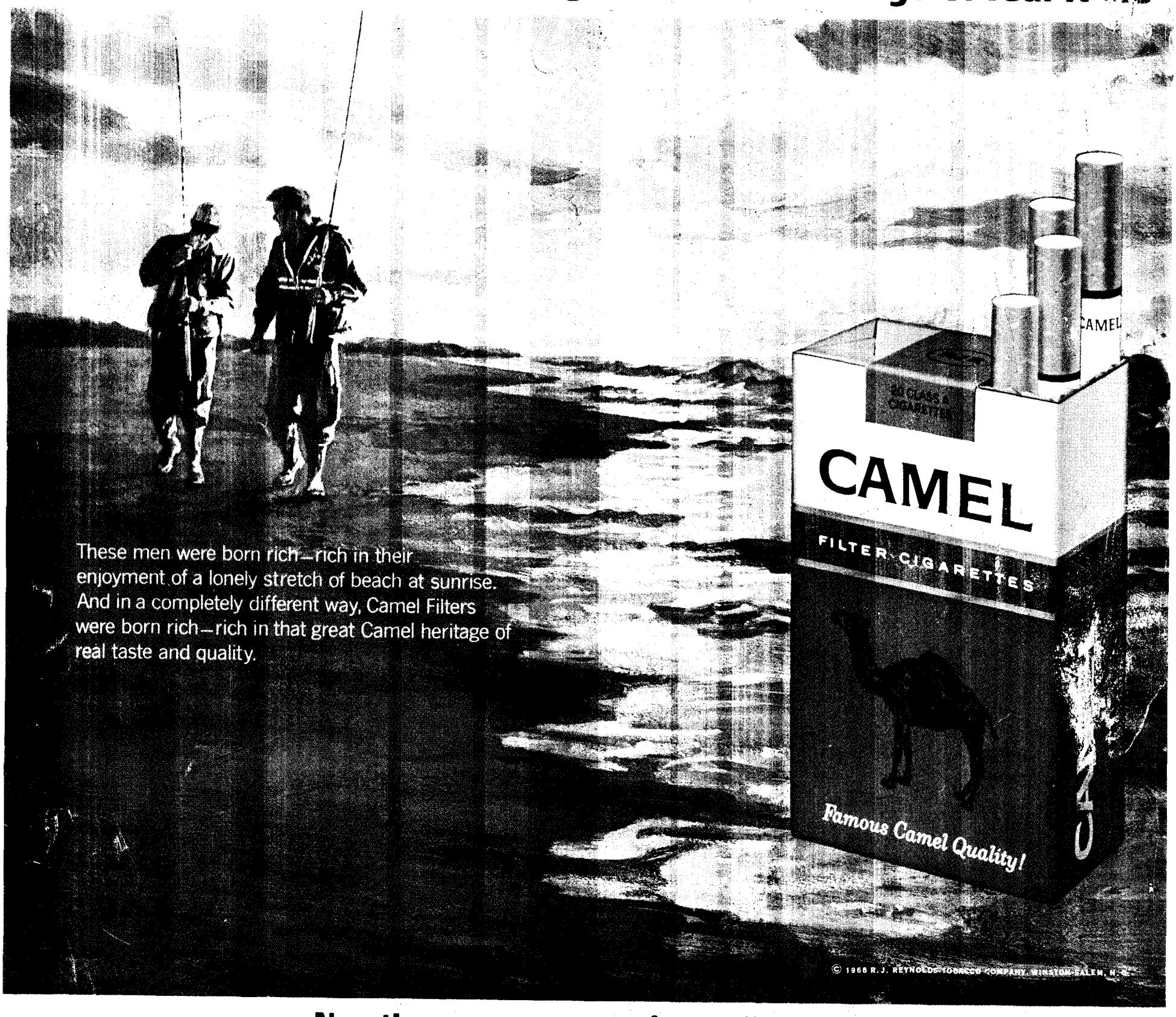
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